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MEMOIRS.

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SECTION I.

JUNE, Saturday 18th, 1814.—I got a glimpse of my ——— once more before his departure. He looks ill and dejected. The petty torments of the moment, with the hurry and bustle of departure, overcome softer regrets, and when under the influence of the former, one is obliged to put off all tender feelings to a more convenient opportunity. This habit of drowning feeling, when too often repeated, ends by hardening the heart; and those who are constantly engaged in the bustle or business or pleasures of life, should beware of this hardening influence, lest all that is noble in character should gradually be dried up, and the sources of affection and humanity totally fail.

I again dined at Connaught House. There were present Sir William Gell, Dr. Parr, Mr. Charles Burney, and Mrs. and Miss R——n. The two latter did not come in till dinner was

half over. The Princess (who has conceived a hatred to Mrs. R—— because she would not consent to have her only child taken away from her) was of course very much enraged at this circumstance. At length Mrs. R—— made Her Royal Highness aware that they had been detained by the Princess Charlotte, who sent for them to Warwick House. After dinner, Mrs. R—— told the Princess that her daughter had received an answer from the Prince of Orange, which the Princess Charlotte deems very impertinent. In it, he states that he could not write to the Prince R—t, and that he only hoped she might never repent her determination. Upon which the Princess Charlotte wrote herself to her father, and to that letter she has received no answer. The Princess Charlotte desired Mrs. R— to communicate this to her mother. This softened the Princess's wrath, but not against Mrs. R—n. B. R—n was of course very happy, and very elated at dancing with the Emperor. That was natural. She thinks him charming; which is natural also, whatever he may be in reality. Every body was going to Devonshire House.—The Princess should be grateful to Lady C. Campbell for having taken an extra turn in waiting on Her Royal Highness at this particular time, as it puts her out of every thing that is grand and gay.

The Princess went to the Opera. She was warmly applauded, but there were one or two hisses. However, the plaudits conquered, the actors sang "God save the King," and all the house was forced to stand up. The Princess went away before the Opera was quite finished; which was wise; and Her Royal Highness set down Dr. Parr in Woodstock Street, and me at my own home. When we came to the end of Bond Street we passed a state carriage. At first we believed it to be the Regent's; but afterwards we heard it was the Emperor's. I still believe it was the Regent's, as it was surrounded by guards. The mob who followed thought the same, and were groaning.

Sunday, 19th.—I went to Kensington to hear Sidney Smith preach. I was agreeably disappointed by hearing one of the finest sermons I ever listened to in my life; and I own I had expected nothing but courtly device. The Princess had asked me some days before if I did not think Mr. Sidney Smith a very fine preacher. I answered that I thought he *might* be so, but that I should suppose there was a little too much of worldliness and of stage effect in his matter and manner. She was displeased when I made this answer, and in like manner angry, when I confessed myself to have been touched and edified by his sermon.

I dined at Kensington. Mr. Nugent, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Ward, and Lord King were of the party. The latter is a very dull man. I never met him here or anywhere else before, that I remember, nor can I conceive why the Princess thought of inviting him. She must have some reason: such as making him useful: for he is neither ornamental nor agreeable. Mr. Ward had on his *blue celeste*, both as to his coat and his temper, and was certainly very witty and entertaining; and I was very well amused till the conversation veered round to quizzing Mr. Wilberforce. Lord King began. He said there was a good story about Mr. Wilberforce's courtship, and that he had chosen his wife by her manner of passing Easter. Of this they made many jokes, and said the learned disputed much about the precise time when Easter was. In the evening there was a party; good company, but not much of it; and moreover very dull.

Monday, 20th.—I rose early to go and see the great review in Hyde Park, with my friends K. and B. We saw the show very well, and it was a fine sight; but I could not distinguish any individual person's appearance, not even through a glass; for it was impossible to get near enough to any of the great personages.

Lady —— told me Mr. Whitbread had written to the Princess of Wales, to ask if he might decidedly mention in the House of Commons that the marriage was off between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Orange, and if he might say that it was so on the Princess of Wales' account. Lady ——, who wrote the answer, told me she had ventured to desire Mr. Whitbread only to say the first; for that she thought it would have been a great breach of confidence in the Princess of Wales, to repeat publicly what her daughter had confided to her, as being her own *private feelings*; and that it would have done the Princess of Wales harm, both with the public and her daughter, if she had allowed Mr. Whitbread to speak of the Princess Charlotte's letter to the Prince of Orange. "Besides," said Lady —— to me, "I know that Her Royal Highness wrote yesterday to the Princess Charlotte, informing her of her resolution to go abroad, and telling her that, as things were, they could neither of them be of the least use or comfort to the other, and that, after all the bitter affronts she daily received, she could not longer endure living in this country."—"There is," said Lady ——, "much plausible cause for all she said, but it should not have been said at this moment; and instead of holding her daughter's power cheap at

this time, she should have magnified it tenfold. In short, I foresee, that instead of quitting the stage with a grand effect, and making her *recall* possible, she will quit this country in the worst possible manner, and sink into ignominy in a foreign land. Mr. Whitbread is still purblind as to all this."—I conclude Princess Charlotte is desperately angry. She has often behaved ill to her mother, it is true; and the latter is too quick sighted not to be perfectly aware that she does not care three straws for her: but still, at present, the young Princess is following a good policy, the elder as bad a one.

I know, and cannot help honouring, the feeling that has made the Princess of Wales often say to Lady ——, "If my daughter love me, I love her; I cannot bear those who are neither one thing nor t'other—neither cold nor hot in affection. If she do not care for me, why should I waste love on her?"—Alas! we must often in this world be content with a medium degree of affection from those nearest and dearest to us. It is hard to bear lukewarmness in those who ought to turn with love towards us; but it is the wisest way to seem satisfied, and to assume that affection exists where it does not, rather than confess to the world that our kindred or friends fail us. The Princess of Wales, above all persons, should maintain this

appearance of affection between herself and her daughter; for if there be a hope remaining to her of future comfort or support, it is in the Princess Charlotte's appearing to protect and care for her.

My friends accompanied me to Westminster Abbey, where Mr. Whitbread had promised to get them admitted to the Speaker's house, through which it was supposed the Emperor would pass, to go to the House of Commons. Lady —— went with me to the House of Lords. The Regent did not come, nor the Emperor of Russia. There were some acts passed, but it was not so fine a show as Lady —— expected to see.

The King of Prussia, his two sons, and his nephew, were there. His Majesty is a good likeness of Lord Clifden, with a very melancholy expression on his countenance. He has a fine shaped head, and is an elegant, but not a dignified looking person. His two sons are little boys; his nephew a fine looking youth.

Tuesday, 22d.—I dined at Connaught House, and accompanied Her Royal Highness and Miss —— to the Opera. The famous Grassini, old to the world, but new to me, disappointed me. Her voice has no richness; her action is, however, very fine. Like all French women, she overdoes a

short waist, and makes a caricature of her person, which is indeed by nature very graceful. Sir W. Gell and Mr. Craven were the only gentlemen besides myself in the Princess's box. The dislike she has to the latter, and yet the jealousy of his paying any attention to Miss ——; is quite comical.

Her Royal Highness told me that the grand Ecuyer of the King of Prussia waited upon her, to pay the parting compliments of his royal master! —a heartfelt return of gratitude to the daughter of a man who had lent him enormous sums of money, and died on the field of battle, fighting his cause! Such are courts, and princes, and human beings!

Wednesday, 23d.—I went to see a panorama of Vittoria. It gave *too faithful* a representation of a scene of battle; and a stranger, a gentlemanlike looking person, who was there, with his arm in a sling, and had been at Vittoria the day after the battle was fought, said it was most exactly pourtrayed. The dead and the dying were lying strewn about; and yet, even in gazing at the representation, I sympathised with the enthusiasm of the living, and the glory of the conquerors, more than with the sufferings of the fallen. How much more must the same sentiment be excited

by the reality! how fortunate, that this sympathy in catching the spirit which flames around us, is so strongly implanted in the human breast! The view, too, of Lord Wellington and the other Generals, *coolly* gazing around, and reconnoitring the evolutions of thousands, although involved in smoke and dust and danger, gave a grand idea of the qualities necessary to a commander, and raised the scale of intellectual glory ten thousand times above that of mere personal valour. The bravery of the mass of common men is mechanical; but the eye which penetrates, undaunted, amidst the thunder of the cannon and the clash of contending steel, to watch for the changes of the strife, and seize upon every minor advantage which may secure the palm of victory—and the mind which can dictate unmoved whilst death is busy around, and who itself may be the next to fall—*that* is the truly great power which commands our homage.

Lady —, whom I accompanied to see the painting, lamented that the palm of glory is denied to her sex. "But not," said she, "the palm of martyrdom! sufferings of a thousand kinds await the lot of woman—her part is more truly difficult—*it is not to act, but to endure.*"

Poor Lady —, I am sorry for her; for she is one of those unhappy beings who had looked forward to a state of felicity such as few—none, per-

haps—ever enjoy in this world; and of course she has been disappointed. She is sensible, pious—not only in feeling but on principle—she is resigned, and strives to do her duty—but it is a hard task to teach the heart to be content, when it is not so. She is young, beautiful, talented—has many friends, many relations, is universally admired—but the idol of her love first failed to be what she had imagined him, and now he is dead. Perhaps another might have succeeded to his place in her affections; but he did not try long enough, or earnestly enough. Again she has been disappointed: and now, as she tells me, all she seeks is peace. Happiness, she tries to believe, is not attainable on earth; and yet, the hope that it is, and that it will one day be hers, is strong within her,—disturbing the calm of her life, yet, at the same time, giving her courage to live. What a pity she is a "*Tête montée.*"

The poor Princess receives daily affronts: it is really admirable to witness her equanimity of temper under these trials. She is not without feeling, either. She deeply feels the indignities cast upon her; but she is always equally kind and good to those about her, and considerate to them, though she might well be absorbed by her own sorrows.

Baron Nicolai was sent by the Emperor with a letter to the Princess of Wales, which letter says,

that he regretted extremely not having been able to wait upon Her Royal Highness, but that, under the existing circumstances, delicacy only allowed him thus to express his high consideration, &c. The Princess, Lady —— told me, received Mr. Nicolai with great dignity and kindness. She was perfectly calm; and Lady — says she could not have commanded herself as Her Royal Highness did. When he was gone, she made Lady —— copy out her letter to Lord Liverpool, which, fortunately, she consented to send to Mr. Canning before she sends it to Lord Liverpool. She is going to give it to Lord Granville L. Gower, who is to send it to Mr. Canning.

I dined at Connaught House. The party was Lord and Lady G. L. Gower, Lord and Lady Cowper, Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Nugent, and Lady C. Lindsay. There was a very good evening party also: Lord H. Fitzgerald and Lady De Ros, Mr. and Miss R—n, Lord and Lady Nugent, Lady Rancliffe and Lady A. Forbes, Mr. and Lady C. Greville, &c. Everything is turning in favor of the Princess once more, and if she will only have patience, she may leave this country honourably; but if she does so in a hurry, she is lost.

What a dreadful punishment is that awarded to Lord Cochrane! Death would be preferable, I

should think. He denies being guilty, and a very just and sensible man said to me last night, that he doubts Lord Cochrane's guilt. What a terrible doubt for those who have pronounced him guilty! Poor Lord Minto is gone!—I was never to see him more in this world. He had made an amazing fortune for himself and his children; had returned to pass his declining years among his family and friends in the fullness of prosperity; and now comes death and sweeps all his plans and hopes into the grave!

Thursday, 24th.—I went to —, and remained there till the 27th. When I returned, I was invited, on the 28th, to dine at Connaught House. Lady C— and Sir W. Gell were with the Princess. After dinner, she ordered travelling beds; being still determined to go abroad. She had been out in Lady C—'s carriage in the morning, and was vastly amused at this little escape from etiquette.

She was, however, in low spirits; and a letter she received from Mr. Canning did not enliven her. It stated, that as she gave for a reason, in the copy of the letter she had done him the honour to send for his perusal, that she wishes her situation to be rendered more comfortable, that reason no longer existed now; since she was sure of her establishment being increased;

and it went on finally to declare, that the letter she had written was by no means one which Her Royal Highness ought to send to Lord Liverpool. The Princess was, of course, displeased at Mr. Canning's note, but was not turned from her purpose. She said she must speak to Mr. Canning, and wrote to beg he would come to her. Whether he will or not, is the question. Her Royal Highness dismissed us early.

Wednesday, 29th.—I went to call on Lady Glenbervie—who is going to Spa. Lady C— told me she has consented to accompany the Princess to Brunswick, where her husband, and her brother, Mr. N—, are to meet her. Lady C— said that, all things considered, she thought the Princess was perfectly justified in going abroad, but that she hoped Her Royal Highness would have patience to wait till proper arrangements could be made for her departure, and a chamberlain, &c. found to accompany her.

Again I dined at Connaught House. Sir W. Gell brought a Doctor H— for the Princess to judge whether she approved of his appearance, &c. as her travelling physician. Sir W. Gell guarantees his skill. Dr. H— has a good countenance and pleasing manners; and he appears clever. I was left to converse with him all

the evening, and think he is a superior person: so at least his conversation denotes him to be.

Thursday, 30th.—Again Sir W. Gell and I dined at Connaught House. During dinner, a letter came (brought by a *gentleman*, as Steinman the page observed) from Lord Castlereagh, saying, that, through the Prince Regent, he was commissioned to propose, as an increase to Her Royal Highness's establishment, fifty thousand a year, and that the amount of her debts was to be laid before the House. She received this intelligence without any manifestation of joy or surprise, and only said —"C'est mon droit," as she handed the letter to Lady ——. However, that this news did give her considerable pleasure, I am sure. Lord Castlereagh's letter was sent to Mr. Whitbread at the House of Commons. All the Princess's plans seem now likely to be realized. It remains only for her friends to hope that, once abroad, she may conduct herself in a becoming manner.

Friday, July 1st.—To-day, I was sent for by the Princess, in consequence of a letter which she had received from Mr. Whitbread, saying that he begged to be allowed to come to Her Royal Highness at two o'clock, and advise her upon the steps which were to be taken, relative to the offer of fifty

thousand pounds in addition to her income. He terms the offer "insidious and unhandsome."* The moment the Princess read this note, she said that Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Brougham were again going to make war, and to throw aside all overtures towards a peaceful termination of the business. She was considerably annoyed, and walked up and down the room several times. At last, she said, addressing Lady —— and myself, "*Croyez-moi, ma chere* Lady —— and ——, there is only one ting to be done, and I will do it. It is not *in me* to suspect evil till I see it plainly, only to be guarded against it. If de Princess refuse, they will say, what de devil does de woman want; we cannot make her husband like her, or make de Queen receive her; but we can set de seal upon all our public doings of last year, by settling upon her a sufficient sum to enable her to hold the rank of Princess of Wales—a rank of which we tink her worthy, and wid her rank she must hold all her privileges. I will therefore accept—I will; and I will do it myself."

She then wrote two excellent letters; one to Lord Castlereagh, the other to Mr. Whitbread. The one to Lord Castlereagh, she desired Lady —

* Truly one cannot help thinking that a touch of that insanity which put an end to Mr. Whitbread's life, influenced him on the present occasion. EDITOR.

to "*make* English of,"—no, easy job; that to Mr. Whitbread she allowed to go, as she said, "in its natural state and ridiculous language,"—but the sense was good. She told him she exonerated him from all blame as to the issue of the event, and took the whole responsibility upon herself. Her answer to Lord Castlereagh was as follows:—"The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Lord Castlereagh's letter of yesterday evening, and as the proposal contained in it has no conditions annexed to it which are derogatory to her rank, her rights, or her honour, she accepts it unquestionably, in order to prove that the Princess is never averse to any proposition coming from the Crown, nor wishes to throw any obstacle in the way to obstruct the tranquillity or impair the peace of mind of the Prince Regent." I write this copy down from memory, but it is exact as to the meaning, if not as to every word.

I think the Princess has acted rightly in this instance; especially as her enemies have always said that she threw herself into Mr. Whitbread's protection entirely to make a disturbance, and did not wish to ameliorate her own condition, save at the expense of the Prince's honour. This letter will prove the contrary, while at the same time, should they make conditions which are degrading to her, it will enable her to assert her own rights

and dignities. But it will be time enough to complain, as she says, when these degrading circumstances are attached to the benefit.

Mr. Whitbread was surprised and mortified at finding what Her Royal Highness had done; and, as Lady C— told me afterwards, was about to throw the Princess off all together; but by degrees he cooled, and entered her presence. He expressed his dissatisfaction, but did so mildly, and she explained her intentions. To these Mr. Whitbread did not listen, or seem to place any faith in them, but said he sincerely wished every thing might turn out for the best; there was no saying how things *might* turn out; he trusted that he misjudged the present case. The fact is, (and perhaps he hardly knows the fact himself, for we are all deceived by our passions) that Mr. Whitbread does not like the Princess should make all the play herself; he likes the idea, that it is to him, and to the weight of his politics, she should owe whatever advantages she may reap from the present contest. This is nothing against his integrity. I believe Mr. Whitbread to be a most upright, kind-hearted man; but he has the notion which all Englishmen, nay, perhaps men of all countries, entertain, namely, that *men* only can act on the public stage of life. He has imbibed this prejudice with the air he breathes; and one

cannot blame him. If I were the Princess, however, I would show him the contrary. But this I would not say to Her Royal Highness; let the deed be her own, whichever way it be done.

Saturday, 2nd.—I dined at Connaught House. Sir W. Gell and Mr. Craven, and the two ladies, Lady C— L— and Lady C— C—, were the party. After dinner came on the *mystery*,—which was quite unnecessary, but which added very much to the amusement. The Princess, in going to the Masquerade took us down the back staircase, and out at the back-door from the garden. Mr. Craven and Sir W. Gell, and myself, walked with her and the two ladies to the Albany. It was a very fine night, and Sir William was so amusing, it certainly was very good fun. We reached the Albany without adventures or detection; and there we dressed as fast as possible, and from thence proceeded to the Masquerade. The danger of exposing the Princess by being myself known, took away all the amusement I might otherwise have had. On our return, the Princess was so tired I thought she never would be able to walk from the turnpike to the little door of Connaught House; and, oh! how unmercifully Her Royal Highness leant on my arm! She did

however get home, and I hope and think without being detected.

Saturday.—I had been desired to go to the Princess's box at the opera; so I went, though I had much rather have remained in my own comfortable seat in the pit; for it is impossible to listen to the music in her box; Her Royal Highness talks so perpetually and so loud, and there is seldom any person there I care to converse with, or if there is, she mars conversation in every possible way.

Sunday.—The poor Princess is sadly teased about going to St. Paul's,—her advisers insisting that she *should* go, and all the chamberlains and deans writing word that there is no place kept for her, and that it is not in their power to give Her Royal Highness one. "It is ridiculous to make me always the means of making a disturbance for no end whatever,"—the Princess said to me in speaking of this business; and certainly in the present instance this remark appears true enough, especially as she has no wish whatever except to go abroad. The more tranquil her conduct is, the more chance there is of bringing her wish to bear. But Brougham, &c. see the matter otherwise, and look to another source of happiness for

her (if happiness it can be called in any way), and only wish to make her struggle and contend for power and show in this country.

Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Sir William Gell, Mr. Steuart, and myself, dined at Connaught House. The dinner was very agreeable, and after dinner still more so; but the poor Princess was in dreadfully low spirits.

Monday, 4th.—I was one of a party which the Princess had invited to accompany her to Vauxhall. There was no amusement in this expedition; we were all dull, and unable to amuse each other; and the fireworks were but indifferent. Fireworks, "*pour tout bien*, will not do, even for courtiers!

Tuesday, 5th.—Mr. Whitbread told the Princess, in an interview he had with Her Royal Highness to-day, that although the House had voted her fifty thousand a year, he thought it would have a much better effect if she would write a letter to the Speaker, purporting that she did not wish to be a burthen upon the nation, and that she hoped they would re-consider the matter, and give her only thirty-five thousand. Lady ——, who was present when Mr. Whitbread gave the Princess this advice, told me she saw a gloom overspread her countenance whilst he was

speaking. Her Royal Highness is not mercenary; far from it;—I believe her to be very noble-minded in money transactions: but she conceived this proposal not kind from a friend, and the sum not more than her due. However, Lady —— says, that when Mr. Whitbread explained to the Princess that fifty thousand pounds would oblige her to remain in this country, and spend it where she received it, but that a less one would afford her liberty, she fell into the trap, and entered into his view of the subject with alacrity.

Mr. Whitbread then wrote a letter to the Speaker, and she copied it, but not without having previously written an ill-judged, useless letter to Lord Castlereagh (which, as Mr. Whitbread said, was not *English*, and had no point in it), saying, she accepted *the proposal*, but did not name the sum. This, I heard Lady —— say, she conceived to have more point in it than Mr. Whitbread supposed; for perhaps she intended it should be perceived that Her Royal Highness was of one opinion, and her advisers of another, and hoped that ministers would take the hint and fulfil her wishes. But none of these things came to pass, if such *were* the Princess's intentions. At all events, these underhand contradictory movements produced a bad effect. Lord Castlereagh naturally saw through the discrepancy of opinion

which existed between the Princess and her friends. Lady —— told me she wept the whole time she was out driving. Truly, I cannot wonder, for she is made to lead a wretched life. Again she said to me at dinner, "I know not who plagues me most, my friends or my enemies."

Old Sapio dined at Connaught House. I was sorry to meet him there again, as I had hoped never to do so. The Princess treats him with a comical mixture of protection and scorn, which is very unlike what she ought to do in either way.

Monday.—Lord D— called on me, and asked a great many questions about the Princess. I was cautious in my replies, for I know him to be one of the R—t's *toadies*, and I have ever had reason to suspect him as one of His Royal Highness's spies on the Princess. Yet for all this he enjoys a laugh at his Royal Friend's expense, and pulled out of his pocket some very abominable verses, which he called "capital," and desired me to read. He said they are written by Miss ——. I do not believe that they are, and I asked leave to copy them. I shall show them to Lady ——, who is Miss ——'s friend, and will be able to contradict Lord D—'s statement, if it be incorrect; which I am inclined to think it is, and that the verses are his lordship's own composition.

Pour le 19^{me} *Siecle.*

Soyez bien grasse, ayez cinquante ans;
Beaucoup de gorge, et bien du clinquant;
Un air dédaigneux, un fils lâche et rampant;
Un grand nigaud de mari, bas et complaisant:
Et voilà de quoi plaire au magnanime R—t!

I received a letter from ——. She says, "I do not see the slightest chance of our ever meeting again; which makes me horribly melancholy; especially as I pulled three strong grey hairs out of my head this morning. *Helas! la fleur de ma jeunesse est passée!*—and as much in vain in point of pleasure, as in a *moral* sense! When I think how fast it is flying, my soul makes a kind of clutch to get away, and make a little more use of life; to see foreign countries, and enjoy a little of *real* pleasure; not your dull London pleasures, where you have much ado to keep your chin above the water of neglect and insignificancy; where people forget you the moment you are out of sight, and where all the charms of society and the refinements of gallantry are out of the question; but the gay, brilliant pleasures of a foreign capital, or the sylvan delight of a southern clime, under brighter skies and with more animating avocations.

"You will sympathise with me in this, though you do not in most things, and think me but a

wretched dry bones, inside as well as out. Who was it, that said '*Si je n'etois pas votre ami, je serais votre ennemi?*' I suppose you say that of me. You wonderful, flighty, enthusiastic people have greatly the advantage of sober, dry mortals like me; for we envy and admire you, though we may sometimes think you a little absurd; while the very best of *us* you think abominable, though you sometimes allow us to be wise. Don't you think I am very *éveillée* to-day? No wonder! It is the influence of Spring. Yesterday, when I got up, the first object that met my eyes was the ground as white with snow as if it had been the first of January;—not a powdering, but an honest thick fall of snow, which is not gone off to-day; and the clouds are now doing their best to gather a fresh supply. How I glory in the Princess's vindication to the eyes of all men! and how I am gratified at the complete mortification of her vile persecutors, from the biggest to the least. I wish she had her foot upon all their necks.

"It makes my blood turn to think of the degeneracy of people's feelings, their mean inventions, their pitiful, careful suspicions, and selfishness. Do you remember Mr. Burke saying, he believed that, formerly, a thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to defend the Queen of France?—which *leaping*, by-the-bye, has been

much quizzed by dull people like me. There is in England but one tongue that will wag in her behalf; yet, shame on them, there's hardly one whose heart and mind does not speak in her favour. Sneaking bodies! The days of chivalry are past; that of economists, calculators, and infidels is come; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever! O dull, degenerate Englishmen! If there is a spark of good feeling left, it is in the mob, who give her their acclamations, since no other atonement is made to her. The English are a noble nation *en masse*, an odious people individually. Don't you think so?

"Adieu! What a farrago of incoherent stuff I have written.

"Ever yours, ——."

July 1st.—At length I have been able to arrange my affairs, so as to be free to leave England, and go where I like. I have provided for one or two old servants, seen my cousin settled in an excellent and profitable situation in ——'s banking-house, and lastly, a sad reason enables me to quit home without one regret—my dear old aunt is dead. She died a fortnight ago: since which time I have not been able to write down a word. Though her great age and long illness might have prepared me for her loss, they did not; and

when she was gone, I felt as if her death was an untimely one; and my grief was great in proportion. She was my last near relation: now I can claim no nearer kindred with any one than cousinship. There is something very sad in this feeling. However little our relations may suit us, however much they may differ from us in tastes and pursuits, still there is a tie in consanguinity which nothing can ever break. We may live apart, and be long absent from them, but nothing except death can put an end to the natural affection which God has ordained between near relations.

Well—she died blessing me, my dear old aunt; and I feel much pleasure in thinking I endeavoured to be a comfort to her. I have fulfilled all her orders to the minutest point, and now I can gratify my long-cherished wish of travelling in foreign countries. To-day, I received an entertaining droll letter from Sir W. Gell, whom I had commissioned to find me a good travelling servant. He speaks of the Princess as follows:—"As to favour with both Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, that is out of the question. I was drubbed for executing my commissions in the aphrodisiac way, in such style; but you are not to suppose that crowned heads are capable of distinguishing such superabundant talents. On the contrary, my constituents see my merits, and the University

confers the horrors—I mean honours; for they will not let princes do any thing of the kind in mere gaiety of heart, but all is done through the ministry. Keppel Craven returns in the first week of June; Mrs. P. is going to Worthing to see Lady C. Campbell, and so is Mr. Knutson, or Canuteson, to prevent the sea from flowing, as his ancestor, Canute the Great, did.

"As to Mrs. D—, you know, when you are gone to France I shall have a fine opportunity of retorting all your malice and your sallies, and I can trust to the lady in question. I seem banished from Thompson House, but she has a triumph at Boodle's ten to one. The balls at White's and Co. seem in a languishing state, but London is furiously full of parties and suppers. Only to give you an idea of what I was engaged to go to last night:—Dinner, Mrs. Lock, 2000 virgins; Lady Douglas, music; Mrs. Davenport, christening; Devonshire House, supper; Lady Salisbury's. I do not pretend to send you anything entertaining, as we write on business. Being,

"My dear ———.

"Your affectionate grandmother,

"JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN.

"P. S. The signature will quite exasperate Mrs. A—. Tell her I am writing a pamphlet by the desire of the Classical Journal, on Troy."

On board the ———, Captain ———
One o'clock, 15th July, 1814.

The only ardent wish I have formed for these last two years, is now fulfilled—I am on the ocean, on my way to the Continent. There is always a degree of doubt, nay almost of awe, in the fulfilment of our wishes; since experience has sadly warned us how often we have wished erroneously, and how little we know what to wish for. Yet at this moment my sensations are pleasureable. The sun is gaily shining: it withdrew for a moment, as we slowly glided out of the harbour at Dover; for a moment, too, a cloud of tender regret for what might have been, stole across my mind; but the recollection that it is not, quickly resumed its power, and a feeling of pride and pleasure succeeded, that I was going to new scenes which would occupy and change the current of my thoughts. Perhaps, like a person excited by fictitious means, I may sink hereafter; but the present moment is buoyant with renovated hope.

I regretted not being able, yesterday, to visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, where hypocrisy paid the price of its vice by blood, and superstition trembled in its turn, for having dared to usurp the power of Heaven to punish. The country we traversed is rich but monotonous;

the peace and wealth which seems diffused over its undulating scenery, lulls, instead of rousing the mind. The goodness of the roads, horses, and inns, leave one nothing to complain of in respect of the animal enjoyments of existence. The bustle of Dover, its dirt and noise, convey a thousand ideas to the mind, but scarcely impress one of those ideas distinctly. Its white cliffs, and bold bare shore, seem to dare the inroad of any hostile invader, and they recall a sensation of pride to every British heart, which makes it swell at being English. Every inn was full, but I found room, at length, at *The Ship*. The quantity of travellers, and concourse of carriages, had the appearance of a fête.

Calais, five o'clock.—We had a fine passage—only two hours and fifty minutes—but having arrived within a mile of the shore, could get no further, the tide being low. Our captain (rather perfidiously, I think) advised all the passengers to get into a pilot boat, in preference to waiting till eight or nine at night, and we consented. We paid through the nose, about 3*l.* sterling, for this operation, and for the noise and torment of the people who came round us, and laid hold of the ladies—hauling them out, and nearly tumbling them into the water, laughing and screaming

the whole time. We landed, however, safely, but not soundly; for we were all sea water and sand. We had then to walk two miles, partly over sand, and then to climb up the wooden quay, which extends a great way into the sea. Some of the passengers found this rather difficult, especially one fat lady who had very short legs. All these inconveniences were to me, however, compensated for by the novelty of every object which met my view. I longed to draw every thing I saw, and to stop and gaze at the shops, people, &c. &c.

On board the ——. I talked to the mate, his name was Hetherden: he had one of those happy countenances which at once bespeak one's confidence in their honesty, and obtain it. He told me, that the 18th of February, 1807, he was wrecked off Boulogne; the night was so cold and stormy that one man was froze to death, standing erect on the deck. They fired guns of distress in vain. As he commanded the vessel, he would not leave her, to take to the boat, till every other soul was saved, except four men who would drink, and who went down below into the cabin and perished. He himself was rescued at last, however, and well received by the French, though taken prisoner; and all the English were well treated. Some of their officers behaved shamefully,

and offended the people. Hetherden added, "they forgot they were in an enemy's country, and insisted upon all sorts of unreasonable demands."

Quillacq's Hotel, Saturday.—I went to the play last night, and heard some very good music, and not bad acting; but the quickness of the recitation, and the loudness of the singing, had something of caricature, or at least appeared so to my organs, unaccustomed to such performances. They acted three different pieces: *La preuve Villageoise; Le Mariage d'une heure: et Les Pretendues.* The music of the first was old, but pretty; the second I never heard before. There were some beautiful trios in it; but the character of the composition was more brilliant and buoyant than touching; pathos belongs to the Italian alone, some few Scotch and Irish airs excepted. There were five Englishmen in the box where I sat, mute and grave, till I made them speak by asking them questions. The person to whom I addressed myself was a Mr. Davies; and Lady H—'s son, Mr. C—, sat behind, and fell asleep in spite of my eloquence. I was well amused, however, but happy to go to rest, being very tired. Monsieur Culier was excessively civil.

Left Calais to-day at one o'clock. Just before I stepped into my carriage, Lady Hamilton—the

Lady Hamilton I had seen, twenty-five years ago, at Naples—sent me a message to say, that one who had known me long and well, and dearly loved those I loved [what a prostitution of the term!] wished to see me again. Yet, poor soul, I was sorry for her, and a mixture of curiosity and sadness made me desire to see her once more. I went to her apartment—time had marred her beauty, but not effaced it—and when I said "*toujours belle*," a smile of pleasure reanimated her fine eyes. My compliment was not altogether untrue, although it was a little more than reality: but such reality is not worth adhering to. Her eyes were filled with tears: she said the remembrance of the past crowded upon her, and excited them. She talked agreeably, and spoke of her own fate.

In mentioning the child she brings up, she assured me it was not her own, nor could be. When anybody assures me of a thing that may be true, and is favourable to themselves, I always believe them. It may be silly, but I cannot help it. Nor do I wish to have that wisdom which makes one doubt one's neighbour.—Between Calais and Hautbuisson the country is flat and uninteresting; inclosures, and these are merely ditches, but no hedges; indeed it is chiefly marsh. The soil seems very poor, and yet they do not spare ma-

nure. Crops are chiefly wheat, oats, and artificial grasses. About a mile from Hautbuisson we reached an ascent, from which there is a sylvan view into a valley. The cottages are well built, generally of stone; some of them very neatly thatched—a short close thatch, unlike ours, but full as neat. There is a bareness of population and a paucity of houses, which, to an English eye, is melancholy. The first enlivening object or appearance of husbandry I beheld, was a woman helping a man to spread dung. She seemed to set about the occupation *con amore*. The roads are capital. I hardly found out they were *pavés*. There are mounds of gravel and small stones placed in piles on each side of the road, ready for use.

The next village after Marquise is Bois Gagnon Huitmille, situated in a glen. From an elevation in the ground just before we came to Boulogne there is a fine view of the sea. At Huitmille I ate some of the nicest bread I ever tasted. I arrived at Boulogne at half after six; it is a fortified town, situated on the mouth of the Lianne, in a narrow valley that opens to the sea. It has a melancholy appearance; but perhaps the gloom of a very rainy day gave me this impression. The inn is called Hotel d'Angleterre; and

it deserves the name, if dearness is one of the attributes of an English hotel.

I walked round the Ville Haute, upon the ramparts, in spite of the rain, from whence I saw the hill where Bonaparte had organized the army with which he threatened to invade Britain, and which he afterwards led to the more easy conquest of Germany. I saw also an immense wooden tower, that was visible from Huitmille, and that looked like representations I have seen of the large wicker baskets in which druids burnt their victims. This tower was only a skeleton of what was afterwards to be executed in stone. The *garçon de la maison*, who was my cicerone, took pleasure in relating that some stones had been already placed, which it had required forty horses to move. "*Il falloit bien qu'ils fussent des grandes pierres, ceux la.*" To which I assented.

Mr. Dillon, the *seccatore*, had discovered me, and was very civil, and walked and talked till I was dead tired of him. He told me, what I had observed the day before to be in some degree true, that there is much wavering in the people's minds, and that they have received their King with great indifference.

I left Boulogne, Sunday, the 17th of July.—The river Lianne winds through a fertile valley, and

the aspect of the country is more agreeable. Further on, from an eminence, there is a fine view of a rich and wooded country; to the right, in the distance, there is some ground which has the appearance of having been a Roman camp. About seven miles from Boulogne there are two avenues leading to an old chateau, about which there is an air of romance. The quiet grey of the stones, and the dullness of the scene, conspire to make one suppose a fair lady may live there, shut up with some old guardian—or worse, married to some hated lord. The trees which form the avenues are too closely planted, yet their chequered shade seems to invite to calm enjoyment and meditation. I admire avenues. How prejudicial the love of what is fashionable is to real taste! how much the inherent passion for novelty, when too far indulged, contributes to deteriorate from all that is truly great!

I arrived at ——, at seven o'clock—a comfortable inn. The master spoke the best English I ever heard a foreigner speak. I fancied he was English at first, but he told me he had not been in England for twenty-five years, and had remained at Samaces, doing what good he could, and saving the lives of several persons during the war; for which he had never received the smallest remuneration, though they were all, with one ex-

ception, people of good fortune, and were now again established in their possessions.

The country beyond Samaces is rich and well cultivated. I know not if it is the effect of novelty, the too great love of which, I contemn; but I cannot help fancying that the absence of all enclosures gives a vastness to the prospect. There is a curious sort of dark coloured marl, a few inches below the surface of the soil, which is used as manure. The women's dress is picturesque: either they tie up their hair in a conical shape, to the top of their heads, or wear caps with a high caul, and plaited wings of a large and oval form, which fly backwards and forwards, giving a characteristic and strange appearance. This, with brilliant coloured aprons, short petticoats, and some instrument of agriculture in their hands, forms a picture which requires only the artist's power to embody.

I reached Montreuil a quarter after three o'clock. Peat is made in the neighbourhood. Wheat seems almost ready for the sickle, and yet at Boulogne they complained it was so cold that the fruits of the season were not ripe. At Montreuil I went to the principal church; they were performing high mass; the chief magistrates and constituted authorities of the place, came in to sing Te Deum for peace. The sound of the drum, and the sight of armed men, drowning the

voices of the priests, and walking up in martial order to the altar, was an awful sight, and brought back the remembrance of the reign of terror. I shuddered involuntarily, and it was not till I heard the persons around me repeatedly say, "*C'est pour la paix—c'est pour la paix*," that I could get rid of the painful impression.

It is not true—at least it is not true *now*—that the lower order of catholics mutter their prayers in an unknown tongue. I borrowed a ritual of the service from a poor girl, in which the psalms, and other portions of scripture, were translated in the mother tongue. On the one side was French, on the other Latin.

Near Montreuil they hoe the potatoes with a clever machine, drawn by one horse, which runs along the earth like a ploughshare, with wheels sufficiently wide to cover three furrows, while the plough acts only on the middle one. We passed through a small but pretty and comfortable looking village. I observe there is a quantity of wood about the country. Hurdles are particularly neatly made. I coveted them for Dovenest. Dovenest! when, if ever, shall I be there again? I slept at Bernay, at the Fleur de Lis, the best of the two bad inns: dirty beds and floors; but what signifies for a night or two, when one is in health.

Monday, 18th July.—I left Bernay early. What

a wonderful extent of country! no part is uncultivated, and yet there is often no habitation to be seen for miles. I saw two men labouring in a field to-day; it is quite an event in the landscape. This vast tract of country, covered with the abundance of all which is necessary to animal existence, but deficient in all that is beautiful, would be insufferably dull and uninteresting, did not a certain feeling of its greatness interpose: it seems as if it sufficed to itself alone, and that it must ever continue to do so. This, in the natural as in the moral world, is the greatest attribute with which human intellect can invest the objects of its contemplation.

I dined at Flicour, a miserable inn, and was served by two women scarcely human in their appearance. There were several pretty views from Flicour to Amiens. I reached the latter place at seven o'clock. It is a melancholy looking town, no appearance of trade or bustle, but groups of soldiers of different nations idling about, and reminding one too much of the cause of this stagnation in commerce, this silence, and this gloom.

I went out immediately to see the cathedral. It is of gothic architecture, and is the finest in that style which I recollect ever to have seen, not excepting Westminster Abbey; for although the latter is much larger, and in detail may be more magnificent, I do not think it so imposing as a

whole building. The sun was setting, and we could not for some moments distinguish each particular feature, but its general effect was grand in the extreme. Who that has a heart, but must feel inspired by such temples and worship.

> " What though a different law command
> A different worship in our land,
> That soul is torpid which has felt
> Unmoved, where other knees have knelt."

The pure homage of the heart is holy in all places; but in such a temple as this even the impure might feel the presence of God.

One poor woman, covered with a thick veil, knelt in deep concentrated prayer. The person who showed me the cathedral lowered his voice to a whisper, as he approached her; he felt that she was in silent communion with heaven, and that the tongue of man should be hushed. My cicerone was a decent conversible person. When I asked him how the church had escaped destruction, he replied that it had happened almost miraculously, but that it had not escaped pollution, for scenes of horror had been enacted within its walls; much of the carved work has been mutilated, and the temple, said he, has been otherwise desecrated. "Although I speak," he added, "before the altar of God, I have seen a common prostitute brought in a sort of triumph, and carried upon men's shoulders, to be

set on that holy altar. Oh! they were times which it makes one tremble to think of. But during the whole of that reign of terror I always used my own language to say Citoyenne; and *tutoyer* was then the law, but I always said Monsieur et Madame." "How did you then contrive to escape the guillotine?" "Ah!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "On parle des miracles du temps de nos pères, et on se moque si on dit qu'il y en a de nos jours; mais c'est la foi seule qui nous manque; il y en a tous les jours."

I was touched with this man's conversation: there was no cant or mummery in it, but it was sensible and feeling.

I left Amiens, Tuesday, 19th of July. There is a beautiful natural wood, chiefly of beech, about four miles from Amiens; but in other respects the country is flat and insipid until you reach Bretenville, where stand the remains of an ancient archway, of pleasing proportions.

I arrived at Paris, Thursday, the 21st of July. The Port St. Denis gives a grand appearance to that entrance of Paris; and the long and magnificently broad road which leads to it, gives an air of grandeur that our English capital cannot boast. The busy streets, the concourse of people, and the wonderful tissue of events which have recently happened in this metropolis, all conspire to fill the mind, and to crowd it with a superfluity of

thought; the difficulty is to arrange and combine ideas, not to create them.

I went in the evening to the Opera Comique, Rue Féydeau. It is the prettiest salon imaginable. Large pillars of marble, or what seems to be marble, support the boxes; the pit descends in a species of amphitheatre; and the drop curtain is the handsomest I ever saw: it is painted in imitation of blue velvet, covered with golden fleurs de lis; the crown on a ball, which seems embossed in the middle, and the drapery very grand and simple in its folds. I never saw any thing in better taste than the whole of this theatre. The performances were Le Caliph de Bagdad, L'habit du Comte De Grammont, and Le Noûveau Seigneur du Village. I came in at the end of the first piece; the two latter were very entertaining, and the music was exceedingly good; the people all singing in time and tune, but louder than my ears are accustomed to; indeed, they seem to vie with one another, who shall make most noise. The principal actor and actress were excellent performers, but the whole corps executed their parts *uniformly* well, and perhaps this has more power upon the general effect of the performance, than one transcendant actor could possibly convey. No vulgar misconception or defect, in any of the subordinate players, broke the charm of the illusion. There was an exquisite duet in the last

piece. I met my friend Mr. C——, which gave me great pleasure; I felt as if I had not seen him for years, so glad was I to meet an English friend.

Friday, July 22nd.—I went to the Louvre with Mr. C——. I have not time or power to enter minutely into this stupendous emporium of all that is fine in the arts. I gazed once more at the undying beauties of the immortal Venus. I felt a spark of inspiration emanate from the divine Apollo. Again the marble breathed before me, and genius once more entered my soul, with all its vivifying power. A young Bacchus, by some, better designated as the Genius of Sadness, fixed my attention, and rooted me to the spot. Seen from where I stood, there is a tenderness in the countenance, a refined expression of all that is soft and sad, and yet dignified, in the half-closed lip; the hand too seems indicative of placid reflection, the arm negligently thrown over the head, as if the soul had abandoned itself to fancy, and the body rested while the mind was far away in the excursive regions of imagination. The dying Gladiator, subdued by death, not conquered by his mortal adversary; the fighting Gladiator, his muscles swelling with the tension of strength; and above all these, Diana, the light, the chaste, the cold Diana, "her buskin gemmed with morn-

ing dew," scorn sitting with grace upon her lip, and all the grand severity of an unyielding nature clothing her airy well-poised figure.

It is in vain to attempt a further description of countless beauties, and of all the ideas they create. To live at Paris for a length of time, and go every day to the Louvre, and see these exquisite conceptions of unrivalled art, would light the dullest soul to taste the joy which genius can impart, and raise the grovelling mind to a standard of greatness to which it would otherwise never attain. Time and circumstances tore me away.

I went to the magnificent gardens of the Tuilleries; and although the building is heavy from its magnitude, it is not devoid of grandeur. The formal parterres, the statues, and fountains, are well adapted to the decoration of a palace, and from the very idea we form of the labour and art necessary to their formation, they convey no unpleasing sensation to the mind,—which is always gratified by every proof of the power of that of others. As a place of public resort it is charming, from the alternate variety of sunshine or shade, the sweet smell of the flowers, and the profusion of chairs and benches, which in our gardens are so scantily provided, and which the English public take such pains to destroy and disfigure. There certainly never was a country which had so little

respect for public monuments or property, and so little love for the arts, as England.

I visited Lady Westmoreland, and she made me accompany her all over the town. She went to every shop on the Boulevards. The variety and beauty of all materials for ladies' dress far surpasses our wares, and Lady Westmoreland says they are cheaper. Nothing offends me in the Parisian ladies' toilette, except the graceless height and immensity of their bonnets, which are perfect disfiguration. How can they admire their statues, and then endure to look at each other?

I met the Duc de Coigni, and asked him if he knew Madame de Coigni, with whom I had an appointment, and was going to pay my respects to her. He told me she was his *son's wife, and divorced from him!* What a blunder of mine! I was not able to get to the Opera till it was half over. It was *La Jerusaleme Délivrée.* As to the spectacle, it exceeds praise; every scene is a picture, not merely from its *scenic* perfection, but from the grouping of the persons, and the nice attention paid to the most subordinate figures; those who remain chiefly in distance being clad in quiet colours, to aid the deception; and the promptitude and precision with which all the changes are conducted, render it almost a magical deception. The dancing too is the dancing of fairies and graces; there is

not merely one or two fine dancers, but six or eight, all vying with each other. The last scene, of the Christians praying in the temple, and the falling of the walls, and the entrance of Godfroy, and the prayers, and illuminated heavens, with the ghosts of the departed, and choirs of angels, &c., is almost too beautiful and awful. I felt my very flesh creep. What a wonderful people these French are, to make one feel so much, and to feel themselves so little. I was with Lady Westmoreland, and to my surprise Mr. J—e came into her box.

Saturday, 23rd.—I went to Versailles. On my way there I traversed a great part of Paris, and was much struck with the magnificence of the city. I crossed the end of the Tuilleries, and passed along the Seine. The last bridge, built by Bonaparte in commemoration of the battle of Jena, called the Pont de Jena, is of beautiful and chaste architecture, and surpasses all the other bridges. St. Cloud is situated on the side of an eminence, which overlooks Paris, and is covered with villas. At its base the river winds in a graceful curve. I could not gain permission to see Versailles, because workmen were busy in making repairs; so I went to St. Cloud. There is an avenue of approach, half a mile in length, to the palace, the exterior of which has no particular excellence,

but its site is truly magnificent, commanding a view of Paris and the adjacent country, which is well worth seeing. As I traversed its shady alleys and entered its courts, a tide of recollections crowded upon my mind. So lately the footsteps of a great usurper trod the paths which now I trod, and after the revolutionary storm had rolled in tremendous retribution over the scenes where luxury and pleasure had misruled the house, Providence has once more restored them to their rightful possessors, after having humbled them to the dust. What a lesson to humanity!

The views here surpass description. The ornaments of the interior of the palace are handsome, and the gallery is fine, but too narrow, as most galleries are.

There was a picture by a young artist of the name of Guemi, the subject Phedra and Hippolita. I thought the conception of it was good, and there was more of simple grandeur in the composition than is generally seen in the French school. Bonaparte's bed-room possessed a strange and fearful interest; I saw Richard's tent in this voluptuous bed, and I thought how vain was all the down which invited to luxurious repose. How much more deeply was this idea impressed on my mind, when we were informed that two attendants slept in each of the adjacent apartments!

From St. Cloud I went back to Versailles, to visit Trianon, a very delightful *maison de plaisance*, contiguous to the greater palace. There are many subjects of interest there. Those which struck me most were two pictures; one of Venus silencing the Loves, lest they should disturb the sleep of Adonis; the other, of Fortune flying over the world. The first is said to be by Giordano, and its conception and mellowness, its grace and glowing beauties, give assurance of its being genuine. The latter has a peculiar purple colouring, which I could not wholly approve, but the round and palpable firmness of the form, and its grace, commanded admiration. I proceeded to the lesser Trianon, interesting only from its having belonged to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. An old German Swiss showed us this garden. He had been one of the Guards, and escaped the general massacre miraculously. I begged him to tell me how. "*Ah!*" said he, in very bad French, "*il me faudroit quinze jours pour vous le dire.*" He clasped his hands together, and appeared truly imbued with a deep and painful remembrance of those times. One could only respect his feelings and restrain curiosity.

I do not recollect ever to have been so fatigued as I was to-day in walking back to Versailles; and yet the warmth which kills others animates me.

When I returned home I found several invitations, one to a Madame de Vaudremont. I went to see Lady Westmoreland, and met there Lord Buckingham, Madame de Coigni, and Sir Robert Wilson. The latter seems very good humoured, but such a decided Englishman, and so loaded with prejudices, I wonder why he leaves England. When I spoke of the grandeur of Paris, he said he did not know; the generality of the streets were so narrow and dirty, that he should think more of *Swallow Street* ever after. This was enough for me. I thought he should return as fast as possible to its delights. In the evening, just as I was going to bed, Mr. J——e came to see me. He is another of the same true John Bull breed.

Sunday, 24th.—I went to visit the Duchesse de Coigni, and to ask her husband if there was a court the next day, as I wished to be presented. She informed me there was, and told me I had nothing to do, but to send my name to the Duc de P—nne. The Duchesse de P—nne is now in a great situation, receiving company every night, and upon the top of the tree, after having been at the bottom. The changes in this mortal coil are rapid, and we cannot account for them. Perhaps this poor lady has expiated her errors in her former misfortunes. We cannot read the heart.

Be that as it may, there she is a great lady, and once more surrounded with splendour, and courted by all those who shunned her. Oh! this world! this world!

I went to the Tuilleries, but could not gain admittance; there was a mass, or a review, or some show, which prevented my seeing it. I went with Mr. J—— and M. Delessert to the Hotel des Invalides. Of all the monuments and public buildings sacred to the memory of the great and good, or adapted to the business and pleasures of men, none ought to make more deep impression than those which are set apart to purposes of humanity. These, to a reflecting mind, possess a peculiar charm, less imaginative perhaps, but more exalting and intense, than any other. This great receptacle for the wounded soldiers, the aged or infirm servants of their country, is worthy of the object for which it is designed. I could not help comparing it with Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals; and I thought it more vast, but less beautiful as to its architecture. But the *intention* of the institution is the same, and that is a noble one.

From thence we went to the Museum of French Monuments, *Musée des Monuments Français*. Nothing could excuse having collected all this assemblage of relics and tombs to meet in heterogeneous confusion together, except that it was an

idea of national vanity alone which could have rescued them from total destruction, and even with this excuse I could not get rid of the impression of incongruity and sacrilege which provoked and shocked me. The sacredness of all those thoughts which hover round the tombs of the departed, and which, viewed in the holy stillness of their original sanctuaries, they must have excited, is not felt when they are seen where they are now placed. To the antiquarian, the historian, and the artist, they are certainly a fund of science and entertainment, but still the great and higher sentiments which these monuments were intended to commemorate, are entirely extinguished; and I doubt if the knowledge gained to science is worth the feelings lost.

I dined at a Madame G——n's. I was too late, and found them all at table, which shocked me considerably; but the master of the house came out to receive me, and accepted my apologies with great good humour. I soon became acquainted with Monsieur and Madame G——n, but not with their guests, whose names I never even heard. They all conversed gaily and agreeably, and I did my best to be pleasant. They talked over the politics of the day, or rather of the past, most freely. I asked my left hand neighbour if it was not rather imprudent to do so before

servants. "They have always spoken thus in this house," he replied, "*On ne parle pas seulement, on babille.*" The dinner was soon over, and the company rose all together, ladies and gentlemen, and went into an adjoining apartment, which opened into a garden, where we sat on a terrace, and had tea and coffee. Among other subjects of conversation, that of the present fashions in dress had its turn. I ventured to express my dislike of the high chimney bonnets, but all the gentlemen defended them, as well as the ladies, and seemed to take as lively an interest in the fashions of their ladies' dresses as they do in the affairs of their nation.

Monsieur de G——n talked much, and tolerably well, but with a frothy kind of manner that was truly French. He thought every thing was for the best; that all that had been, had opened the eyes of the people, and that a Constitution formed on the basis of that of England, would now give happiness and liberty to France. My neighbour on my left hand, whom Monsieur G——n called *mon cher*, seemed of a very different opinion. He said that every thing connected with public affairs was gradually returning to its former state, and that "*si c'etoit l'Empereur, le Roi, ou le premier Consul,*" the French people would be always tyrannized over.

I staid for an hour or two, and was well amused with the people and their conversation. One man, who was the wit of the party, and a kind of *French Ward*, told me he had been well acquainted with Lord —— "il y avoit bien des anneès," he was very charming, he said,—"*mais d'une indolence! dont il n'est jamais revenu*," said I.

I drove to the Duchesse de P—nne, to leave my name, and intending to pay her a visit had she been alone, but I found a great assembly at her door, and did not like to go in, so went home. There is a strange report about the Princess of Wales having written to hire Monsieur de Sebastiani's house *here*—I contradict it flatly. Fortunately I can do so, not having been informed of the circumstance—but in my own mind I fear there has been some truth in it. The cause, however, which might have induced her Royal Highness to come, no longer exists. I trust therefore she will not be so silly as to come to a court which *could* not, if it would, receive her with proper kindness.

Monday, 25th July.—I went with Mr. C— to see St. Genevieve and Le Jardin des Plantes. Close to the church of St. Genevieve lives a Monsieur Chevalier, a learned man, a friend of

Mr. C— and Sir W. Gell. I liked his appearance and manner: he had lived many years at Edinburgh, having fled from France during the time of terror, and he retained a most grateful remembrance of the kindness and hospitality he had received in Scotland. We saw the library: it is a magnificent room, with one or two smaller ones adjoining, which contained medals, natural curiosities, &c., but these have been taken away, and there are only some poor remains. St. Genevieve is a fine building, I believe of the Corinthian order, but is not exempt from many faults, some of which strike even an ignorant eye, and others Mr. C— pointed out, such as the columns round the cupola being larger at the top than the bottom, which had a most ungraceful effect. I went up to the outside of the cupola, in defiance of the heat, in order to take a general view of Paris. I was amply rewarded for my trouble, by beholding the grandest possible bird's eye prospect of the whole city and its environs. This was rendered more interesting by Monsieur Chevalier giving us an exact description of the movement of the Allies round Paris previously to their entrance. He said he expected every moment the town would be burnt, and one general ruin would ensue; but Providence had mercifully brought this affair to a blessed termination.

In showing us the nave of the church, he whispered to me that Bonaparte had designed to have his statue placed there, with an intention that it should have been worshipped. When I remarked that I had been induced to believe Bonaparte had restored the due observance of religion; he replied, "He only meant to make one after his own fashion." "*Il avoit l'intention d'en faire à sa mode.*" Monsieur Chevalier's feelings lay on the other side of the question, I saw; and perhaps they misled his judgment, but certainly all the reflecting and elder part of the community seem to partake his sentiments on this subject. After gazing at the church, its cupola, and its vaults, which latter are particularly fine, and contain the tombs, or, I believe, rather the *cenotaphs*, of Rousseau and Voltaire—for, as to the former, I heard Monsieur Chevalier say, that some of his remains were at ———, now the country house of Monsieur de G——n, we proceeded to the Jardin des Plantes. I regretted not seeing the interior of a church called St. Etienne, close to St. Genevieve. Its exterior is beautiful: it is of no regular architecture, but it possesses that species of beauty which excites imagination, and awakens interest. The extreme heat of the weather, the thermometer being at eighty-three, together with the quantity of sights I wanted to see, and the number of things

I had to do in the space of twenty-four hours, hurried me away to the Jardin des Plantes. As I do not understand botany, and saw no beautiful flowers, I was disappointed, and did not remain there long.

Tuesday, 26th.—Monsieur Delessert took me to the atelier of a Monsieur Gérard, the person who is reckoned the finest artist in Paris. We were shown into a room in which were full length portraits of the Emperor of Russia, of Bernadotte, of Murat, king of Naples, and a composition of Cupid and Pysche; this last very beautiful, and yet I thought there was a stiffness in it, a look of something not natural. There were many other pictures, but one is always hurried on these occasions, and as I was told it was the greatest possible favour to be received by Monsieur Gérard, and as Madame came and made us a visit, I was forced to employ that time in civility which I would rather have given to observation.

I asked Madame Gérard if there was no picture of Bonaparte; and after a little demur I was shown into a small room, where the great Monsieur Gérard was himself painting. He was very polite, and showed me two half-length portraits of Bonaparte, which I think must be like: the one meagre and keen, a famished face, in pursuit of

conquest; the other, bloated and surfeited by conquest and power—both handsome, and the eyes of both miraculous. Monsieur Gérard is a little man, with a sharp, intelligent countenance. I was pleased to have seen this atelier, it being that of the best modern French painter. Monsieur Delessert is imbued with an idea of Bonaparte's greatness, which does not admit of his judging him with an unprejudiced mind.

I received several letters from England to-day. Mrs. ——— says, "The Princess Charlotte went with a heavy heart, I hear, yesterday to Cranford Lodge (I think that is the name of the place), Windsor Park. She has, of all her friends, only been allowed to see Miss Mercer.* Miss Knight has not been suffered to return to her. The courtiers say all is made up, but no one believes them; how can they, while she is *a state prisoner?* The R——s are going abroad. Mrs. R—— wrote to Lady Ilchester to propose that pretty Bessy might pay her duty to Her Royal Highness before she went, but was coldly answered that she had communicated the letter to Princess Charlotte, who was just setting out for Windsor. This sad affair cannot come before Parliament, it is said, as the jurisdiction of a father is by our laws absolute till the child is of

* Now Madame Flahaut.

age, that is, one-and-twenty—though at eighteen the heir of the crown, as successor, may reign. Lord Stewart (Lord Castlereagh's brother) is named ambassador to Vienna. The Princess of Wales means soon to go to Worthing.

"I am sorry to find, and so are all her friends, that Mrs. Thompson* is still determined to go into Yorkshire, and particularly as her son sees this in the light we do, and talks most wisely on the subject; but, being a widow, she must do as she likes. Some circumstances too I heard from her maitre d'hotel, that I shall communicate another time to you."

Thursday, 28th, Paris.—I dined with Lady Westmoreland. There were present Sir R— W—, Mr. Craven, Mr. J—. It was a very amusing party; it never can fail to be so where Lady Westmoreland is.

I received another letter to-day from Mrs. ——, telling me, "The Duke of ——, in the House of Lords, Tuesday last, asked some curious questions relative to the sort of confinement the Princess Charlotte is now under—Whether she was allowed communication with her friends and connections? Whether she was allowed the liberty of writing to

* Mrs. Thompson is supposed to mean the Princess of Wales; and Yorkshire—the Continent.

her friends, &c.? Whether the recommendation was given to Her Royal Highness last year for sea bathing, which is understood to have been given this? Whether there is any intention of providing Her Royal Highness a suitable situation? These questions were stated simply, without further remarks, nearly as shortly as I have set them down. Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor were much displeased at His Royal Highness, made loud speeches, but did not answer the questions.

"The Royal Duke then announced a future motion on the subject, but, not having again appeared in the House, as it was expected he would, it is shrewdly suggested that *a fit of asthma*, of which he now complains, has been brought on by a sharp letter, sent to him by Lord Liverpool by the R—t's order. I believe that for the present the subject will drop, for it is thought that it is not one on which Parliament is competent to interfere."

A letter from London informs me

"The fête on Thursday last at Carlton House went off uncommonly well. The round temporary building was so large, and the rooms issuing from it so numerous, that in spite of numbers there was no crowd. The fête was expressly given in honour of the Duke of Wellington, whom I saw there, and for the first time. He is, as I have always heard,

well-looking, soldier-like, natural, and pleasing in his manner—so he appeared to me as I stood near him, and saw him talk to those about him. Mr. Thompson, who of course was there, it was remarked, did not seem in the best of humours. The fireworks, which were to take place to-morrow, are deferred till Monday week, they say. Would they were over! and so all London seems to wish. Some dreadful accident, it is feared, will unavoidably take place on that day, whenever it comes.

"Master Thompson,* to my great surprise, actually saw his mother yesterday. *Our friend*, to whom she has herself told it, gave me this information yesterday night: whether by permission or how, I know not. It was a leave-taking, as Mrs. Thompson means to leave London to-morrow. I must not omit telling you that Sir William Gell is finally appointed by Her Royal Highness as equerry; and, if she goes abroad, the final destination for the winter is Naples. You think that *Chanticleer's* reign is over—may it be so."

Dijon, Monday, 1st of August, 1814.—I had been told I was to meet with all sorts of dangers and difficulties, and was advised to go by Voi-

* Master Thompson is supposed here to mean Princess Charlotte.

turier, which has saved me no expense, and I have been nearly twice as long on the road as I should, had I posted. All the stories I heard in England respecting delays, and dangers, and bad roads, are perfectly without foundation; and, considering that I have passed through a great part of the country which was overrun by troops, I have hardly seen any marks of devastation. The innkeepers say they have *been eaten up*, and there have been a few bridges broken, and a very, but very few houses burnt:—having said this, one has said all. The harvest seems plentiful; the people, indeed, acknowledge it. The earth every where is covered with abundance, and there is no appearance of want of culture; this happy soil, indeed, requires but little care to make it yield increase. From Auxerre, where I slept on Friday last, I passed through a beautiful country—vines and wood, and corn, rocks crowning the whole, or peeping out in picturesque forms, or hewn into terraces, which contrasted finely with the richness of the surrounding foliage and the waving corn.

All the inns I have been in, compared with those of England, are miserable; but they are quite good enough for the purposes of animal existence, if not enjoyment. When English persons set out from their own firesides, they must lay aside the cloak of prejudice, or they will be wretched

the whole time they are absent. I find, in the first place, that one must learn to do *every thing in public.* I do not know that I have been one moment alone since I left Calais. The women walk in and out of one's room, whether one is naked or not: and there are very seldom any bars or bolts to stop their progress. They have all, men and women, the natives I mean, a kind of familiar politeness, which I think very agreeable. I have talked to every one I have met, and found them generally well informed, sensible, and civil. When I say well informed, I must not include the subject of politics: on this head some of them appear to be comically ignorant, and many seem still afraid to speak their minds in regard to public affairs.

There are evidently two parties in France. It appears to me, however, that if the government pay the soldiery, which they have not yet done, and devise some mode of employing them, the tide will sink of itself into the old channel. I received, to-day, a letter from my dear friend ——. It was a great happiness to me, for the first week of absence from those we love or like, seems always cruelly long; not that I will ever allow I could learn to live without those I love, while a possibility exists of living with them; but that the *weaning* from any habit adds an additional pang

to regret. A letter mitigates this; and I derived all the comfort from this one which it was calculated to inspire. During the few days I spent in that wonderful city, Paris, I saw more, and did more, than I ever saw or did before in the same given time:—among other things I went to court. Their courts are held of an evening, in compliance with circumstances; and, out of compliment to the Duchesse D'Angouleme, the ladies wear no gold, or silver, or jewel, but are usually dressed in white crape or silk, with feathers or not, as they choose; and long trains are the only distinctive mark of full dress they are obliged to wear.

This simplicity in the ladies' attire does not, however, prevent there being an air of grandeur in this court. The magnificent space, the grand entrance to the Tuilleries, the staircase, the very simplicity of the women's dress in that magnificent palace, and a certain interest attached to its *cause*, produced a fine spectacle. There were few gentlemen, except those immediately *de service*. Lady Westmoreland was the only English lady. The Duchesse de P—nne is now *the* great lady of Paris: her husband presented Lady Westmoreland, who, as an English lady, was received first.

The king was in an inner room, surrounded by his attendants; he rose and said, in English, with marks of feeling, that 'he should never for-

get what he owed to England.' This touched *us* English people for the moment. The *never forget* is a great word, but one must hope it is a true one. When one ceases to believe in the possibility of truth, one ceases to believe in all that is exalted in human nature.

The women's dress is affectedly simple—white muslin, very short waists, very full petticoats: but the ugliest part of their habilliments is the high chimneys on their hats, which chimneys are covered with feathers and flowers. When fashion is subject to taste, I like it, but when it is despotic and capricious, and subverts all taste, I cannot endure it. To my idea, the more nearly women's dress assimilates to the antique, the more beautiful. Our climate and manners always demand some difference, but at present the French discard all resemblance whatever to what one has been taught to think beautiful, time immemorial. The part men take in this subject is comical: they seem to think, that from the law of their countrywomen there is no appeal. Every article of living is as dear here as in England, when one passes through; but certainly one might *live* at Paris more cheaply than in London; and there are all the same pleasures of dissipation to be had, at a more easy rate, and in a more perfect and varied style.

Secheron, August 6th, 1814, Geneva.—I came from Morey, thirty miles from this, over a new road made by Bonaparte. It is magnificent, both as a work, and as affording the grandest view of the mountain scenery that it is possible to conceive; but the whole way is a series of frightful precipices, and ascents and descents, which make one giddy even in recollection. At a place called La Fossil, about fourteen miles from hence, the first view of Mont Blanc, the Lake of Geneva, and the valley, bursts upon the sight. Descriptions of scenery seldom or ever convey the emotion the scenes themselves excite; but it is difficult not to attempt imparting some portion of the feelings which they inspire.

This hotel is all cleanliness and comfort,—the beautiful lake and its appendages in sight of the windows. I get up every now and then from my table to look at Mont Blanc, as if it was going to run away, and that I should never see it again. It is at this moment glittering in the sun, and not one cloud rests upon its surface: it is difficult to say which is most blue, the sky or the water, but I rather think the latter.

I am already acquainted with many persons. I have had an agreeable surprise in finding Sir H. and Lady Davy established here. I thought we never should have done asking and answering

questions. Lady D. professed herself delighted to renew her acquaintance with me. I hope she is sincere, it is so pleasant to believe in such demonstrations—so much the contrary to doubt them, that it is not worth while to be an infidel. Sismondi was there, author of the Republiques Italiennes, &c. &c., Monsieur De Schlegel, an author likewise, Monsieur Dumont, a Monsieur De Constant, cousin of *The Constant*, the Monsieur De Rocca, and an Englishman, a Mr. Cumming, who, in point of looks, was the flower of the flock. The dinner was very agreeable —all *tumbled on* the table first, and afterwards down our throats, with an *abandon*, as to the manner of both, truly *Staelish*. It suits me vastly, nevertheless. I cannot help seeing the *delatrement* of the *chateau*, the incongruity of the establishments, and the hideousness of *the philosophers;* I feel as if I were committing an insincerity in writing thus of a society among whom I was excessively amused and delighted, and to whom I did my best to be agreeable in my turn.

There are millions of Madame Casenoves here, of the present and last centuries; one, the old one, very agreeable and clever—she hates *The Stael*, and knows all the *qui pro quos* of the day, and is so cross: it is mighty amusing to converse with her. The *ci-devant* Empress, Marie Louise, is

constantly going backwards and forwards from Paris—yes, from Paris to the *Bavis Daix*, and she always sleeps here. About a fortnight ago she was here, with all her chamberlains and the Lord knows what train of servants, ladies, &c. &c. The day before yesterday, she was here again, without any attendants save four men and one lady. I was close to her in the garden, and had not a little English *mauvaise honte* come over me! I might have talked to her, for I was not obliged to know who she was. The consciousness that I did know, prevented my taking this liberty.

I hear that this journeying of her majesty bodes no good. King Joseph of Spain, as he calls himself, wrote his majestyship, in the book in which travellers write their names at this inn: he dined at Copet. Comical enough, somebody said, all *the family* would dine there soon—but that is only a joke.

Geneva, 15th August, 1814.—I received a letter to-day, from K—— C——, in which he says, "All my happy plans and the hopes of seeing you, are annihilated by Mrs. Thompson's sudden departure from England, and her requiring my attendance, which, after all her kindness, I cannot refuse; so here you see me on the eve of setting off for Brunswick, through the worst and most uninteresting

part of all Germany. I have been threatened with this event for this week past, which has been the reason of my delaying my departure, nor could I write till I was certain of my plans.

"I have only received hurried scraps from Gell, who, I fancy, has had the trouble of the preparations on his shoulders, and, from these very unsatisfactory accounts, I can only make out that Elizabeth Forbes and Lady C. L——, are in waiting, but the latter leaves the household at Brunswick, as does Mr. St. Leger. Gell and Dr. Holland continue, and then begin my functions, which, however, I have only promised for two months, as my mother wants me after that period, and it is impossible for me to say, with any degree of certainty, whether I can be a *permanent* chamberlain, or not. I had at one time hoped I should be allowed to take my way through Switzerland, as the stay at Brunswick will be short, and there is a project of going on to Italy, through the said Switzerland, so I must make haste; for by Gell's last letter, dated the 4th of this month, they were to sail on the 8th, that is yesterday.

"All this has agitated and annoyed me, the more so as I consider the step as injudicious in a *political* sense—but we must make the best of it. My sister, Lady S——, her husband, and family, have been here nearly a week, and this delay has

enabled me to see them a little, which is some consolation.

'Ever yours, most sincerely,

"(Signed) R. K. C——

August 14th, 1814.—I received letters from England; one from Mrs. ——, who tells me the following news about the princess, dated the 8th of August. "Her Royal Highness embarked, this morning, on board the Jason frigate, with all due honours—her suite, Lady Charlotte Lindsey, Lady E. Forbes, Sir W. Gell, Dr. Holland, Mr. St. Leger, &c. &c. The princess, just before she went, wrote a letter to Canning, in which she said, that if any machinations were going on against her, were it but a *whisper*, a short time only would elapse, before she might again set her foot on English ground, to defend her innocence. Canning referred this letter to Lord Liverpool, and the latter to the Prince (as they said), and the answer was mild—how sincere I know not—'no such thing intended,' &c. &c. This may perhaps be called spirited, but I regret her thus quitting the advice of those who really wish her well, and throwing herself into the hands of others, who act only from interested views, and would be ready at any time to sacrifice her. Canning has just been named to Lisbon—think, after

all that has passed between him and Lord Castlereagh, of his serving under him!!—for this is the case, Lord Castlereagh being minister for the department and (nominally) naming the different foreign ministers. What can one think of Canning after this? It is thought, too, that the whole has been an understanding, and that Canning has obtained his post in consequence of having persuaded the Princess to go abroad*. That it was her wish and project we well knew, but I do think he has encouraged her in the measure, and made things easy to her—then makes a merit of this to the higher power. Be this as it may, I much (as I before said) regret the step she has taken, and fear that she may have cause to repent it in future. She received a very kind letter from her daughter just before she embarked. Poor Princess Charlotte! she is still a sort of prisoner, has appeared at none of the fêtes that have taken place, not even at Frogmore, where the queen (Charlotte) gave a jubilee on the Prince's birth-day; and, what is worse, she is, poor thing, really ill, and suffering from her knee—(this sounds ill.) Baillie

* This was a false idea. I have heard, from good authority, that her Royal Highness's going to the Continent was entirely her own act and deed—not a wise one, certainly, but perhaps not to be wondered at, considering how she was treated in England, and allowing for a woman's feelings prevailing over the prudence and ambition of a queen apparent.—Ed.

now attends her, and it is said she is ordered to the sea-side. The Prince yesterday looked better than I have seen him for years;—a new sort of head dress, and dark clothes, with the golden fleece round his neck, which so became him, that I was in admiration of his beauty, &c. &c."

A letter from the Princess of Wales.*

(Dated) "August 7th, 1814.

"I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening, as the wind is favourable, in the Jason frigate. Another brig is to carry all our luggage, baggage, and carriages. Captain King represents Jason himself. If the present wind is favourable to land at (illegible) continues, we shall arrive by the 12th of August; by the 15th I hope to be at Brunswicke. I intend only to remain in my native country ten or fifteen days, after which I shall set out immediately for Switzerland in the beginning of September. My intention still is to remain at Naples for the winter, but in case disturbances should commence there against Murat, of course I should prefer to be the winter at Rome or Florence—but we must not anticipate misfortunes before they really arrive, for which

* N. B. All letters are given verbatim: the phraseology and orthography are often extraordinary.

reason I trust for the best, to be able to be at Naples, &c. &c.

"P. S. The second Prince of Orange is just arrived in London: he is of the same age as my daughter, and I should not be much surprised that this marriage would take place soon, as Princess Charlotte would certainly not be under obligation to leave her native country, (He) being not the successor, only the grandson."

Monday, 12th of September, 1814.—I have now passed some weeks at Geneva. There is a picked society of intelligent and superior persons resident in or travelling through the country, and yet, after the great stage of Life in London, Paris, or Vienna, it requires to let off the gas of excitement before one can sober oneself down to the narrowed circle of "*L'imperceptible Genève,*" as one of its own citizens designated this City of the Lake. The locking up of the gates at ten o'clock, the mounting guard, and the consequential minutiæ of magistrates, who, like masters of the ceremonies at watering places, officiate in much the same trivial points of etiquette, incline one to laugh at this Lilliput republic. And yet there is something in the good faith of its principal members, their great sincerity in what they deem the

preservation of their laws, and liberties, which makes one love, while one laughs at them. Not so as regards their literary and scientific republic. In no one spot, perhaps, are there more distinguished men gathered into one small focus, all nobly contending for the advancement of intellectual greatness: Schlegel, Sismondi, Pictet, De Saussure; and, at this moment, the children of other climes, but in brotherhood of tastes of the same stock, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Humphrey Davy, &c. &c., are all congregated in one brilliant galaxy. There are many others, also, of justly famed celebrity, in the circles of Geneva, but Madame De Stael's name, like Aaron's rod, must swallow up the rest; and all lesser lights, before hers, will "pale their ineffectual fires." Whatever envy and detraction may say, she is not only the most wonderful woman, but the most wonderful of human beings that ever shed lustre on the age in which they lived. Among her own dependants, and in her own chateau, she is a sovereign who is loved, beyond all question, with a devotion that does honour to those who pay, and to her who receives the homage. At this moment, many English are here: Lady W——, who has a great charm about her, but never rests herself, and never lets any one else rest in her presence. As for myself, though always happy to be of use, I confess her commands, in the way of attendance, are sometimes more frequent than I

can well obey; but to-day it was convenient to me to be of her party. There are some persons whom one cannot help making a convenience of. We drove to a campagne of Madame R——'s, about three miles from Les Grottes. A small road leads to a terrace, from whence the beautiful scenery of the lake, its opposite shores, and the Alps, rise in all their grandeur; and the ground on either side of the Leman is finely moulded and diversified in gentle undulations, where vines and pasture lands intermingle their rich treasures. I know not why this scenery, more than any other, oppresses the heart with a sense of its own insufficiency to procure happiness—is it that, calculated as it is to excite the feelings to rapture, the contrast with the dull vacuity that reigns within, is more forcibly brought to view, and renders the burthen of lonely existence weightier? Perhaps it is—for since I came here, my own cruel fate seems more vividly represented to my contemplation; the long years of "fair occasion gone for ever by," which have blighted my youth, and will scathe my age. Madame De Stael is going, where her wishes have long been her *avant couriers*—going to Paris, the scene of her triumphs, of her ambition, of her fame; but how long will she be allowed to remain there?—two suns cannot shine in one hemisphere.

Geneva, 14th of September.—The fine arts are at a low ebb here—here, where Nature puts forth all her majesty—this seems strange—but I believe that the very magnitude and sublimity of this part of creation are counter to the imitative power of the pencil. Landscape painting is scarcely practised, except those hard topographical views unworthy the name of art, though it must be allowed they are faithful portraits of the features of the country; but then, so is a skeleton a faithful representative of the human form. The immense scale of the features of this country, the abrupt contrast of eternal snow with the vivid green of the lower grounds, are not adapted to a picture, however sublime in themselves. Each particular member of the landscape takes up too huge a portion of the canvas—besides, there may be an excitement which is favourable to the development of talent, and there may be an overwhelming sense of greatness which is the reverse; —perhaps this is the reason why there are so few artists of any celebrity in this country. I met several very distinguished men at Lady D——y's; but the same persons are not the same in different places and under different influences; and whenever Sir —— presides in a society—as usual, nothing amalgamates. It is strange, that a person so gifted and one so justly celebrated, should so

misunderstand in what his strength consists. It is very remarkable how much pleasanter all one's British acquaintance are on the Continent than at home, with the exception of a few growlers. Lord Lucan and Lord B—— were instances of this. I observed, however, a great coldness between Lord Lucan and Lady C. Campbell. I asked her ladyship the reason of it, and she said, "it is perfectly true that he does avoid me;—but why I know not. I will ascertain the reason, however, and if I find it out, I will tell you." Afterwards she told me, that he had only avoided her, in order not to be drawn into the society of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, whose arrival here is daily expected. The reason he gave for his determination to have no further intercourse with Her Royal Highness was, that during the reign of his favour, at Kensington, she confided every thing to him, and told him all she meant to do; and that, having asked his advice upon the subject of these intentions, he had honestly replied, "By heavens, madam, since you do me the honour to ask my advice, it is my duty to tell your Royal Highness that you will be sent a sort of state prisoner to Holyrood House, if you act in such a manner; and you will not only ruin your own fortunes, but those of every person who may live in intimacy with you."

To this she replied, that she had determined so to conduct herself. "Then, madam, I had better withdraw as fast as possible from the honour of your Royal Highness's society, I shall advise every one of my friends to do so likewise, since all those persons, who are much at Kensington, must be implicated in the evil you are drawing down upon yourself." "Well," replied Her Royal Highness, laughing, "I see how it is, *you* are afraid. I am never afraid, but at all events come to me to-morrow morning, to take your eternal adieu." "I obeyed," continued he—she repeated her determinations—once again I reasoned with her—I told her Lady O——d was not a person with whom she ought to associate—she denied associating with her, and while in the very act of denying this—Philip, the German footman came in, and asked whether Lady O——d was to wait in the drawing-room, or come another time. This detection of a falsehood made me think the sooner *Je retirais mon épingle du jeu*, the better.

When Lady Charlotte told me this story, I had not a word to say—alas! poor Princess, how often she has, as it were, cut her own throat.

From Sir William Gell,—

Brunswick, August 23d, 1814.

"Do not expect to have a very long letter from me: all the time I have must be devoted to business. We set out next Monday, and get to Cassel, if we can, next day, thence by Frankfort and Basle, to Geneva. Now you are to desire ——— to get a convenient situation to live in.—The Princess, Willikin Edwardind,* Lady Elizabeth Forbes, Keppel Craven, and myself; Dr. Holland, Hesse Carrington, Hieronymus, the Abbé Sicard, Charles the footman, Crackler, Doctor Holland's servant,—Lodgings for all these, and, perhaps, three ladies—don't know—a small party; but do not fail and write to Basle to us, *Poste restante*. Next, ——— is to look out for the best of all possible trust-worthy good maids for the Princess, as Miss Leitzen is taken ill †; the maid is to be on trial at first. Also a very good man-cook, &c. &c.

"Your most sincere and affectionate,

W. GELL."

* Willikin, lately in a mad-house, the boy, concerning whom the Princess once said to a person who was giving her good advice, and informing her that evil-minded people persisted in calling him her son—"Prove it, and he shall be your King." A noble speech, supposing the accusation to be false, and a clever denial, if it was true.

† This maid was Miss Dumont, who made such a conspicuous figure afterwards in the Queen's trial, and who did not appear to have been perfectly well conducted herself.

Geneva, Oct. 1814.

"The Princess only remained here from Monday till Thursday. I felt in that short space of time how very ill it would have agreed with *me* to have remained longer in her society. As to her mode of proceeding (as I am really her friend), it distressed me greatly: she was dressed, or rather undressed, most injudiciously. The natives were, as she would have expressed it, "all over shock." The suite who travel with her declare openly they fear they shall not be able to go on with her; not so much from wrong doings as from ridiculous ones. When the party were at Berne, the *ci-devant* Empress Marie Louise was there, and invited the whole party to dinner. Accordingly they went, and were received in great state. Gold plate, bearing the imperial arms, and everything *de suite*, covered the board. To sum up the whole of that extraordinary meeting, the Princess and Marie Louise sang a duet together!! That was an event of the 18th century worthy of being recorded. I wonder what Marie Louise thought of the Princess's singing? She must have been astonished.

"The Archduchess Anne has a small chateau near Berne, and she also invited the Princess and her suite, who were one and all delighted with the Duchess Anne, and spoke of her in the highest terms: but the Princess seems satisfied

with nothing, and has a spirit of restlessness in her which belongs to the unhappy and unprincipled. Whilst she sojourned at Geneva, letters came to Her Royal Highness, recommending her, in the strongest terms, not to go to Naples: Whether she will fix her residence at Florence, or Rome, seems now to be the question."

Extract of a letter from London :——.

Nov. 29.

"The Princess, as you will perhaps have heard, is actually at Naples, in spite of admonitions against the measure from Lord Liverpool; and it is, into the bargain, extremely probable that there may be very serious troubles there, as the present King, Murat, seems not at all disposed to give way to the command to depart, and has already assembled sixty thousand men for his defence, and declares that he will not be sent to Elba. I believe this to be much the state of the case. The Princess will, I dare say (but not for these two or three months to come), have a ship sent by government, to be at her command in the Mediterranean, into which, if molested by land, she may intrepidly throw herself and escape. A house is taken for six months, at four hundred pounds,—the journey has cost eight thousand pounds, besides two thousand pounds at setting

out, and other expenses; in all ten thousand pounds. The Princess writes to her man of business:—'The loss of exchange of money is quite horrible, and I have been a great loser by it; in short, I am, at this present moment, very poor indeed; but do not say a word of it to Liverpool.' I am in great haste, as I am to give a rendezvous to the Holy Pope. Little else has been talked of here but the court-martial of Colonel Quentin, and for a wonder it is a subject on which there is but one opinion,—that the officers have been most harshly used, and favour shewn where least it ought to have been shewn. The Princess ought to beware; she is watched by her husband,—the name of a suspected person is also known: that, and a description of his person, have been sent to her by a real friend.

"Affectionately yours, dear Lord,

(Signed) A. S. D."

Wednesday, 15th.

Went with Louis Necker to Coligny; the weather lighting up the scenery in all its splendour of beauty. We glided across the lake to Coligny without feeling that the boat moved. Above, around, below, all was beauty and sunshine; but, within—the gloom was not dispelled; I felt more powerfully that excitement is only pleasurable to

the happy. I have often said, save me from monotony; but now I say, that it is better the current of life should stagnate, than to be aroused to feel all that one might be, and yet that one can never be.

When we landed on the Savoy shore, we clambered up a steep terrace covered with walnut trees and vines. Under the foliage of the former trees were seen the blue lake, the walls of Geneva, and the opposite rugged hills of the Jurat, on which a light grey cloud partially rested its transparent folds. Yet all this beauty only made me feel the more utter loneliness. After ascending for some way a steep acclivity, through vineyards, we entered a low door into a park; but it had a poverty-stricken air, which is too often the case with all the beautiful *campagnes* in the neighbourhood of Geneva. Say what one will of poverty, it is an unkindly withering power that blights the fairest, brightest scene, the most amiable of natures. A few acacias had been planted here for ornament, but they had evidently been neglected. The vineyards only are cultivated with care, because they yield fruits of increase. These were at sufficient distance from the lowly dwelling at Coligny, not to be derogatory to the scene in any of the different seasons of the year. At this season the foliage of the grape is in all

its green vigour, and contrasts well with the touches and tints of autumn, which here and there tell of the rigid winter that will soon strip them of their beauty. In the humble cottage (for it is little more), which lies nestled among a bower of trees, lives Madame Neckar (her house being let from necessitous economy). This is the woman of whom Madame De Staël said, 'Elle a toutes les qualités qu'on me donne, et toutes les vertus que je n'ai pas.' The world, in doing justice to the candour of this sentiment, must feel inclined to give additional homage to the eulogist who could thus nobly bestow such a meed of praise on one of the very few women who might well excite her envy. Madame Neckar is like all the women here, careless in her person, except on gala days; careless to an unpleasant state of neglect. I should not like any friend of mine to appear attired as they are in the morning,—without stays, slip-shod, *en papillottes*, or uncombed. Finery for company, slovenliness for domestic life, must always create disgust; and the more so, as it is difficult not to annex some moral defect to this culpable neglect of outward respect to their families and intimates.

In despite of this custom, which Madame Neckar has not departed from, she is exceedingly pleasing. Her countenance is expressive of good-

ness and truth, and there is a composed kindness of manner, which inspires the beholder with confidence in its sincerity, and imparts the tranquillity it feels. I was captivated by this charming woman, and endeavoured to turn the subject upon literary topics. Louis Neckar said I was the first stranger to whom his mother had ever avowed that she was an authoress.* I could not help, as she spoke often and with the most feeling praise of Madame De Stael, contrasting these two extraordinary women together. Madame Neckar, in the retirement of comparative solitude, prosecuting studies of a grave cast, and obtaining fame, without appearing to do the one, or court the other,—hiding her talents beneath the dull duties of household cares, and obtaining praise unsought, and apparently indifferent to her, when obtained. Madame De Stael, on the contrary, blazing unrivalled in the splendour of that brilliant intellect of which not even envy denies her the possession;

* Madame de Neckar's literary powers were eclipsed by those of her cousin Madame de Stael; but she had more *instruction*, and more depth of thought, than her more brilliant cotemporary. She never failed so much as in her brief notice on the life of Madame de Stael. One would have imagined that she would have been eminently successful; for she had a genuine admiration for her cousin, and not one spark of envy. But the wish of concealing every blemish has produced a feeble, and, at the same time, an overcharged portrait.—Ed.

feeling that life, without the excitement of public applause, is tasteless, and that action, not contemplation, is the great good of existence.

I remained in agreeable conversation with Madame Neckar till another visitor came: and, as she is rather deaf, I thought the interest of our communion would fail if discourse became general, so I took my leave, determined to prosecute my acquaintance with so rare and so distinguished a woman.

Monsieur de Rocca* came to pay me a visit; there is an open kindliness of manner in this young man which is peculiarly pleasing. He is writing his campaign in Spain. Everybody writes at Geneva—the air is infectious of scribbling,—Madame de Stael's pen innoculates all the inhabitants; but unfortunately very few of the infected take the disease favourably.

Thursday, the 15th September.—Was informed Her Royal Highness the Princess of

* De Rocca—this man, who afterwards became so noticed as being the husband lover of Madame de Stael, was handsome, and had something chivalresque in his demeanour, which was calculated to turn a woman's head; but he was not a man of any great superiority of intellect: and there were few intellects who could shine in her hemisphere,—very few men could be opposed to her with advantage to themselves; therefore the generality disliked her.

Wales was arrived. I was electrified—was it with pain or pleasure? "Oh that I had wings like a dove." My poor friend, Lady ——, was called upon to get up a ball directly in honour of Her Royal Highness, and was obliged to drive all over the town and country to beat up for recruits, which was not an easy matter; so many of the English Travellers wished to avoid knowing her, and somehow the natives had no mind to be troubled with royalty; so that poor Lady —— was obliged to take many rebuffs, and found it very difficult to get together personages sufficient to make up a ball. At last, however, this great feat was effected, and, thanks to three Germans, who were a host in themselves, the ball took place. But what was my horror when I beheld the poor Princess enter, dressed *en Venus*, or rather not dressed, further than the waist. I was, as she used to say herself, "all over shock." A more injudicious choice of costume could not be adopted; and when she began to waltz, the terræ motus was dreadful. Waltz she did, however, the whole night, with pertinacious obstinacy; and amongst others whom she honoured with her hand upon this occasion, was Sismondi. These two large figures turning round together were quite miraculous. As I really entertained a friendship for the Princess, I was unfeignedly

grieved to see her make herself so utterly ridiculous. If this is a commencement only of what she intends to perform in the South, she will indeed lose herself entirely. The next day we were invited to a dinner given by Her Royal Highness at Secheron. It might have been very agreeable, but the Princess insisted upon undue homage from two of her attendants, and made herself so ridiculous, that I determined to set off from Geneva directly, and not witness her degradation.

After dinner she took me aside, and entered upon a wild plan of what she intended to do, and where she meant to go; then talked of giving honours and orders to certain of her suite, and made such a confusion respecting the geographical arrangements of her route, that it was enough, as she used herself to say on other occasions, "to die for laugh." Fortunately for me, a very few days terminated her career at Geneva, and she prosecuted her journey without having an idea, in fact, where she was going to, or how she should be received at any of the courts where she purposed to reside. It was really as if, in leaving England, she had cast off all common sense and conduct, and had gone suddenly mad. It was a fortunate day for me which saw her depart, and I thought it would be my own fault if she caught me again in a hurry.

Received, Aug. 19th, a letter* from Lady——

"After many months absence I still feel sure of your interest, because I know your own steady and affectionate nature; and, also, I think, where the sentiment of regard and admiration is very strong on one side, some reciprocity may be fairly claimed, though inadequate merit cannot boldly ask as large a portion of partiality.

"I have travelled the enchanting country of Italy, to come to this delightful place, for two months of repose and tranquil enjoyment. We have seen many fine cities full (in spite of French spoliation) of treasures and scenery which defy description, or, indeed, imagination. The union of Alpine sublimity with the charms and abundant vegetation and colouring of Italy, renders the road by the Simplon delicious, and the Lago Maggiore exceeds every other I have ever visited. The road is itself one of the worthy works of Buonaparte; and, in the hatred of tyranny, and

* There are but a few words at the latter end of this letter, directly relative to the Princess; but it may be curious to remark in what degree of estimation very many clever persons who lived long and intimately in the society of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, considered her. And the whole letter is written with so much cleverness and good sense, that it gives weight to the opinions expressed of Her Royal Highness. If the name of the writer were given, this impression would be more strong: but it is only fair to transcribe sentiments, not names.—Ed.

the indignation felt for the injuries of Europe, there is still some praise due to the greatest undertaking of modern times. It is executed as excellently as it is boldly imagined; and in despite of the most inconceivable obstacles, presents as much convenience to the traveller, as beauty to the lover of nature's most sublime features.

"I have been fortunate in witnessing many singular events and circumstances since we parted; and Paris on the eve of its change of government—Florence just freed from its unpopular Duchess of Tuscany—and Naples not very sure of itself—and Rome, in the days of fanatic and extatic bliss, for the return of the Pope,—have shewn me the varieties of human events, and the difference of national character. An excavation at Pompeii, with a royal breakfast from the Queen, who is very pretty, and was extremely gracious, formed a very curious and interesting day. The marks of wheels remaining in the streets, and, in the shops, some of the very utensils of their destination, scarcely (though Vesuvius stared one in the face) permitted the belief, that the Town had been so buried.

"Two interesting pilgrimages, two following days, were to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, which is, perhaps, the object in nature that has most excited astonishment in my travels; and our

second expedition, which included a night, shewed it to me in most uncommon and dread magnificence.

"Rome requires no adventitious circumstances to render it eminently delightful; but, certainly, the prostrations, hysterics, screams, &c. which preceded and followed every appearance of the Pope, on his return, was a sight very extraordinary to a reasonable protestant. We mean to spend the winter in that city, where remembrances the most awakening rush on the mind in every ruin, and where the success of genius has immortalised the chisel and pencil, not of solitary instances of excellence, but of numerous artists. I never liked any place so much, yet it is rather with the dead than the living that one lives; and, of the latter, Canova alone won my friendship and esteem,—I except the foreigners, who invariably do the honours of Rome to the last comers.

"The strange change of events carries the tide of kings and queens strangely apart from their former territories. It is believed Marie Louise is coming to this neighbourhood, to some mineral baths; and three of Buonaparte's brothers are already fixed in this country. It is painful to see how even friendly war destroys a country; for Geneva, with her Christian liberators, offers a sad scene of houses despoiled, fortunes injured, and

injustice sanctioned. The Austrians of course lived free, and the commander in chief rather shabbily sent in the account of his baths and tooth brushes, to be defrayed by the municipality. The having taken fifty-five pieces of the cannon of Geneva, which even the greedy and rapacious French never touched, is a more serious and deeper insult.

"I am so fond of Italy, which, notwithstanding the indolence of her people, oppressed by a superstitious creed, is full of the seeds of power and greatness, that I grieve that her patrimony of fine works of art is allowed to remain where, certainly, it was taken by the violence of one whom the French now disclaim; and therefore it is pitiful to retain the prey when they reject the spoiler. In all public events, England is my chief object, and indeed, the proud feeling of English birth-right, becomes a passion when other countries and people have been seen:—but why is England sanctioning unjust conditions relative to slavery, and allowing your Royal Friend to be treated with indignity,—not protecting the sacred rights of a friend and a stranger, and the national rights due to our Princess of Wales? If you can present my remembrance to Her Royal Highness, convey, I pray, my good wishes for her health, and for all that she can claim of regard, and consideration from the English people as her due,

both as our Princess of Wales and the mother of our future Queen;—nor, indeed, can she disclaim, or we forget, the niece of our unhappy sovereign," &c.

Extract of a Letter from Brocket Hall:—

October 17, 1814.

"If you have had our gracious Princess with you, we have our gracious Prince here at this moment with us. Nothing can be more agreeable and good-natured than he is *. In excellent spirits, and looking in health and beauty, better than I have seen him for years; he wears a certain new sort of darkish-coloured wig, without powder, that particularly becomes him. He asked me this morning if I was going abroad. I said, yes, that I was going in the early spring to you.

"'To *Nice*'—he immediately added, and I of

* Besides the prestige, which certainly attends on exalted station, there is no doubt that few persons ever have or ever can possess greater fascination than the then Prince of Wales. He had the faculty of persuading all, on whom he chose to exercise the spell of charm, that he took a cordial interest in their interests; and, without allowing the person whom he so addressed to forget he was a prince, he exalted him to a level with himself, as a friend. If this enchanting power had always stood the test of time and circumstances, it would have been not only a grace of manner, but a quality of character, that would have commanded respect, as well as ensured the affections of all who came within the sphere of his private society.—Ed.

course replied, 'Yes, Sir, to Nice,' and no more was said: but the tone of his voice was *complacent.* —Everything, be assured, that in anyway, decent or indecent, relates to the Princess, is known here. Of that I had a proof, among many others, in Lady Salisbury, who dined here, and mentioned the dress of the attendant cavaliers, and (which I was sorry for) quoted you for the intelligence; but did not mention her authority, I mean to whom your letter was addressed: she said, you had represented the traveller as in the dress of Henri Quatre. This *not* before the Prince, as you may guess."

D.

October 18th, 1814.—I left Geneva yesterday with regret; for its inhabitants are excellent people, and the most distinguished among them shewed me every attention; almost more than enough, but this is only the ingratitude of a certain fastidiousness which I cannot wholly conquer. —Sir H. and his Lady were the most agreeable of my country-people staying there at the same time as myself. I cannot help fearing that *all is not comfortable in that ménage.*

I lament that they are a hindrance to each other in their respective pursuits; but marriage is a terrific touchstone to happiness. The person for whom I felt most friendship, more even than the

shortness of our acquaintance warranted, was an Admiral H——.* He is a delightful person, brave and gentle, and just what an Admiral ought to be. He is gone, however, to his wife and children, who are in England, and there is an end of the pleasure his society afforded me.

The Princess of Wales's visit was brief, but *troublesome*. I am ashamed of the word—for she came as kindly disposed towards me as ever, and I was gratified that Her Royal Highness received a kind reception from the Genevese, but she left an unpleasant and foolish impression on their minds by her injudicious conduct during the few days she remained amongst them. Sir W. Gell and the two protégés, *Willikins* and *Edwardines*, were in her suite; also Mr. Craven, Mr. Hesse,

* Admiral H———, since married a second time to a lady of fortune: but, their tempers disagreeing, they have separated. It is impossible not to ascribe the fault to the lady, for Admiral H——'s suavity of disposition, united to firmness, was best proved at the mutiny of the Nore, when his crew formed the single exception in the whole fleet, that did not join the mutineers, and when he went unarmed amidst them, they immediately obeying the voice of their commander, and returning to their duty. Nevertheless, a man in his public capacity, and in his domestic, are two very different characters, and he who shines in all the blaze of fame, may nevertheless darken the home circle of the affections, by the tyranny or immorality of his private life. This certainly does not apply, however, to the person who forms the subject of this note.

Dr. Holland, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, and three ladies, Brunswickers, picked up of course on the road at the same moment when the ci-devant Empress, Marie Louise, was living at Secheron: and the whole Canton in commotion, with the wandering royalties. To-day I received a letter from Keppel Craven, dated

Naples, Sunday Night.

"I am sorry to say, dear ——, that I began with breaking through the injunctions contained in your letter, by reading it aloud, and have continued so doing after the remonstrance, but then I was tête-a-tête with Gell, over our tea, which we have every evening like two washerwomen; and am ashamed to say, that we prefer it to the ices that were handing about in the royal box we had quitted half an hour before, and in which we had left more embroidered uniforms than ever you beheld even in your course down the Rhone.

"If you expect me to give you an account of our journies, you must be disappointed; for it is a hard task, and on retrospection it only appears like a bad dream of princes and post horses. We have been honoured and feasted to death, and these honours and feasts have come in a progressive ratio, so as to leave nothing after this place that can seem palatable; but luckily we cannot go

further. Yet, if you must have a bird's eye view of our pilgrimage of sovereignty, I will begin with the Lago Maggiore, which, in point of beauty, far surpassed all our other visitations, though the palace was only a count's. Ma Tante Amore* would have been in her glory; we had honours by proxy, but in some respects they were the more satisfactory on that very account. Marshal Count Bellegarde did more probably than any sovereign could have done. At Modena a new duke and duchess sent us sweetmeats, and invited our Lady to a concert, which was all they could afford. At Florence another duke visited and was visited, but lived in too retired a way to be very entertaining; however, we made up for that, by our own parties, which were exceedingly brilliant, and well attended by the nobility of the place, as well as all the English who were there.

"We there saw a famous had-been Roman beauty, the Duchess of Lanti,† who sings far

* Ma Tante Amore, supposed to mean Lady C. C——ll.

† The Duchess of Lanti was, for a considerable period, the favourite of Prince Borghese. She was peculiarly graceful and pleasing, and sang divinely. The stories related of her are not to her credit:—it was said, that on the public drive of Florence, a coachman, who had been in her service, insulted her, and made a stroke with his whip, and cut her face, to revenge himself for grievances of which he complained, and which, if true, were disgraceful in the highest degree.

better than any titled person I ever heard. On entering the Papal territory, we flourished more than ever, never were allowed to pay for the post horses, or to lodge at an inn, and, on arriving at Rome, were overrun with cardinals and prelates. I should have been well satisfied with these papishes, but we were moreover oppressed by a variety of broken-down kings and queens; those of Spain and Etruria, a certain Duchess of Challais, of the Sardinian dynasty, Prince Frederick, of Saxe Gotha, and, I fancy, many more. Judge if we had time to see antiquities or museums, in four days, which we spent in this capital of the Christian world. 'Tis true, the antiquities are very much in the style of the above-mentioned potentates—extremely mutilated remains of structures which had never been worth admiring * Not so

* It is an extraordinary fact, that a person of so much talent and taste as the writer of this letter, should thus have felt and thought of Rome—where, in general, the least cultivated minds find an interest and a charm that far exceed the lighter and more frivolous delights of Naples. However, this may in part be ascribed to the more refined and classic taste formed upon Grecian Models of Architecture and Virtu, which values no antiquities save those of Greece; but what should be said of the grander pretensions of Rome, to command the respect and excite the feelings—those deep-seated and contemplative feelings which have their origin in the religious as well as in the civil history of the world—can they be set aside, or passed over as common place or insipid? I believe very few persons who

the Pope, whom I might compare with his own church of St. Peter, as being the only thing worth seeing in Rome. We all kissed his hand, and he sent us some holy beads, and gave Her Royal Highness a firework and horse-race at Terracina, where his dominions terminate. And now you are arrived at the acmè of our glory,—a whole regiment of cavalry to escort us, the Maréchal de la Cour and sundry other great personages, sent to meet us at Mola di Gaeta, as well as the King's cooks, china, beds, &c. His own self, the next day at Areosa, one stage from this town, in a light blue and gold square coat, which, however, certainly does not look as well as ours—dined with us, or rather we with him, and brought the Princess with his own hand into the house she occupies.

"There were many other honours intended for her, which, in her name, I declined, in an *official document*, directed to the Duke of Gallo, the minister for foreign affairs, and which I suppose will some day or other be quoted in the House of Commons!

"The two first days here were very arduous—a message to the Queen in the morning—then a visit

have any reflection will refuse to acknowledge that the love of Naples evaporates by use—whereas that of Rome grows by feeding on.

and introduction to her in form, and her return of the same an hour after, then a dinner at court, and a musical party in the evening. The following day devoted to receiving all the officers in the morning, and going to the Opera with their Majesties in their state box; the theatre illuminated, a guard of honour, eight horses to the carriage, two ladies and a chamberlain appointed to attend: in short, for once Mrs. Thompson was fairly knocked up, and has kept the house ever since, till this day, though not at all ill.

"This evening we had all the ladies of the Queen's household presented, and some English, and then went to the Opera, but only privately. We have boxes at all the theatres, and the court equipages, till our own are organised, and these must always have an equerry and page riding on horseback at each door. The magnificence and etiquette of this court are not to be imagined. The King of Naples is not good-looking, though reckoned so, but very good-humoured and civil. His Queen is, in my opinion, pretty, with an extremely good manner, and we are just now very good friends. The Princess's house is in a good situation, but there is not room enough for us all, so Gell and myself lodge out of it, which arrangement is productive of some advantages. We are much happier than we were; but, for

my part, I could not have lasted out three days more of royal travelling; as I grew tired of all my companions, high and low, and felt that I was become at once ten years older, and what is worse, sixty years crosser; so, had the Bay of Naples not intervened, I must have eloped.

"I wish you were here instead of there, as there are real orange groves without walls, and seas without waves, and skies without clouds (though we have had pretty severe specimens of rain), a most magnificent theatre, and the most good-humoured set of people I ever saw, who are inclined to admire us very much. Lady Elizabeth Forbes rides the royal horses, and seems very happy, but she wants a coadjutor. I can assure you she regards you highly, notwithstanding the deficiency of conversation between you at Geneva; but you know I never saw you at all there. Lady W——* was very agreeable at Florence, but attributed her exit from your stage to shyness.

"I believe she is at Rome by this time, as also

* Of no one can it be said, "She is agreeable," with such justice as of Lady W——. There is at once an ease and a perfect high breeding in her manner, which are very rare. If her enemies choose to say she talks too much, they cannot but allow she talks well,—better than most people. She is brilliant and eloquent in her language, and, though perhaps it would be wiser were she to curb the enthusiasm of her manner, she would lose much of what makes her superior to the multitude. If she judges harshly, she generally judges with infinite discernment of character; and if Lady W—— is a dangerous

many more of the English world, few of which are here. Dieu Merci, the Randons, and Davys remain the winter there, which is quite a mistake for themselves. There are more carriages and people here than one ever saw collected in one town, and the air of gaiety is quite consoling. Gell sends you a thousand kind regards, and we both unite in being

Your affectionate friends,

R. K. CRAVEN and W. GELL.

enemy, she is a truer friend than those who think they do well never to be *prejudiced*, even in favour of their friends. Lady W——— is not of those who are neither cold nor hot in their friendships, and she has therefore been often abused and much disliked. The only thing to be lamented is, that so noble-minded, so talented a person, should have a restlessness of spirit which renders "blessings vain"—which allows her to find no peace or pleasure for any length of time, in the same place, and makes her doubt the steadfastness and sincerity of those she loves.

Yet is she to be pitied, not blamed, as she often is; for she has had enough to unsettle her mind and make her suspicious. Had it not been for the Countess of———, who took her part and emancipated Lady W——— from a mad-house, where she was placed by a *very near* relation, she would have been probably detained there all her life.

The Countess of——— has been famous for her worldly wisdom. It is said her heart is indurated by its lessons,—that a long career of unclouded prosperity has rendered her a selfish unfeeling woman; but this one trait of her kind and just interference in behalf of Lady W——— falsifies the assertion, and impresses the belief that good feeling and good principle are the noble characteristics of a lady, whose beauty, and whose power in the world of fashion, were perhaps never outdone by any of her sex.

Another letter, which should have reached me some time ago, from Miss ————, amused me on my journey. She writes with her usual good sense, but makes a remark upon Madame de Stael which is singular, and to *me* displeasing.

"Nothing can be a stronger instance of the blindness and fallacy of human wishes and expectations, than to hear your general feeling of disappointment respecting your residence at Geneva.

"You give me quite the idea of having fallen into all the common-place sort of sensations and habits of life that one might enjoy in a large flat English park: and when it comes to that, I believe one could not return to the illusions and fantastic amusing expectations which filled one's imagination previously. Mine paints everything to be delightful there, with a very vague shadowy pencil; but it appears to me that I should be a different person in my sensations altogether, were I in those countries: and yet when I hear of *you*, who have so much more *youthfulness* of spirit and freshness of fancy than myself, I must conclude that I should have grown completely humdrum in a week—should have made distresses of hard chairs, deal tables, or ill-dressed dinners, and should only have my energies excited to make up a new dress for an assembly of five-and-twenty people in a

room six feet square, lighted with six tallow candles.*

"Your description of Copet made me shudder: it must be pretty much like what it was in Lord ———'s time. How dreadful to sit up and play at being sublime all day long! I envy you everything but that: I would not have been there for the world.

"Indeed, I believe I am a solitary instance, in the civilized world, of never desiring to be in company with Madame de Stael, to speak to her. At least, if any lady feels with me, she would blush to own it. I heard that *Alcandrina* (a name for the Princess of Wales) wanted you to tie yourself to her skirts abroad; that, I think, would be destroying one of the choice benefits of going abroad. I cannot conceive her being forced out of the country; and it was highly impolitic in Her Royal Highness to leave England. It is nonsense

* Whoever wrote of the society of Geneva in deteriorating terms, or dwelt on the mere luxuries of life, in contradistinction to those of a higher kind, was very little deserving of partaking all the friendly hospitalities, still less the intellectual and scientific intercourse, of men whose talents have resounded throughout the civilized world, and who do not disdain to associate with themselves, even in their graver studies, their wives, their daughters, and the fair objects of their admiration. If their gallantry is somewhat of less polished kind, their esteem for an association with women is of the highest standard.

to judge for another, especially one long persecuted; but this voluntary exile from Britain has done her harm, even with those who take her part. It tells of such an anxious desire after mere amusements, such an unfitness for her station, such a cowardice under her sufferings, which she bore so well for a length of time!

"Surely, if from no other motive but *vanity*, she might have been induced to remain in the midst of her enemies, and never to flee from them, and to be the *heroine* of the history of her time."

Her letter ends with a copy of verses written by Monk Lewis, my old friend, the last time he was at ———, in Scotland, where Miss ——— met him to her great delight; they are entitled,—

"ST ANTHONY THE SECOND,"

A TALE OF WONDER VERY SURPRISING, BUT STILL MORE TRUE.

(Signed) M. G. LEWIS.

"———— When the pale moon
And silent stars shone, conscious of the theft,
Haply they stole unheeded to my chamber."
Fair Penitent.

Midnight was past, nor yet I sought my bed
Stretch'd on my couch, alone I lay and read.
Calista-like, "*loose, unattired, and warm,*"
My night-gown scarcely veil'd my careless form;
Nor less unguarded was my mind—a flood
Of generous wine still thrilled within my blood,
While the soft page o'er which my fancy dwelt
Taught my whole soul in fond desires to melt.
'Twas the sad tender tale of Hugh and Anne;*
And while their amorous woes I joyed to scan,

* The Mysterious Discovery.

I felt my heart with livelier pulses move,
And all my softened soul attuned to love.

While thus I lay, lo! voices, soft but clear,
Stole in sweet whisperings on my ravish'd ear;
Near and more near they come—the door expands!
I start—look round—the book forsakes my hands!
Scarce can I think my senses to be right,
So bright a vision blazes on my sight!

Three nymphs, more blooming than those heavenly maids
Who bless the Arabian seers' enchanted shades,
Pour'd their ripe beauties on my dazzled eye,
And in their midst sustain'd a huge goose-pye.
"Oh! life is short," they sang with dulcet sound,
And moved, with graceful dance, the pye around.
"Oh! life is short, and pleasure speeds away,
Soon fades the rose, and raven locks turn grey;
Then wise are they who seize the passing hour,
And, ere its bloom is wither'd, crop the flower.
Oh! come, blest youth, and share our soft delight,
Oh! come, blest youth, the joys of goose invite!
Mark the bright blush which mantles on our cheeks,
And amorous hearts and secret wishes speaks;
Mark the rich odours from the pye, which rise,
And speak it stuff'd with garlic, salt, and spice.
Hence with dull wisdom's saws and grave behest,
True wisdom means the secret to be blest;
Yield, then, and say, when monks their prudence boast,
He shows most prudence who enjoys the most."

I listen'd, look'd, and long'd, by turns survey'd
Now the goose-pye, and now each white-robed maid;
Now hunger led me towards the savoury pye,
But the fair nymphs recall'd me with a sigh;
Now leaving *that*, I hasten'd towards *those*,
But then the pasty caught me by the nose.
Less strongly tempted, grandsire Adam fell,
Eve ruin bought with a hard raw nonpareil:
More powerful bribes did Satan *here* produce,
My Eves were *three*, and season'd was the goose.

Could I resist? Oh! no! I yield, I cried;
When, lo! my guardian genius at my side
Clapp'd his white wings, and bade, in colours true,
Next morning's breakfast shock my mental view.
How shall I bear the just and stern rebuke
Of Tom * the abstemious, and the stoic duke?†
How moral scorn, immaculate surprise,
Will flash through Garthmore's supplemental eyes!‡
What wrath will furious Mr. Toms display!

And, Oh! ye gods! what will Miss Dickson say?
That last appalling thought re-nerved my mind—
Avaunt! I cried, and thrice my breast I sign'd;
And thrice I named Aurelia in my prayer,
And thrice I kiss'd the bracelet of her hair;
That powerful charm prevail'd: their cheat made plain,
Demoniac shrieks exprest the tempters' pain;
Sulphureous flashes from the goose-pye broke,
The seeming nymphs were wrapt in flame and smoke,
To brimstone hue was changed their white attire,
And all their petticoats were flounc'd with fire.
Swift up the chimney past the infernal flight,
And all the vision vanish'd from my sight.||

* T. Sheridan. † Duke of Argyll.

‡ Mr. Graham, of Garthmore, wore spectacles constantly.

|| These lines are merely *des vers de societè*, and are not a fair specimen of a poet who, if not of the highest kind, has nevertheless left some very beautiful specimens of his muse: he wrote the above for the amusement of a party assembled at ——— Castle, and they are curious, as having been composed the last time he joined that circle of persons before leaving England.

Mr. Lewis had found a hearty welcome there for many years, and the Duke of ——— and his family were amongst those who did full justice to his talents and good qualities. One of his mistakes was trying to be witty, for which nature had never designed him.

SECTION II.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

At Lyons I met the two Madame de C———. The young one is a woman of marked features, not handsome, but has a considerable deal of character in her countenance. They proposed to take me out in their carriage, which I accepted, and accordingly we went to view the general appearance of the town. I had not leisure to enter into any of the public buildings, but we drove along the quays, and saw the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, and beheld the beautiful banks which rise by the side of the latter river. The flat plains which skirt the Rhone are not so picturesque. The Cathedral of St. John is a fine building, and has suffered little from time and the storms of the Revolution.

I dined with Madame C———; her husband is the most unpleasant-looking and unpleasant-mannered man I ever met:—little in his person, his head flat and square, and his hair sticking

out like an unfledged sparrow. He seemed to consider he was conferring an honour when he addressed me, and hummed a tune between his teeth all the evening. Poor T—— C—— was evidently much worse than when I last saw him, and though I affected to talk of meeting him again at Nice, I have no hope of doing so. It is difficult to know how seriously or how lightly a person in his situation wishes one to consider his malady.

We went to the play: the "Magnifique," by Gretry, and the "Nouveau Seigneur du Village," were performed. The actors were very indifferent, and they acted as if they had been going to sleep; but no wonder, for although the theatre is attended every evening, it is entirely as a place of resort, and no one ever pretends to listen to the performance, much less to applaud. This indifference in the audience must of course produce the same feeling in the actors. I ventured, however, to applaud once, and, as if the people had suddenly been touched by some magical wand, they all began to applaud one after another. It is comical to observe this awakening from lethargy, and the effect it produced on the poor actors. Madame de C——— remarked this, and it was not my own fancy suggested the idea, how easy it is to give an impulse to public feeling! There is something gratifying, and something humiliating,

at the same moment, in the reflection, that the sympathies of our fellow-creatures are so easily aroused to a unison with our own, and yet as readily turned towards those of the next person whose interest it may be to excite them to a feeling probably the very reverse.

We revisited the cathedral next morning; I expressed the sense of religious awe with which such buildings, particularly those of Gothic architecture, always inspire me, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I said something in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, whose imposing forms captivate my fancy. Madame de C——— replied, shaking her head, that it was the worst of all modes of worship; "would to Heaven that the Revolution, qui nous avoit emporté tant de choses, eût emporté celle-la." "And why?" I said. "Because it leads to all sorts of mischief." "Certainly," said her mother-in-law, looking round at some poor persons kneeling in different parts of the church;—"certainly they are more religious than we are." "Religious!" rejoined the other; "they pray here for a few minutes, and return to all sorts of vices and crimes."

I think this remark was intolerant, for, if indeed ill-disposed persons avail themselves of this veil to conscience, the good, as in all other religions, remain good, and do not pervert the mean-

ing of the promise held out alike to all Christians, of pardon in return for penitence. An indolence of tongue and dislike to all dispute made me silent. But in the evening again, at the Opera, the mention of Madame de Stael's last work, led the conversation to serious subjects. Madame de C——, who appears to me to be a clever and deep-thinking person, admired the whole of it without reserve, and said, she thought nothing could be more luminous than the manner in which Madame de Stael spoke of the different systems of metaphysical philosophy; and the only thing she regretted, was, that some extracts of Kant's writings had not been inserted.

I have myself read his works, and I think nothing can be more lucid than his style, or more easy to be understood. Madame C. went on to say, that she conceived Madame de S.'s ideas upon religion, the most profound and the most true she had ever heard; in fact, she said, nothing is more probable than that one, universal religion, should at length be brought about, as the Scripture promises, by the influence of some of those intermediate sects, which are not allowed to belong to the Established Churches.

Either the Gospel is true, or it is false. We must believe or disbelieve everything it contains; and we are there decidedly promised one universal

peace and one universal Gospel; and by what means are we most likely to obtain this? By some of those modifications of our religious worship which we condemn. The Roman Catholic is too bigotted, too cruel in its doctrines, to admit of any tolerance. The Episcopal is too proud, the Presbyterian too stern: some other then must interfere.

Madame de C——— then continued to discuss some remark I made upon the fault found by the curious, not with the book, but with the author; as they alleged, that the sentiments which pervaded Madame de Stael's Allemagne, were not her own, but differed entirely from all she had ever thought or written previously, and were only assumed opinions to suit the fashion of the hour. I had said, that in repeating this insidious remark, I desired not to be implicated in having framed it, for that I knew Madame de Stael to be incapable of suiting her sentiments or feelings, even to expediency, and that I perfectly believed in her sincerity, and did not think an opinion less deserving of acceptance, because it was one adopted from conviction, even allowing it had not always been that which she professed. "I do not consider at all," observed Madame de C——, the author of a book, "but only the work itself abstractedly, and I think the work we are now speaking of, is one of the most perfect and most

extraordinary, to be a woman's writing, I ever read."

Madame de C——— praised Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," and said, it quite *montèd* her imagination about Scotch persons and Scotland. Had she known the excellent and high-minded authoress, she would have added an additional note of praise on the rare character of the writer.

Madame de C——— gave me an instance of sincerity in religious profession in a person, who, after having enjoyed all the luxuries and pomps of the world and the pleasures which they bestow, and incurred great blame from her conduct, had, whilst still young and extremely rich, forsaken the world entirely, and dedicated all her wealth and time to the poor. It was Madame de Kruitzner,* personally known to Madame de C———.

The next day I left Lyons, and embarked on

* This extraordinary woman, who afterwards made so much noise in the world, was either a fanatic or an impostor. Of all pride, spiritual pride is the most offensive, and in her as in several persons of the present day, it is to be suspected that the love of power and self-aggrandisement sheltered itself under the guise of religious zeal. It has become a mode of exciting interest, lately, to affect a peculiarity of religious tenets and a pharisaical display of superior piety. These fashionable enthusiasts do harm to a good cause, especially when their practice and profession are widely at variance.

Madame Kruitzner's early life was said to have been liable to animadversion, and her exercising her art on Emperors and Princes, renders her peculiarly liable to suspicion—and yet, "judge not, least ye be judged."

the Rhone. I lodged at a miserable cabaret, called Le Mulet Blanc, at Vienne. The women who attended us were very civil, but the landlord was extremely rude and exorbitant in his charge for his miserable fare. He told my courier that *les Anglois* had done him much mischief, and they should pay for it.

When daylight discovered to my view the beautiful Rhone, winding majestically through its high vine-covered banks, with the remains of some Roman antiquities peeping out occasionally, I forgot all animal inconvenience in the mental enjoyment of such a scene.

In an old tower, at the top of a hill, my cicerone informed me there lay the remains of a Scotch lady who died at the cabaret where I slept, of the name of Sterkey, and that a man who was her husband, or who called himself such, had erected a mausoleum to her memory; but, in the time of the Revolution, it had been destroyed. The circumstance of a foreigner being buried at the top of that high mountain, in unconsecrated ground, far away from friend or relative, and the melancholy manner of her death, furnished matter for imagination to work upon. Perhaps she fell a victim to unholy and unhappy love; perhaps—in short, I imagined many things about the poor lady who lay beneath the green sward.

My old cicerone, who called herself Veuve

Giroux, entertained me all the way with her eloquent lamentations on the horrors which she had witnessed during the times of revolutionary fury, and subsequently of ambitious tyranny, it was impossible not to sympathise in her unaffected expressions: she tossed her withered arms about with that impressive gesture which genuine feeling never fails to inspire. It is from observing such natural impulses of the heart, that all descriptions of the passions should be copied; if they have not been actually felt, it is impossible for imagination, however vivid, to impart even their reflected image. "On n'osoit dire la messe" (publicly), said Veuve Giroux. "Yet some few did so. I always went, and rien ne m'est arrivé. I was baptized dans l'Eglise, and I like to say my prayers there. I never felt afraid of the armed men."

Between her lamentations she called to a child (belonging to a family who had come in the same boat with myself), saying "prenez garde, ma mie," as it ran carelessly on the edge of the precipice. It seemed as if tenderness was the burthen of her song, and after such personal miseries, it was the more amiable, for they are apt to harden the heart. How much people lose of the knowledge of human nature, who never mix but with one circle of persons!

I inquired for the famous tower of Pontius Pilate, which, by tradition, is said to have been

situated here: but there are no remains of it now. The cathedral in the town is of gothic structure, its principal front richly carved and much ornamented, but the interior is dilapidated, the chapels destroyed, and the fine gloom which clothes such ancient piles with a vestment of grandeur, is entirely lost, by some pious souls having painted the walls of a bright blue and white. I rested afterwards at the house of a Monsieur Loriol—he was an old man with a white ribbon in his button-hole, and a good-humoured countenance, which became ten times more beaming upon our informing him, when he made the inquiry if I knew the Lady K. as he called her, that I was acquainted with her. "Ah!" said he, "she is an excellent lady, she lived here eighteen months, and made drawings of all the ruins in this neighbourhood. She had a very cross mother, but was herself a most amiable person;" and then he showed me two of Miss K.'s gifts to himself, a pocket-book and snuff-box, of which, with some Derbyshire spar, he seemed very proud. On one side of his apartments was hung a picture of Bonaparte (a copy of Monsieur Girard's portrait of him), and on the other as a pendant, a likeness of the Pope. This arrangement put me in mind of the old song of Bartlemy Fair—"Here's the Tower of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope," &c. &c.

The next night we disembarked at a small village called *Bœuf*. On my admiring the carving of an ivory crucifix, hung in the sitting-room of the cabaret, the landlady told me she had been obliged to hide it till very lately; "but," said she, "strong as man's oppression is, religion is stronger." It is gratifying to find that the demoralization which the Revolution has caused in all classes of society, has still left some unpolluted, and steadfast in their faith. I have met with several striking instances of this fact, but chiefly amongst the low-born.

The next day there was an awful thunder storm. One peal reminded me of the fearful thunder bolt which fell at Kensington Palace. I never heard so loud a one since, but yet no harm was done, neither did any bolt fall this time. Certainly the extraordinary storm which happened when I was dining at the Palace at Kensington, might in other times have been deemed a forerunner of the poor Princess's troubles. The declaration of the King's hopeless insanity, the establishment of the Regency, and consequent desertion of the great and powerful persons of the realm from Her Royal Highness's society, which immediately followed, were but too true a fulfilment of the omen.

To return to my Journal.

The next night I stopped at St. Vallière. Again my landlady was a pleasant, communicative person,

and, as usual, spoke of the tyrant Bonaparte, and the misery his reign had brought upon the country. The Veuve Gardon informed me she was by birth an Irishwoman, her maiden name O'Farrel. She was not handsome, yet had some of the attributes attendant on beauty; good teeth, a thick and richly coloured lip, sensible eyes, and marked eyebrows. The tone of her voice too was mellow and flexible at the same time. She told me she had sent one of her children to a place among the mountains, where there was a race of persons who had never been civilized. Among these she represented the conscription to have been borne with the greatest impatience. The desertions were so frequent, that after families had paid their all to ransom their children, and when the soldiers ventured to take them away again by force of arms, the parents said, "there—you will have him—there he is—he shall not desert again," and often shot or stabbed their sons to the heart. Such incidents as these make one despise the man who caused them, and yet earned the title of a hero.

At Avignon I found several letters, one from the Princess of Wales, giving an unsatisfactory account of her poor royal self (dated Milan).

"Je viens de recevoir votre charmante lettre toujours encore de Genevè, nous sommes très bien ici. L'Opera est superbe, et Le Marechal Bellegarde poli pour nous, au possible: beaucoup

d'étrangers, et surtout Monsieur Ward.* Ce Lundi le 18 je quitte pour Florence, et puis a Rome, jusqu'a ce que ma frigate arrive pour me

* Monsieur Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley. How melancholy are all the recollections attached to his name! A person endowed with such supremacy of talent and situation, and yet so blasted by an invisible hand, that none of the former availed to his happiness.

No one, it is said, (either for his own sake, or, alas! more probably, for his brilliant position in life) was ever more courted by the fair sex, in despite of a very plain exterior and coarseness of manner. He was accounted one of the most agreeable and seductive of men. The beautiful Mrs. B—— was one of those reported to have been not insensible to his attentions. Her melancholy death was, it is said, the actual cause of finally confirming his mental derangement; and when he gave a ball at the desire of another lady, who enjoyed his favour, he sat apart in a room by himself, and on her remonstrating with him for so doing, he said, "Ah! she for whom I should have liked to have given it, is cold in her grave."

It is curious that most of those persons associated with Lord Ward, had a melancholy fate. The Princess, at whose board he was so often the merriest and most amusing of her guests, was a victim to her own folly, and the persecution of an unjust husband. Mrs. B——, the woman for whom his attachment was the most sincere and lasting, died of an agonizing malady; and the last beauty at whose shrine he bent the knee, was taken away in the midst of her youth and the height of her worldly renown and prosperity; and lastly, not the least striking circumstance attendant on Lord Dudley's admiration for Lady —— was a reproof made to her by Mrs. —— one evening at D—— House. When Lady —— offered Mrs. —— a bouquet, she was reported to have said, "No, I will not take flowers from one who has defrauded a maniac." Those were harsh words from one woman to another—harsh, ugly words; and the poor soul who uttered them has probably thought on them since with

garder a Naples. J'ai justement recue la nouvelle que Le Roi De Naples (Murat) à recu l'ordre de L'Empereur D'Autriche, et les Alliés de quitter son Royaume d'abord. Si tel est le cas, qu'il cede la place tranquillement, je m'y rend d'abords. Si non, il faudrait s'etablir à Palermo pour l'hiver. Je vous regrette toujours d'avantage. Car on me neglige beaucoup à la Maison.* Le reste du monde est fort agreable, et me comble d'attention. Demain je penserai bien a vous, car il y'aura au Theatre un Bal Masquè. J'en espére beaucoup; adieu. Ecrivez moi bientot.

"Mademoiselle Dumont† est bonne fille, cependant elle n'a point inventé la poudre. Mais tout và bien. Croyez moi pour la vie, votre tres sincere et affectionné amie,

"C. P."

régret, asked pardon of the departed one, and shudders when she reflects on the humiliating change which has taken place in her own lot since she uttered, in the pride of her prosperity, those unkind words. Oh! women, women! great ladies of the land, have more mercy on one another.

* What an unjust complaint! The Princess would have been fortunate had she always been able to retain such respectable and attached attendants as were then about Her Royal Highness.

† Mademoiselle Dumont was hired for the Princess by a most respectable person in the family of Lady C. C——l, but either she was not, in the sequel, proof against the temptations she was exposed to, or else she must originally have been of doubtful character, as her subsequent conduct was not what it ought to have been.

Letter from Mr. K. C——,

Dated thus—" Naples, New Year's Day, 1815, of which I wish you many happy returns.

" My Dear ——,

" Colonel D'Arlincourt, who I hope will put this into your own hands, will tell you that he left us all well, and how agreeable we are. But as he will not be equally descriptive of his own merits, I must beg you to believe they are very great, as you will soon discover, if he gives you time. His wife also is a most charming person, and we all doat upon her, and mean to take care of her during his absence. If you ask him what is done at Naples on New Year's day, you will find that it is wonderful I can write even one line to you; but Her Royal Highness is so fatigued with a masked ball she gave last night, that she has wisely curtailed all her share of the performances till the evening.

" I have only been to the *Te Deum* at the Royal Chapel with E——, and have a little while to dispose of before dinner. After it, the Princess will hold her usual Sunday court, which is expected to be more than usually brilliant, and then proceeds to the Palace with all her suite, to accompany the King and Queen to the Opera in their state box. The theatre is illuminated on the occasion, and of course every thing very mag-

nificent. All the male part of the court wear Henri Quatre dresses, which are so entirely covered with embroidery, that ours, whatever figure they might have cut on the Lake of Geneva, merely look like smock frocks at the foot of Vesuvius.

"Last night Her Royal Highness gave a masked ball at a small villa of the Queen's, where there is a very pretty garden actually in the sea. It went off very well, and there were many quadrilles danced by parties, which gave the whole thing an air of gaiety, quite unknown in our climate; but you will judge what an atmosphere this is when one can walk out *à la Vauxhall* in an illuminated garden on the last night of the year. The Llandaffs are here, and a few more English families, who all pay the *properest* attention to Her Royal Highness; and, indeed, situated as she is with the court, they must do so in their own defence, but at the same time I give them all due credit for it. I had a letter from Lady Westmoreland a few days ago, but I conclude she or Lady D——, or some of the English that are there, have written to you. I hope they will not come here; for, except the present company, and the *two Lady Charlottes*, I do not wish to see any more Britannic faces here while we stay.

"I am happy to say we go on well. There

have been clouds, but they were all *interior*, and I believe none of the natives are at all disposed to blame; but, on the contrary, strive to do their utmost to please and to amuse. I am quite determined that it is the only place to live in, and am only fearful that *we* shall be tired of it, sooner than *I*. Gell is in waiting, or would have written to you. Her Royal Highness writes, I believe, by Colonel D'Arlincourt.

"Believe me ever,

"Your very sincere and attached

"P—— K. C."

(From the Princess of Wales.)

Ce neuf de Janvier, a Naples.

"Depuis hier j'ai recu votre seconde lettre de la date du quatorze Decembre. Je me trouve fort malheureuse qu'aucune de mes lettres ne vous sont enfin arrivè. Vous scavez combient je vous suis sincèrement attachée, et combien je desire en tout temps et lieu de vous le prouver. Je crains que vous ne m'accusè de negligence, et peutêtre d'oublie: ne croyez rien de tout cela, et croyez seulement que la Poste est vraiment horrible, et d'une incertitude affreuse. Au reste, les lettres sont tous lu partout, avant qu'il passe, et puis sont copié; les miens sont envoyes pour la critique de L'Angleterre, pour etre reveu, et corrigé. Ce qui me fait

trembler chaque fois que je prends la plume en main. Soyez tres persuadé que Naples est actuellement tout rempli d'espions. J'en connoit plusieures, qui sont caché, et les autres qu'ils se montre publiquement. Quand même, je mene la vie la plus tranquille du monde, et ne suis lier avec personne. Les moeurs sont bien stricte actuellement, et il y'a beaucoup d'etiquette partout. Ce qui à ainsi fait changé Naple, en fait d'amusement, et qui me conviens, car il est triste comme je sent mon cœur.

"Je nai pas encore recu une ligne de ma Fille. Ce qui m'inquiete beaucoup. Monsieur St. Leger est le seul personne qui m'écrive. Le climat est bien doux, mais beaucoup de pluie, et d'humidité, mais celà me conviens. Au reste, je suis si charmée d'être etabli quelque part que je me contente de tout bien aisément. Lady Oxford n'est pas ici à la mode du tout. La Reine, ne peut la souffrir; ils sont dans des embarras terrible pour de l'argent, et j'ai été obligé de lui donner mille ducats en present. Elle compte de vendre la plus grande partie de ses diamonds a la Reine. Ont la trouve nullement plus belle ici; ont parle d'elle comme d'une personne qui est absolument passée. Lady E.—— est appelé La Petite Folle. Elle court apres tout les hommes, et surtout apres notre Roi. Ce que la Reine n'aime guère. Mais cependant il n'y a pas le moindre espoir de trouver un mari ici, et encore

moins *de filer le parfaite Amour*. Nous avons . . . (words illegible) toute ma cœur Aussbien que la petite *basse cour*, et je ne la vois jamais. Je dine bien des jours pour cette raison seule dans ma petite Coquille à m'instruire, et mene une vie contemplative : je pourrois écrire une volume. Cher . . . . . si j'etais sure que ce chiffon vous arrivà sans que cela fut lu. Mais comme l'incertitude est la *base* de notre existence; il faut agir en consequence. Ecrivez moi souvent et tous ce que vous faites. Le bon K——, sera toujours le bien venu. Le Sieur Priam vient d'arrivé ici. Lady Westmoreland n'arrive qu'au printemps; les Hollands, et les Bedfords aussi. (some words illegible.)

"Je propose faire un petit voyage par mer aussitot que Lady Charlotte Lindsay arrive ici. Et peutetre je vous rencontrerez a Genes ou a Marseilles pour l'automme pour vous ramener ici au mois d'Octobre. Voila des plans de bien loin. Je donnerai milles ecus pour une heure de conversation, mais combien c'est cruelle que je n'ai pas une etre à qui ouvir mon cœur.* Mais soyez toujours bien persuadée qu'absente ou presente vous etes toujours près de moi, et que je languis bien apres cette heureux moment, et que je suis pour la vie votre affectionné,

"C. P."

* Unfortunate woman! and yet her misfortunes were in great part self-created.

Another from Mrs. D—— to ——.

Dated London, Jan. 10th, 1815.

"Dear ——,

"First I must begin by all best wishes for your happiness, this and many succeeding new years. Then I have to tell you, that I now, since my last letter, have every reason to believe that you will find no difficulty in passing your time where you please, without troubling the Frigate for a conveyance, and that your excuse on the score of health will be readily accepted.

"H—— read me a letter just received from Mrs. Thompson to Col. St. Leger, saying how much she enjoyed her present residence, where she 'led a sedentary life.' She would have him come to her, with all his family,' but not a word of the means so to do; which I think clearly indicates that all her present invitations are mere flourish, and from a conviction that they will not be accepted.

"Mrs. Thompson's most agreeable head servants are both leaving her (I doubt not a sort of mutual intelligence); but they are leaving her. The one is going to meet his mother, and the other, I believe, returning to England;* only Lord H—d remains, who, she says, is 'a great comfort to her.' One other man, I should suppose, also

* Probably Mr. Gell, and Mr. Craven, and Dr. Holland, supposed to be meant by Lord H.

remains; but of him, in these last accounts, I have heard nothing. I leave you to make your own comments on all this. You will, I think, hug yourself to think that you are out of this mess.

"I saw the most entertaining letter possible, from C—— to B——, in which he describes, in the most ludicrous way, not only the bustle, but the perpetual whirl, of the journey and of Naples. This is well contrasted with Mrs. Thompson's 'seden-tary life.'

"Have you heard that the Besboroughs and Ponsonbys were nearly lost in their passage down the Rhone? It is odd that C—— should not in his last letter have mentioned his intention of coming away; but as he said that all letters to certain persons in particular are opened by the N. government, this accounts for his not saying all he might otherwise. Mrs. Thompson's letter was positive as to his and his friends' leaving her."

Letter from Mr. Gell to ——, at Nice.

Dated Naples, Jan. 19th, 1815. A very hot day —looking over the sea—and in waiting.

"My Dear ——

"After so many months and years, I have at last heard from you; but as you accuse me of

negligence, I cannot help retorting by a hint that you only wrote to me because you find yourself obliged to enclose a letter to my address. Oh! thou most fair, yet false as thy sex! I have heard from my aunt, Mrs. D——, and have every reason to believe that I shall have the fortune at last, for her letter is very kind; and if she joins you in the spring, as she threatens, too much familiarity breeds contempt, and, therefore, the fortune must inevitably be mine.

"As to any lady's account of a place, whether there is society or not, or whether the climate is good, no person who has seen so much of the world as I have, makes much account of it, for there are a great many English here, who, for a long time, found out there was no society at Naples, and that the climate of London was equal, if not superior. Blind as they are, what is one to say to them, except to cite the utter impossibility of having a masquerade in a garden on the night preceding the first of January (as we had here) in London, and shewing one's own invitations to dinners and suppers; not to mention places where one can go without invitation whenever one pleases? You may depend on it, you and all the English are strange animals. Here is arrived my sister-in-law's sister, Madame De Polier Vernand, from near Lausanne, who either

knew you or heard of you there this summer, but of course little good, or I would let you know. As to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, she is quite come into favour again; but whether because I did not write to her, or not, I cannot tell.* The truth is, that I have been coming for her every day, for these two months, in a Neapolitan frigate, to Nice, as it was thought she would be afraid of a foreign ship alone; till at last news of two ships of our own arrived, so I wrote to her to say, I really can advise all good Christians to come to Naples; for, excepting houses, every thing is very cheap, and a good carriage costs only, with coachman included, 12*s.* 6*d.* per day.

"Mrs. Thompson had an idea of hiring Lady Oxford's house, next door, and persuading Lady C. Campbell to come and occupy it. I wish Her Royal Highness would try and make Ma Tante Aurore accept this invitation; it would do very well, if the said Oxfords quitted it. The Oxfords say that they can live perfectly well for 3,000 a-year, provided they have *only* what is necessary; but a carriage is included in the said necessaries, and a tutor for the ugly boy, and a doctor for the naughty girls; besides all the furniture they spoil or destroy, which cannot be

* The Princess of Wales was ridiculously jealous of Sir W. Gell's liking, or paying attention to any one else, more than to herself.

trifling; and four thousand dresses, with gold embroidery, for the little Alfred; and last, but not least, many dogs, who have neither left one corner of the carpet nor a single silk chair, without holes.

"Inspired by these awful reflections, my paper seems to be finished. I see, every day and every hour, more reasons why people should never marry, and why I shall never be in love with a lady of fashion. I see sighs and tears lavished on one, and as quickly bursting and dropping from another. No; in spite of those smiles of Lady C. C., which might seduce one's weak heart for a moment, I shall never be really in love with her. Tell her so, and, that she may give way to all those elegant effusions of sentimentality in her next letter, which so eminently distinguish her from the other inhabitants of the civilized world, add, that my judgment will not be perverted by the state of my heart, which is adamant, and I shall be able to give her excellent counsel, where prudence, patience, chastity, temperance, and the best of the virtues of northern climates, want of opportunity, and barren hills, are required. We expect Lady Charlotte Lindsay daily. Love to Lord and Lady Glenbervie. Oh! fie, Mr. Douglas!

"Your most affectionate aunt,

"ANNA TAYLOR,

"*Alias*, WILLIAM GELL."

Tuesday, 21st of February, 1815, Nice.—Read some Italian letters of Gallileo's and Raphael's, more for the names of the writers than the matter of the letters. How dull they are! how many letters written by less extraordinary persons, are ten thousand times more interesting. I went to visit Madame Davidoff, and Miss M. M—— came in whilst I was there. The former told me the Princess Grassalcovitch had confided to her, that at first she had preferred Lady S—— to all the other English ladies here, and had been prepared to like her from what the Duchess of B—— had said in her praise, but that latterly she had liked Lady C. Campbell best, and thought her more natural. Nuts to me! It is always sweet to hear one's friend praised. Went out to walk: a fine day, but no inspiration came to me. Passed the evening in reading Sismondi, &c.

Wednesday night, 22nd.—I received two letters from the Princess; one brought by a gentleman of the name of ——. It was by way of being a letter of introduction from Her Royal Highness to me, but such a one as, I suppose, nobody was ever himself the bearer of. I laughed heartily when I read it, in the presence of the person, but endeavoured to be as polite as I could, and he fortunately remained in ignorance of the bad character the Princess had given him.

Letter from the Princess of W. to ——.

Dated Naples, ce —— de Fevrier, 1815.

"MA CHERE,

"Je vous annonce mon arrivè a Nice pour le moi de Mars, ou je me flatte que je vous trouverai en parfaite santè, et je ferais des arrangements finalement pour notre retour pour Londre, qui sera pour l'hiver prochain.

"Adieu, croyez moi pour la vie,

"Votre affectionneè Amie,

"C. P."

"P.S.—Le porteur dè cette lettre est une personne qui ne dit jamais la verité: il est un Espion de la Câbal!

"MA CHERE,

"Je suis domicilié ici, depuis le huit Novembre, un peu fatigueé du long voyage, et de mes companions de voyage d'infortuné. Ma maison est placè rue La Chaja, comme je suppose que vous avais deja entendue par Mr. Craven, et vous vous rappellerez bien autre foi de cette promenade de la Villa Realé. La situation est superbe, et la maison est elegant. Je trouve Naples nullement cher a vivre, et si je reste ici avec 18,000, j'aurai fait tous les depense et extravagance possible. J'ai deja donnè un grand bal au Roi et a la Reine, et un bal en masque le dernier jour de l'annèe; et avec 1800 ducats ces fêtes, qui (comme ont m'assure) etè tres splendide, ont été payè.

" Il y'a beaucoup d'Anglois ici. Lord Sligo, Lord et Lady Landaff, le General Matthew, et beaucoup de jeunes hommes; Monsieur Perceval, fils du feu ministre; je les voi tous les semaines une foi, chez moi a un grand diner; il vont donnèr la semaine prochaine, un grand bal au Roi et a la Reine; car apres la declaration de Monsieur Vansittart, le Roi Murat à eté reconnu par l'Angleterre, et il le merite bien, car le bien qu'il a fait au royaume, n'est point a dire : il est aussi adorè que la Reine. La Reine est extremmement jolie, spirituelle, fort affable, et fait les honeurs de la cour parfaitement bien.

" Le Roi est beau, gai, polie, toujours gracieux, et faisant toujours des actions genereux, car il est le Dieu de la bienfaisance. Je me trouve bien ici surtout les rapports. La societé est excellente, beaucoup de beaux Messieurs et infiniment de jolies dames a la cour du Roi et de la Reine. Comme je suis etablie ici pour quelque temps, j'ai deja ecrit trois lettres à Lady Charlotte Lindsay pour la faire venir ici, ou avec les Glenbervies ou avec Mr. F. North, pour passer quelque temps ici. Au printemps je me propose de me rendre par mer.* Si jamais ma frigate arrive a Rome, le Roi m'a offert son palais de Farnesè pour ma demeure,

* How much Her Royal Highness seems to have altered her opinion a short time afterwards!

ainsi je crois en profiter. Je n'ai fait que passer six jours a Rome et n'a fait que courir apres les curiosités et antiquités de l'ancienne Rome : je me propose aussi de me rendre par mer a Génes, de voir Venice, et les Iles Grecques, et puis de revenir a Naples au moi d'Octobre ; j'ai n'ai jamais recue des lettres de la main propre de ma fille, ce qui me chagrine beaucoup quand même je n'ai fait que de lui ecrire plus de cent lettres depuis mon depart. Je serai tranquile ici si ce cuysante chagrin ne n'avrèz point mon cœur. Mais tel va le monde ; quand un est finie,* il se trouve un autre cheminant tout pret à prendre sa place. Il y'a aussi tout pleins d'espion ici : un certain Monsieur Zuriton, un palfrenier, frere du Colonel Zuriton, du 10 regiment De H——, et ajoutè a cela des Messieurs qui voyage sous un titre si honorable, et qui mêmes s'en glorifie, car il n'en font pas même le moindre secret a ce sujet.†

"Voila comme les Anglois sont connu puisque même ils se vante d'avoir un poste si honorable a supporter. Mais Bouche close : ce sont des vrais miseres. Je vis tranquilement et ce n'est que depuis quelques jours que je commence a sortir.

* These expressions seem heartfelt. At such times, who but must feel for this unhappy Princess ?

† This was true ; and what a blot on the character of Englishmen ! How will it stand on the page of history ?—as stand it will.

Dans les societiés privés la Princesse Belmonté m'a donné un superbe bal, et la Princess Caramanico une autre. Les ministres du Roi qui sont de ce pays sont aimable, et on beaucoup d'esprit, et donne chacun des bals masqué, tous les semaines qui est le Mecredi. [*illegible*] au theatre de St. Carlo, outre les bals.

"Je me retire toujours de bonne heure; tous commence a huit heure, et jamais des soupers, il ne sont pas ici de modes, ainsi a onze heure je me trouve au lit: les autres personnes dancent jusqua trois heure du matin sans jamais souper, ni s'asseoir. Il y'a beaucoup d'etiquette a la cour, ce qui rend la societé un peu *formal*, la decence est poussé a un point que même Whitbread et Lady Elizabeth en seroit edifié: dites tout ça a Madame D——; elle ne reconnoiterá plus Naples, pour les mœurs; aussi beaucoup d'Anglois le trouve une endroit forte ennuyante quand même il sont obligé d'avouer, que la societé ici est infinement plus agreeable qu'a Paris aujourdhui.

"Pour l'economie je vous avoue que je crois vraiement que vous et toute la famille de votre cousine pourrai vivre, pour la moitié de ce que ca coute ailleurs, j'en suis bien sure. J'espere que vous viendrai au mois d'Octobre. Je payerais le voyage par terre ou par mer, comme cela vous convendra le mieux. Monsieur Hesse heureusement part dans trois jours. J'espere que Lady Elizabeth

se rentournera avec lui, si Lady Charlotte Lindsay est arrivé ici a temps. Monsieur Craven j'èspere aussi sera loin chez sa mere qui se trouve a Marseilles: enfin cette cour *grecque* et philosophe sont dans l'interieur des vraies tyrants et des hommes fort peu fait pour faire les honneurs d'une cour Anglaise.*

"Adieu, je vous supplie de faire mes plus tendres amitiés a tout le monde qui se rappelé de moi: Mademoiselle Dumont est bien bonne fille, et nous sommes toujours tranquilement ensemble.

"Croyez mois pour la vie votre très affectionè,

"C. P."

I am sorry to see by these two strange incoherent letters, that the poor Princess is as unsettled in mind and purpose as ever. Her complaint of her attendants being "des vraies tyrants," tells me what she means by that expression. I dined with M., and as we were sitting, after dinner, listening to a journal, which she was reading aloud, to my astonishment the Prince and Princess Grassalcovitch came in. The latter had been so very ill that they had put her ashore at Ville Franche, beyond which point they never got; and he said that he

* These foolish, unreasonable complaints of persons whose presence did her honour, and whose attachment to her was sincere, were the offsprings of a diseased mind, and foretold her downfall.

was determined they should proceed by land. I was glad to know these people were safe, and to see them again. We always begin to know and like people when we are just about to part, it may be for ever. M. and I were sorry when Madame De Corvesi and Monsieur and Madame De Neuburgh were announced. She is a pretty little civil person, with a sweet gentle tone of voice, and more of the jargon du monde than have the people here. They sat on for a couple of hours, and told ghost stories and murder stories, and had I not been taken up with attempting to draw, I should have liked them very well. I was too unwell to do anything that required vigour of mind. Read a little in bed before I went to sleep, and so ended the day.

Thursday, Feb. 23rd.—I went to see Lady Glenbervie. I think her better for the present, but in a very precarious state of health. Lord Glenbervie is going on Saturday to Genoa and Rome. Lady S—— wishes to go to Genoa with Lord Bradford, but it is thought her lord does not like that arrangement.*

* Lady S—— was a most severe parent; she used to vent an exceedingly bad temper on her children, by beating and pinching them till they cried, then she laughed, and asked them what they cried for. Certainly, to judge by countenance and manner, one of her daughters, ——, has inherited her mother's ill-humour, and adds to it a hauteur of impertinence in her

Friday, 24th.—Paid a visit to Lady W——; was shocked at the nonsense she talked to me about my friend's verses, which Miss M. had read to her. I felt really provoked. Lady W. was not satisfied with the unaffected and genuine spirit of piety which reigns in them, and is their chief merit, but wanted them to be converted into a dissertation on theology, an exposition of the Christian religion, and, in short, to become a sermon.* I was confounded, but told her that really the subject was not sufficiently serious to build such a structure upon; and that religion was not the theme which had given birth to my friend's verses, although the theme itself had elicited some religious sentiments. I felt disgusted, and walked directly to Lady S——, but did not find her at home, so I proceeded to Lord and Lady B——. Their conversation made me feel more stupid and foolish when I left them, than when I went in to their house. The society of some persons produces a lethargic influence. Dined at Lady S——'s, played at cards, and was weary of myself and of all the

demeanour to others, which ill becomes any one, especially her ladyship.

* What infinite harm is done (as much as THEY can effect) to the best cause, by the false zeal of persons who are led more by their passions than by sober conviction, or a true spirit of holiness, to meddle with the concerns of others, and who assume a religious jargon to which their daily lives and conduct are in direct contradiction.

world. Mem. A bad sign of the state of my own mind.

Sunday, 27th.—Allowed spleen to conquer me, and made myself and my best friend unhappy thereby; was very sorry for it, and suffered justly. Went to church; a good useful sermon on the value of time, which, in spite of Mr. O'B——'s calling it the *Valloo*, with sundry other ridiculous mispronounciations, produced some wholesome effects on me. I endeavoured to write and read at home, but the machine was out of order, and would not play. Received a visit from Monsieur D'O——, the most agreeable man I have been acquainted with here, of this country: he brings me all sorts of books, and has much pleasant conversation. I passed a bad night, repenting my spleen; did not sleep, and rose sadly worn out—"Better not do the deed, than weep it done."

Monday, 28th Feb.—I went to get some plants for Lady C. C—l, at a Chanoine Grosson's, who has a romantic house about two miles up in the mountains. A disagreeable stony path leads to the foot of a steep, which is covered with pines and cypresses; a turn to the right, through an archway, conducts along a sort of wide passage formed on one side by a rock, on the other by a screen of cypresses, to a little chapel, through apertures cut

in this screen, a delicious prospect presents itself: the Bay of Nice, the blue sea bounding the horizon on one hand, the Alps towering in gradations of cultivated mountain, till they end in snowy peaks on the other. The terraces of olives, vines, figs, and other fruit trees, intermingled with the cypress, the caroubier, and the almond now in flower, rising in gradual amphitheatre around, present a magic scene. The blemishes which disfigure this beautiful landscape on a near view, are unobserved in looking at it from a height.

The inclosures of high stone walls, the miserable state of decay of the houses, the filthy odour of manure, are thus avoided. The Chanoine led us from this passage round to another terrace, and through a little formal garden into his house. The garden was cut into parterres, divided by patches of orange trees; and a small marble fountain played in the midst; but inside the house there was an offensive smell, as is the case in every habitation at Nice. Up stairs, the room was clean; one or two small etchings hung upon the wall, of tolerable taste, but a number of family portraits, sufficiently hideous to scare the eye, disfigured the apartment.

From the window, the same enchanting scenery presented itself; the whole place bore a character of interest; and romance might have peopled the scene with delightful persons; but reality only

presented the Chanoine to view. He showed me a small piece of sculpture in wood, representing flowers, beautifully carved, and then, pleased with my admiration of the site of his house and garden, he took from a closet a case containing his best apparatus of glasses, and a bottle of very delicious white wine. There was a mixture of courtesy and coldness in his manner which was peculiar. From the sitting room he opened a door which conducted to a large space, or open corridor, covered only in summer, by a trellice of vines, and surrounded by a stone seat, on small buttresses of the same material. Projected from the walls on stone brackets, were some busts of not inelegant sculpture. One of them, a female head of a Cleopatra, was very well executed; and a lesser one, representing a male head, which the Chanoine said had been found in the neighbourhood, I thought was remarkably good.

Through his bed-room, a low and concealed door, covered by a curtain, opened to a small chapel. I was struck with a feeling of interest difficult to explain: here, then, in this narrow secluded abode, was united all that was dear to the heart or soul of man. Piety might pour its orisons to the ear of Heaven; reflection's still voice might commune undisturbed; regret might hallow the remembrance of past pleasures; hope might anticipate those yet in store. In short, with

a rapid glance, and in one hasty sketch, I ran over the life of mortals from the cradle to the tomb.

The Chanoine next conducted me up a steep path to a rock composed of marble and gravel, that o'ertops his house. There is a sort of gorge scooped out by the hand of nature, which he has planted with innumerable cypresses, pines, and other evergreens:—it is a strange and lovely solitude. He was well pleased with my admiration of its beauty. He told us he had been an emigrant for ten years; that in the time of Robespierre's tyranny, two of that monster's brothers had lived at Nice; and that during their reign he had returned to see his paternal home in secret, and had escaped with difficulty, in the middle of the night, by flight to an opposite hill, which he pointed out to us, and which was at that time entirely covered with trees. Among these, in a cavern, he had lain concealed for some time. He was fed by the charity of a poor woman, who brought him food for many days; at length he escaped again into Tuscany, and ultimately had been brought, by Providence, to enjoy his own possessions in peace. I left this Chanoine and his romantic abode with a firm determination to return there. In the evening I went to Lady B——'s, and played loo with her and Lord B—— and the two consuls.

Tuesday, 9th Feb.—Paid a visit to Madame

D——ff. She is very agreeable. I do not quite understand her character, but feel sure she is good. Went also to see Lady S——. She has very odd manners, and sometimes appears to me quite unsettled in mind. She tormented my dog. Certainly, educating other people's children and dogs is a thankless office, at best.

Thursday, 2nd March.—Took notes from Miss Plumtre. Finished the first volume. Received visits from Mr. D——, P. Bradford, Captain H——. Mr. D—— sat them all out. He talked about the propriety of letting dying people know, or not, their actual state of danger. He convinced me that it was right to do so; but I fear in some cases, where no previous preparation of mind had led the person to serious thoughts, or imbued them with proper feelings, I should not have courage to awaken their conscience to the stings of remorse. "Yet how much more cruel," replied Mr. D——, after I made that answer, "to allow a dear one to die with his or her sins unrepented of, and go to an eternal suffering, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

His opinion was the right one, and should I ever be in a situation to fulfil such a duty, painful though it would be, I should endeavour to fulfil it. I walked out, and felt an oppression of melancholy for poor Lady G——, for though I am but

slightly acquainted with her, I am told she is very amiable, and unfeignedly attached to her poor husband, from whom she is about to part. That her present hour of trial excites the sincerest sympathy, I am sure: she has the prayers of all the good people here. Every idea was for a time chased away to-night by the entrance at Miss M——'s of Madame D—— and Lady S——, with the wonderful news that Bonaparte is at Grasse, accompanied by, some say five, some six, some eight hundred men. That he is there, is a fact; the Prince of Monaco passed this day on his way to his own little principality, and saw him. This event is as astonishing as if it had not been probable. Who could think he would remain at Elba quietly and be a good boy, because he had been whipped and put in a corner? I never believed it, and yet I am now all surprise.

A number of small vessels were seen off Nice this morning, and several jokes were made about them. Nobody guessed how serious was the cause which spread their sails. They brought Bonaparte and his troops; and where is he going to? That no one can tell. France must be his object; and surely he never would set foot on its land, unless he had pretty well ascertained that many persons would give him a kind reception. Whether he will remain at Grasse till other forces join him, or whether he will march immediately to the in-

terior of the country—what he will do, in short, is the great point of interest to all the world, and to us who are now so near him, especially.

This indeed is an event to stir the stagnate blood. How many at this moment may be in all the horrors of a sanguinary night, if he has organized his plans and traced his path in blood; if the fearful Revolution is to be acted over again! But God forbid! Policy more than cruelty must be at his sword's point. But he cannot be on foot for nothing, and without a fearful struggle he cannot regain any point of his ambition. In each event, those who look most for succour to the Power of Powers, will be those who have least to fear. I think of my friends in England, who will personally be anxious for us, not knowing how quiet poor little insignificant Nice is. They may imagine some scenes of bustle here, from which at present we are quite free.

Friday, 3rd March.—To-day, I heard that Bonaparte has issued proclamations, saying his eagles are on the wing, and will soon light on the spires of Notre Dame. He is said to have set off at two o'clock yesterday, and marched twelve leagues, to a place called Castellane. Nice, I should think, is a nook of great safety. I am glad to be here, and my insignificance is my best security against all personal danger;

but I should not like to see others exposed to fear; I am grown so frail, body and mind.

Horses and carriages have been going out of the town all night, I suppose to join Bonaparte. The commandant has forbidden any person to cross the Var. But what signifies his half dozen of grasshoppers? are there not passes over the mountains fifty ways, by which Bonaparte will be joined by all those who are so inclined. Conjectures as to his means and measures are endless; but that they are great, I cannot doubt, for his all is at stake; either he must conquer or *be conquered.* Perhaps the Congress has decided points to which Austria will not agree, and Austria may now be ready to pour her troops on France. Perhaps too Bonaparte may be desperate, and may choose to set his last hazard on this cast. His character, however, is not that of headlong valour; policy and prudence have always supported his ambition.

Saturday Night, 4th Feb. 1815.—I went yesterday to town, to gather all the reports. Called at Madame de Corvesi's, thinking she might have heard from Paris, but she was gone on a *quéte*, and my *quéte* was in vain. Called next at La C——'s; I found him foaming with rage, because he had not been allowed to sail to Genoa the preceding night. This vexed him particularly, because he had hoped to be the first person to bear the news to

Mr. Hill at Genoa, and he ascribed his not being permitted to do so to private spite in the Comte D——, for fear he should precede the Estafette of the former. All this littleness in the midst of great concerns, is the law of earthly things.

I heard that Bonaparte landed on Wednesday, at or near Cannes. The next day he sent twenty-five or thirty of his soldiers to Antibes. These were questioned who they were and whence they came. "We serve our General." "And where is your General?" "On the high road." This farce did not last long, of course. They were soon known. They were, perhaps, expected, but the form of taking them prisoners was gone through, though they were allowed to walk about even without being disarmed. They seemed rather there as friends than foes. It is impossible to think mere inertness should have thus favoured Bonaparte. There must have been some decided sentiment at Antibes in his favour. In the mean time he landed all his troops, to the amount of a thousand men, twenty cases of ammunition, &c. He did not sleep in Grasse, but bivouacked near it, and marched on the next day to Castellane, where he distributed proclamations to the different ranks of people, prefects, soldiers, &c., saying that he was not come to hurt or oppress the people, but to restore the glory of the French nation, and to make his faithful subjects

happy; adding that his eagles are flying from steeple to steeple, and will soon perch on those of Notre Dame. These proclamations are bombast, and presumptuous in the highest degree.

I had heard that he had made this presumptuous declaration before; that Monsieur De Condole, the French Consul, now here, confirmed the truth of the report. M. Condole is just returned from Antibes, where, he added, the Prince of Monaco had been stopped; that Bonaparte asked him if he knew him, to which he replied, "Certainly, Sire, as I have served under your Majesty." Bonaparte enquired where the Prince was going; "à mes Terres," was the reply. "Et moi aussi, je vais aux miennes," said Bonaparte, with a smile of assumed gaiety, and added, with a sneer, "I have begun a very good road for you, Prince, but I suppose the king of Sardinia will finish it." Then taking away a couple of the Prince's horses, without asking it as a favour, he dismissed him, and told him he might continue his journey.

The Prince of Monaco was glad "*d'en etre quitte pour la peur*," said Monsieur De Condole; he also told me Bonaparte pays immense prices for every thing. Some of his soldiers damaged a vineyard: the people to whom it belonged asked an exorbitant compensation, which was immediately granted. The same for a horse which he

wished to purchase at Castellane. In short, he seems to lack neither men, means, nor money. In the evening I saw Lady G——; she talked of this great event, and conjectured till conjecture could go no further. She agreed with me in fearing that this last effort is one that will cost the world much blood.

Saturday night.—Went about seeking news, but could find none. Heard only what I knew before, repeated with the variations which every body makes in telling a story. In the evening I walked with Madame D—— to Lady S——'s. More suppositions, till Madame de St. Agathe came in, and spoke very good sense upon the subject, and informed us that she had just heard from the Commandant that sixty men from the garrison at Antibes have deserted, and one of the officers with them, who was fearful of being one of the prisoners. It is also said, Massena and his troops are in motion, but whether on the offensive or defensive cause, seems unknown.

Sunday, 5th March.—Went to church. The Archdeacon preached a very good sermon, on the non-existence of faith without works, and the inefficacy of works without faith. Went afterwards to visit Madame Riviere. I had a curiosity to look at her pretty niece, a Miss Fells; a woman

as white as an Albinoise, but with sense and sweetness in her countenance, and the bluest eyes I ever saw. I thought her pleasing, particularly from an expression of open sweetness on her forehead. The conversation turned upon Bonaparte, of course. Nothing new had transpired, not even lies. When I was at Miss M——'s, Madame D—— and Lady S—— came in. They did not know whither to go, at least Lady S——. She has the disease of ennui, but let no one say it ought not to be pitied. He who knows all things will surely have mercy upon the sins it engenders, especially if there is any attempt at conquering it.

Monsieur D—— came to me in the evening, bringing me more books. He is a very intelligent man, and, above all, seems to have a placidity and a spirit of tranquillity and content which diffuse serenity around. Certainly every human being possesses influence in the circle in which he moves; he should, therefore, seriously consider whether it is a heinous sin to be of baneful, or of salutary kind. In that very consideration there is matter of useful and of interesting employment.

Monday, 6th March.—Saw a large vessel opposite to my windows. Went out immediately

to enquire what she could be. Heard it was the Aboukeir, commanded by Captain Thompson, sent from Genoa in pursuit of the small frigate in which Bonaparte had escaped; and could not help thinking they were a day after the fair. They knew at Genoa as soon as we did, of the lion's being out of his den. Lord Glenbervie wrote to his Lady, saying, he should not proceed from Genoa till he knew that all was quiet at Rome and in Italy.

He seemed to be quite at ease about us, knowing this spot is out of the line of Bonaparte's business, and that we are all safe here. There are reports from Genoa that Murat has sent, or is sending, troops to join Bonaparte on the confines of Switzerland; that the latter has turned aside from Grenoble, and, taking the route by Barcelonette, intends to proceed round towards that country, to unite his forces with Murat's. As he knew nothing of the decision of the congress respecting the new-made Sovereign, one cannot draw any conclusion as to the probability or improbability of this measure. I am inclined to give it credit, and am extremely sorry for it on every possible account.—Poor Sir Stephen Glynne died yesterday, about four o'clock. His death, by every account, was truly Christian. He resigned youth, fortune, love, all that makes this

life a life of felicity, without a murmur. He received the sacrament, and breathed his last in that firm and pious trust which religion alone bestows. His widow is now the one to be pitied.

'I was again sadly disappointed yesterday at receiving no letters. Came home low; read, but my thoughts, in spite of myself, wandered in sandy desarts, where no well springs of joy are to be found. Visited Lady S——, and found her ill. As soon as Lord S—— came in, she began quarrelling with him; and cried and lamented herself till I felt quite distressed. There are some people who cannot be at peace, or who are never content unless under the excitement of some excessive joy or misery; and Lady S—— is one of these. She is not satisfied with her brilliant portion in life—her kind husband, and her children. What can please her, since these do not? She is doing all she can to make the latter odious characters, and leading them to hate her. I think in this she will certainly succeed.

Wednesday, 7th March.—Lord S—— paid me a visit. He is so desœuvré, and has got such a desœuvrée partner, poor man, that he is really to be pitied; but I can do neither of them good, and I wish they would not both make me their confidant about nothing at all; for that is the

fact. Oh! if some real distress or heart grief were to come to them, how could they bear it, when they find their present pleasant lot hard to bear?

No news of Bonaparte! Conjecture about him and his doings is fatiguing, yet one cannot lay it aside. It is a week to-day since he arrived at Cannes.

Thursday, 8th March.—Received a letter from Mrs. D——r, saying all London was up in arms, at an official notice having been made to Lord Liverpool that the Princess of Wales was to return to England in May. The letter announcing this intention, and one also to Princess Charlotte, formed, it seems, the contents of those letters Her Royal Highness desired me to forward to H—— on the 10th of last month. How strange that she should not have written a word of this to me; on the contrary, should have told me that she should meet me in October, at Genoa or Marseilles.

Certainly there are two wonderful people in the world, the Princess of Wales and Bonaparte! Of the latter, there are a thousand and one vague reports, many of them very puerile and vain; such as his being cased in armour, which was discovered by men who lifted him upon his horse, his drinking very hard, &c. &c. Other reports, of more consequence (if they are true), state that some

English vessels have fallen in with others which were conveying troops and arms from Murat to join him; that Massena has set a price on his head, and declared him and his followers outlaws; that there has been a conspiracy at Paris; that fifty people have been shot. It is very difficult to know the truth any where at any time; but here, and at this present moment, impossible. Played at loo at Lady S——'s in the evening, whilst Bonaparte was playing for kingdoms. Let us hope *only* playing. Ainsi va le monde! du sublime au ridicule, il n'y a qu'un pas.

Friday, 9th March.—Sang; should like to sing oftener. Walked with Lord B—— to my favourite haunt. He has all the suavity which supplies the place of information; all the polish of manners which implies refinement of mind. I know not if the force of vigorous intellect, or high wrought genius, be there. I should think not, but for a time, on s'en passe.

Dined with Mr. B. There were, of women, Lady E—— A——, a perfect Argus, with eyes behind, I believe; Miss B——, very like a doll in a barber's shop; both like things in a bad dream; Mrs. D—— and her daughter, starch looking persons, harsh and full of angles, mentally as wellas bodily. An old Mr. D——, very

like a gentleman; his son, a beautiful young man, with fine soft features, but quite a lad; Col. C——, that epitome of self consequence and vulgarity; Mr. K——, a little haberdasher, or clerk in a counting-house; and Sir Somebody Something, with a crooked face, formed the party. Col. B—— has a gentleness of manner that I rather like.

I sat next Col. C—— and Mr. D——. I tried to make acquaintance with the latter, and found him very conversible and intelligent. He gave me an account of his going down the Rhone, with his family, and their being nearly lost. How awful it must have been; in an instant they were up to their throats in water, even sitting upon the barouche box of their carriages; and had it not been for a small boat, whose crew saw and came to their relief, they must have all perished.

After dinner, came Captain Aidy, of the Partridge frigate, who arrived to-day, and brought in his vessel Col. Campbell, *alias* Sir Neil Campbell: we were all anxious to hear what he could have to say for himself.

Sir Neil did not come, but pretended to have business with the Commandant and the French Consul. Captain Aidy stated that since October he had been stationed off Elba, to be at the disposal of Sir Neil Campbell; that the latter had

frequently made excursions, and lastly had gone to Leghorn. That on the night of the 26th, he, Captain Aidy, had seen Bonaparte's frigate quite tranquil in the harbour, without any appearance of bustle or preparation. He had accordingly sailed to bring back Sir N. Campbell; and when they returned, they found Bonaparte, his troops, and arms, had left Elba two days. In consternation, they landed, and found Madame Mère, the mother of Pauline, and Madame Bertrand, wife to the General. Captain A. and Sir N. C. told them that Bonaparte would certainly be taken and killed immediately; but they seemed quite secure of his success.

At three o'clock on Sunday, Bonaparte shut the gates of Elba. At nine o'clock, he was towed out of the harbour of Ferrajo, and immediately a favouring breeze sprung up, and wafted him at once to the shores of Provence, without opposition.

At best this is a blundering business; and I should think either Sir Neil, or the ministry, or both, must answer for it with their heads, or at least with their reputations. All that is said by way of excuse for Sir Neil Campbell, does not appear to me to exonerate him from the greatest blame; indeed I cannot fathom the whole affair, and do not wonder foreigners throw the blame on the whole nation.

Friday, 10th March.—Lady Glenbervie is far from well. I wish Lord G. were well, to nurse her. I received a visit from Sir Neil Campbell. Lady C. C., whom I had just been visiting, told me he was a handsome man, and so he is. His eloquent defence of his conduct certainly made me view it with a more favourable eye than I had done before, considering it with the eyes of my understanding only. His conversation, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows:—"I was never placed about Bonaparte as his goaler. I was a commissioner, on the contrary, appointed by the English government to provide him with every thing he could want in his island. For that purpose I had the Partridge, stationed at Porto Ferrajo, to obey my orders; but I had no men, no means whatever to prevent Bonaparte's doing whatever he chose; and as the latter had a small frigate, a bomb vessel, and several small boats, with a thousand soldiers at his command, I certainly could not be supposed to have any power to prevent his leaving the island whenever he might be so inclined.

"As far back as October last, I wrote to Lord Castlereagh, stating my belief that if the allies did not pay Bonaparte the salary they agreed to give him, he would make some desperate attempt. Since that, I have been aware that he had con-

stant communications with Murat. I also informed our government of this circumstance. I have been frequently absent from Elba, not conceiving myself under any engagement not to be so. This last time I left the island, I saw that every thing was perfectly quiet, and in its usual state. When Captain Aidy came away, on Saturday, the 25th, all was apparently as usual. The soldiers were amusing themselves making a garden before the guard house, and in Bonaparte's brig there was no appearance of any preparation whatever for sailing. Captain A. came to me at Leghorn, to take me back there.

"However, some rumours reached me at Leghorn, which alarmed me, and I waited on the French Consul and the English. The latter did not give these reports the least credit, but the former did. I hastened away, but, unfortunately, my intelligence led me to believe that Bonaparte might have fled to Italy; and to Porto Caprai, therefore, we took our course. When we got there, we heard that such and such vessels full of men had been seen to the westward of the shores of Provence. These answered to the description of Bonaparte's little fleet. In all anxiety we turned, therefore, but I thought it best to take Elba in our way, to ascertain the fact of his flight. We were becalmed; and when we reached Porto Ferrajo,

Bonaparte had been gone two days. I left the Partridge at the outside of the port, and told Captain Aidy that if I did not return in two hours, he might conclude I was detained prisoner, and make the best of his way to give the intelligence. As I approached the shore, I saw none of the great caps, none of the usual soldiery, but what he calls gardes nationales, in their room.

"I was received by some of the under persons in command, and requested to be led immediately to General Bertrand. 'General Bertrand is not here.' 'To General Oudinot;' 'he is not here either.' 'To The Emperor.' They looked uncertain what to say. 'Very well, I see how it is; you need not be so discreet. I knew this plan long ago, and you may depend upon it they are all taken prisoners by this time.'

"I thought it best to pretend this knowledge, in order to appear of some consequence." Just as I write these words, —— tells me, Barzotti, the music master, has ridden by, and says, our English officer told him, Bonaparte is taken, with four hundred men. I do not believe it, and go back to my narrators. "Who is in command here?" Sir Neil told me, was his next question. "I was answered, 'Monsieur ——.' 'Lead me to him.' 'What are your intentions?' Sir Neil said, as soon as they met; 'do you mean to submit to your

lawful Sovereign or not?' 'What Sovereign?' 'The allies, who placed Bonaparte here.' 'I know of no Sovereign but Napoleon,' replied Monsieur ——, 'and I have means to defend the island, and shall use them.'

"I had nothing to do but to bow, and say it was well; that I could remain no longer at Elba; that my frigate waited for me, and that I must be gone immediately. I thought, however, that I would endeavour to learn all the intelligence I could, and called at Madame Mère's and the Princess Pauliñe's.* They both declined giving

* This Lady, so famous, and it might be said, so infamous, has made sufficient noise in the world to render all description of her person and character almost superfluous; yet, at mention of her name, it is impossible not to pause and look back upon her brief and black career. She was of middle stature; and, it is said, so faultlessly formed, that she sat to Canova as a Venus. It is related that when some one asked her if she did not feel it unpleasant to have sat unclothed for her statue, she replied, "Oh no! the room was perfectly well warmed, and I felt no inconvenience whatever." Yet this fair Lais not only turned the heads of the young Englishmen who travelled in Italy, but, strange to say, was equally courted by the women. And those of the highest rank and purest character did not disdain to sit at her feet, and caress them with their hands; it has been even said, embrace them!!! Princess Borghese was doubtless very beautiful, but her manners were those of a petite maitresse, giving herself the airs of a crowned head. Many were the really great ladies who waited in her drawing rooms, and did not blush to be subservient to her caprices. What will not circumstances effect? "Ce grand mot de circonstance," which Madame De Stael said, rules the world.

any information, if they had any to give. They said they were in the greatest anxiety, and, on the contrary, so far from giving me any news, they requested me to give them some, of their brother.

"I spoke as if I was well acquainted with his plans, whereas I was in perfect ignorance of them; but I could observe that whenever I mentioned Italy, they seemed much relieved. Princess Pauline took my hand, and, pressing it to her heart, desired me to feel how it beat with anxiety; but I could not perceive any symptoms of alarm, and, being in haste, I shortened my visit as much as possible.

"Delighted to find I was not detained prisoner, I sailed to Antibes; but still in a pitiable state of uneasiness of mind, for I was aware how much the imprudence of the nations would be laid to my charge, and how much circumstances might make me seem guilty in the minds of thousands."

Sir N. Campbell coloured violently as he said this, and I was sorry for him. Then he added, that he was going into France, but should return this way, and so we parted.*

* If it be true that Sir Neil Campbell was the heart prisoner of a fair lady at Florence, that may account for his having watched his prisoner at Elba so ill. Certain it is, Sir Neil Campbell seemed very anxious to prove that he was not to blame in having permitted the escape of a man on whose liberty the fate

All these particulars, however, do not lessen my surprise at the conduct of our ministers, as well as at that of the allies; and I regret that one of my countrymen should have accepted the place of a sort of petty spy over even Bonaparte. Better, far better, to have been his appointed gaoler, and known by the prisoner himself to be such, than a spy in the disguise of a friend to provide for his wants.

I think Sir Neil feels thus himself, and regrets having accepted the office. Many circumstances respecting this affair will, I doubt not, be made known by time, which brings foul and fair to light; but at present there is a mystery enveloping the whole of this wonderful business.

Saturday, 11th March.—No confirmation of the good news, but all the English feel confident that Mr. King and Sir Neil Campbell will bring us the intelligence that Bonaparte is certainly taken. They say it is impossible for him to escape; he is surrounded by troops. Bonnet is a small village, quite encircled by mountains, and he never can make his way over these, with an

of Europe depended; and he gave but a very lame explanation of the reason of his absence from his post. There is no doubt he was greatly to blame, but whether from carelessness or by design, will, perhaps, never be known.

army, while the enemy are in close pursuit. Monsieur —— reached Lyons on the 8th, and Massena sent off five thousand men from Marseilles. What can Bonaparte's handful of men do against all these? Oh! it was a desperate impulse, almost madness, I should think, which induced him to make this last attempt for his liberty.

Sunday, 12th.—Went out with Lady S—— and Miss M—e. We went visiting; amongst other places to Madame Villegarde's *campagne*—such a place! a miserable house on the high road to Turin, more like a dirty alehouse than a gentleman's chateau, with some ill-growing trees, cut into shapes, before it. The door was opened by a wild-looking man, the dust blew through the empty passage, and made a cloud which we found difficult to pass through without being blinded. We were shown, or rather left to find our way, up a ladder-like staircase, to a dirty room, the floor of which was strewed with rags and filth, where we beheld La Marquise De Villegarde, in dress and in person, like an old witch. She took us in great haste, leading Lady S—— by the hand, into an inner room, in which were two beds, covered with caps, and gowns, and *breeches* of the Marquis De Villegarde, and various other things, strewed together in disorder. "Ah!" la Marquise exclaimed,

"how terrible to receive you here:"—of course we made the civil. But Lady S—— was so disgusted with the disagreeable smell which prevailed in the Marquise's apartment, that she would not stay a moment. I was much pressed to return; and the old lady said she would tell me my fortune, and many curious things.

I had heard before that she was learned in the *black art*. I declined having my own fate foretold, but promised to pay her another visit. We met Madame Davidoff, and we all walked to the promontory of Leucate, as I have christened that beautiful walk among the olive grounds, extending beyond the port towards Monaco: the locale is such as one would have supposed the Lesbian might have chosen, when she plunged into the ocean.

We saw a quantity of ammunition, that the Sicilian regiment in the English pay brought with them, in carts, each drawn by four fine grey horses, which they were driving to the Place Vittoria. This excited our curiosity, and I questioned an English soldier, but he either knew nothing, or would communicate none of his information.

Tuesday, 14th.—Yesterday evening, Mr. King and Sir N. Campbell arrived. Sir N. would positively *say nothing*, only sent his apology to Mr. B——, with whom he was to have dined

informing him he was to embark immediately. Mr. King declared the news was as bad as possible, but would not say what it was. This put all the inhabitants of the Fauxbourg in a fuss; but some of them concluded that it was only the ignorance of Sir Neil Campbell and Mr. King, and not any real knowledge of facts, which made them cast an air of mystery over their journey. I passed two hours with Madame De Villegarde; she showed me a small library of old, curious books on the black art. This woman gave me the sort of entertainment one feels on reading a German novel full of horrors and wonders, our reason despising our imagination all the while, for being diverted. There was quite sufficient basis for romance and mystery in all she said and all she showed me. Among other things, she told me that she herself had seen gold made, with her own eyes, and had partly been initiated into the mysterious process; "but much," she added, "must be gone through, much must be known, before the slightest knowledge of that wonderful thing called the philosopher's stone, can be understood."

"There," said she, opening five or six mystical books interspersed with strange prints and drawings, and hyeroglyphics, "these are the elements of that study, but you will not understand them any more than if you looked at any unknown language." I read some of the letter-press of the

cabalistic books, which indeed appeared to me nonsense. Madame De V. looked wise and pleased, because I listened to her, and said, if I would study any branch of the occult sciences, all her works on those subjects were at my disposal. I thanked her, but thought what a waste of time such a study would be, and left the old lady with a poor idea of her powers of divination, and a thorough contempt for the *black art*. The only curious *fact* I ever heard of the Marquise's having predicted future events, was, (as Lady Charlotte Campbell told me,) that, several months ago, when every one thought Bonaparte safe at Elba for life, Madame De Villegarde laid out the cards, and read by them before Lady Charlotte, that Bonaparte would first be victorious in a great undertaking he contemplated, then occasion tears and mourning, and finally die himself, overthrown, and taken captive. This certainly was a singular prediction, but it might have been foretold without any assistance from supernatural information.

Wednesday, 15th.—To-day I received the following letter from the Princess of Wales, dated Rome, à Mardi le 14 de Mars, 1815.

"CHERE ——,

"J'ai eu le bonheur de recevoir deux lettres de vous avant mon départ de Naples; depuis hier je

me trouve a Rome pour m'embarquèr à Civita di Veccia, pour me rendre a Livorne. J'espere que la peur vous a pris, et que je vous y trouverai. Lady Charlotte Lindsay et Monsieur F. North, sont de la partie. Mais comme Lady Elizabeth Forbes est resté a Naples pour ce rendre a Londre pour quelque mois; je serai absolument sans dame, 'ainsi je vais proposer à Lady Charlotte Campbell de venir a Livorne dans ma frigate, avec toute sa famille et Mrs. Damer, pour nous rendre a Gêne, ou je compte de rester quelque temps et de voir quel tournure les affaires politiques prendront, *car le Lac de Como* et mon point de vue pour mon etablissemen, si Napoleon me le permette—ainsi si Mrs. Damer veut accompagner Lady Charlotte, je serai trop heureuse de l'avoir chez moi. Si Lady C. ne peut pas se rendre a Livorne avec toute sa famille, je veut lui offrir de prendre, sa fille aineé pour etre ma *bedchamber woman* et lui payer deux cent pounds, par ans.* Si Miss M——, l'ami de Lady Charlotte voudrai accompagner Miss Campbell, je serai charmè de l'avoir quelque temps

* What an idea, to suppose any mother would allow their daughter, especially so young a person as Lady C. Campbell's daughter was at that time, to accept such a situation. The poor Princess, who did not want for discernment, must have been aware that the request was one very unlikely to be granted by any parent, considering the *mala fama*, or, to say the least of it, *trumpery* reputation which her Court had obtained since her residence abroad.

chez moi, pour trois mois; je lui ferais un present et payerai son voyage de retour ou elle voudra se trouvér; mais il faudrait quelle vien avec la fille de Lady Charlotte, et sans femme de chambre. Ayez la bonté de faire part de cette lettre a Lady Charlotte, parceque j'ai oublieè de faire mention de cette arangement, et dites lui de me faire reponse d'abord. Ah! comme je serai charmè de vous revoir. Combien de choses j'ai a vous dire et vous communiquér. J'ai le cœur bien gros, mais bouche close pour ce moment. Croyez moi pour la vie, absente ou presente, toujours votre sincere amie.

"C. P."

I showed Her Royal Highness's letter, as she desired, to Lady C. Campbell, who, of course, rejected her offer of making her daughter the Princess's *bedchamber woman*; but she said she would endeavour herself to meet the Princess at Leghorn. I replied to Her Royal Highness's letter, by saying I regretted she was compelled to ask here and there, for persons to attend her; and ventured, for the first time, to give her a piece of advice, which, I fear, would offend; but the impulse was so strong within me to endeavour to serve her, that I could not resist breaking through my rule, which had made me such a favourite with the poor lady. I besought

Her Royal Highness to return to England; I represented to her the troubled state into which it was to be feared the Continent would soon be thrown, so that no place might shortly be safe from one hour to another; and, besides that, I felt sure it would be wisest for her own interests that she should return and take possession of her station and situation in England. "For God's sake, Madam, lose not the place you hold in the British people's hearts, by too long absence from them. Live amongst them, spend your money amongst them, and they will stand by you to the last. Live abroad, and be surrounded by foreign servitors, and, I fear, the English people's affection will not stand the test of a long absence, or of your showing a partiality to foreigners. Remember the *prejudice* John Bull bears them.

"Excuse the freedom of my speech, Madam, and I implore your Royal Highness to believe, that sincere attachment makes me express this opinion, though reluctantly. If you are *always under the public eye of the English nation*, no lies can be invented, injurious to your honour or happiness; return to Britain, choose from some of the worthiest of her nobles, persons willing to be, and deserving of being, your attendants; keep up an interest in your child's heart, by living in the same country, partaking of the same interests

with her, and, I venture to say, your Royal Highness will not repent of the determination.

"Once again, I beseech your Royal Highness to forgive the liberty I have taken in writing to you thus freely.

"I shall be ready, at all times and places, to obey your commands, and remain,

'Madam, your Royal Highness's'

"Most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"&c. &c."

Such was the answer I made to the Princess. She never gave me any reply, and did not follow my advice. I hardly hoped she would; but I have reason to think she was not displeased at the time, but only contemned my opinions as insignificant. It is a vain endeavour to serve her Royal Highness.

Lady Glenbervie told me the melancholy and almost incredible news, of Bonaparte's being at Lyons. At Grenoble all the inhabitants declared themselves for him, and some regiments had joined him. He got there, it appears, without any interruption, and was, at Lyons on Friday the 9th. This awful news was transmitted by telegraph to Turin, and from Turin to Genoa, from whence it reached Lady Glenbervie. She added to this news the scarcely less surprising

intelligence, in another way, of the Princess of Wales being expected at Genoa every hour. We both agreed that there were two wonderful beings in the world, Bonaparte and the Princess.

I went to Lady S——, who did not know any of these tidings; and when she heard that her lord, not master, had been acquainted with the whole business the day before, she burst forth into a torrent of invectives, and said that when confidence ended between man and wife, there was a total end of every tie. She made a fine tirade, which stunned me, for she spoke, or rather screamed, so loud, that I expected to see her fall into convulsions. Lord S—— defended himself by saying that her nervous state of mind was so great, he feared to agitate her, and intended to break the matter by degrees. After this quarrel Lady S—— said she must go to bed, and I left them, thanking my stars I have not got a wife.

Early this morning I went about to gather up the news, and found all the English, as if with one consent, were setting off different ways, in order to get back to England. Most of them were flying to Genoa, where, from the number of troops, and through our minister, Mr. Hill, and Lord William Bentinck, it was supposed we should find greater protection than here, with poor old Comte D'Osasque. In the meantime, Madame Davidoff

and I went to the commandeur, to make friends with, and consult him what we had best do for ourselves. Madame D.* waited not to ask if he was at home, but walked straight forward into his apartment. The appearance of calm despair which he betrayed in his whole countenance and manner, alarmed Madame Davidoff considerably. He told us that Bonaparte had passed Lyons, that twenty-six regiments had deserted from Monsieur, and gone over to his cause; that when Monsieur rode along the lines and made the men a speech, exhorting them to their duty, and crying Vive le Roi, a dead silence pervaded the whole rebel rout. At length one of the officers came forward and said, "Prince, il est trop tard, tout est fini; the honour of France has been sullied, we are going to avenge her disgrace. The Emperor is the

* Madame Davidoff was the sister of Orloff, whose hand was said to be of giant size and force, and to have been employed in the strangling of Paul, the Emperor of Russia; but a more gentle or heavenly-minded person never existed, than Madame Davidoff. She fulfilled what she conceived to be the duties of her religion, by so strictly adhering to the fasts ordained by the Greek church, that she often fainted from exhaustion. After a long illness of her husband's, General Davidoff, during which she attended him with unwearied assiduity, the first requital he made to her was to request her to wheel him in his chair to the window, that he might see his mistress drive past. How true it is that virtue is its own reward, for in this world vice generally triumphs!

only sovereign we acknowledge." Monsieur fled, with about forty or fifty men, to Paris.

The commandeur promised to inform Madame Davidoff the moment there was any occasion for her to leave this place. Monsieur D'Osasque said he was afraid there was not a hope left that Paris would resist. I accompanied Madame Davidoff to Lady L—— B——: she has a pleasing manner, but her religious sentiments are too bigotted, and her endeavours to convert Mr. ——, a gay young man, a friend of her husband's, were too much of that school which is *sujet à caution*. Lady L—— said she looked upon Bonaparte's being permitted to return, as a punishment for the allied sovereigns having disputed about their own petty points of interest, and also as the means of extirpating the Catholic religion, against which she seemed quite furious. This violent zeal for our own mode of worship, where the great points of Christian faith and trust are the same, appears to me intolerant and blameable. I did not suffer my opinions, however, to impede Lady L——'s eloquence.

I dined at Lady S——'s, with the Consul D'Espagne and the Consul D'Angleterre, and that most disagreeable man, Col. C——. The nonsense that was talked at dinner put me out of all patience; and making jokes on the most

awful events and dispensations of Providence, seems to me the dullest as well as the most senseless and unfeeling conduct.

Thursday, 16th March, 1815.—I have determined to remain here until war is absolutely at the gate, and I shall then go to Geneva; for I dread returning to England, though many circumstances combine to make me doubtful whether or not I shall ever bring myself to go thither again. I saw Lady Glenbervie, who is all anxiety about her husband. Went in the evening to Lady S——, who is all gall to hers.

Friday, the 17th.—Lord S—— called on me to tell me that Colonel Bourke had four transports at his disposal, and as his regiment was ordered to go over the Col de Tende, and to occupy that part of the country, these transports were to return to Genoa, and should take his family, or any of his English friends, for nothing; but that they would be obliged to sail twenty-four hours after he left Nice. Lord S—— begged me only to make this offer known to Lady Glenbervie. The reason that Colonel Bourke wished it to be kept secret, was, that he apprehended all the English who are flocking here from Marseilles, &c. might apply to him for conveyance to Genoa,

and bring him into some scrape, as he could not be of use to them all. I declined the offer of this conveyance to Genoa, as it appeared probable, from the recall of troops, that no present apprehension was entertained for this place.

There were flying reports all day of Bonaparte's having met with some check, and his being driven back to Lyons. It was also said that Louis XVIII. was riding about the streets of Paris, and saying he never would quit it, but with his life—that Soult had been discovered in a conspiracy, and that he had been shot. But all these were only vague reports, which could not even be traced to their reporter. I went with Lady S—— to pay visits. She was all bustle and delight at leaving Nice, caring little for the cause, like a child freed from a dull bondage. Her mind is very desultory; she is not devoid of capacity, or rather, of quickness; but it is *a garden full of weeds*, a most confused assemblage of rank and overgrown evils. Colonel Bourke, whom we met, told me his destination was changed, and that he and his troops were going straight to Genoa, and that he wished I would avail myself of his offer to convey me thither; but Lady Glenbervie, who is here alone and unprotected, having asked me to remain, I should feel myself quite a barbarian to leave her, till her husband returns to her.

She read me a letter from him to-day, written Tuesday last, in which he says that Monsieur de Revelt, governor there, has desired him particularly to remain a day or two longer. Lady Glenbervie reads the sense of these words *mystically*, and supposes that they expect some attack to be made there, of which however they are not certain, and may not speak, but that they wish Lord Glenbervie before he leaves Genoa (with the intention of bringing her back there) to be acquainted with the truth. This may or may not be, but I rather think Lord Glenbervie* is only amusing himself, however late in the day.

Reports came to Madame Davidoff, through a German here who has a brother at Leghorn, who wrote him word that Murat is at Florence; this tallies with the notion of an attack being contemplated at Genoa. Spent the evening at Lady Glenbervie's, with Lady W—— and Lady S——

Saturday, 18th March.—Lady S—— made sure of setting off the next day, by packing up her children in Colonel Bourke's transport, and sending them to Genoa. The Archdeacon and Lady

* Lord Glenbervie was a man of a refined and elegant mind, and famous, when Sylvester Douglas, the *protégé* of Lord North, for being so profound a lawyer, that he was termed the very "Dungeon of Law."

Waldegrave decided to go over the Col de Tende: they were to set off on Monday; the B——s also, and Mrs. S——. This was a general breaking up of the English colony, and I felt melancholy to be the only one who was tied by circumstances to remain, whether I would or not. No letters seem to pass through Paris, an additional cause of vexation. I received a letter from the Princess,

Dated 15th March, 1815, Civetta Vecchia.

"MA CHERE ——,

"Je me trouve depuis deux jours à Civitat Vecchia, ou j'attende ma frigatte de Naples, La Clorinde, qui doit directement me mèner à Livorne. Lady Charlotte Lindsay et Monsieur F. North sont les seules personnes qui m'accompagne, mais ils sont obligée de me quitter alors pour ce rendre en Angleterre. Madame Falconniere la femme de mon banquier, qui est avec ses deux petite filles pour ce rendre en Suisse pour voir sés fils, elle pourra bien ce rendre jusqua Nice en cas que ma lettre que je vous ai ecrit a Rome ne sera point arrivè.

Helas! combien de choses j'ai a vous communiquer. Mon plan ainsi est de rester dans la maison de Lady Charlotte Campbell à Nice pour deux jours, mais le petit Guilliaume et Mademoiselle Dumont nous avons tous nos lits ainsi une

chambre, est tous ce qui est necessaire. Mes gens je les enverrais dans une auberge, et Madame Falconniere peut d'abord ce rendre dans une auberge, puis ce rendre en Suisse. Je pourrais alors faire quelque arrangement avec vous, ou de prendre une maison pres de Nice pour jouir de votre societé, et de celle de Lady C. Campbell, ou de nous rendre a Gene, ou j'avais deja pris une maison en cas que Napoleon ne resistoit plus. J'ai quitté Naples dans la plus grande vitesse possible. Lady E. Forbes se rende en Angleterre—Monsieur Craven chez sa mere a Paris—Monsieur Hesse pour l'Angleterre, et je crois que Sir William Gell reste encore quelque temps a Naple.* Je deteste Naples, et ne compte jamais d'y retourner, sur tout les rapports, mais enfin bouche close pour ce moment.*

" J'éspere que Lady Charlotte Campbell aussi bien que sa fille seront contente de mon arrangement de la prèndre comme bedchamber women, avec l'appointement de deux cents par année. J'attend Monsieur St. Leger et sa fille bien tot, ainsi j'aurais assez de monde autour de moi.

" Votre très sincere amie,

" P. C."

* The sudden alteration in Her Royal Highness's mind respecting Naples, seems at best very capricious; and, by all I ever heard, was totally without any rational foundation, as every one showed her attention and respect till her strange, unaccountable conduct caused them to leave her society.

As usual, the poor Princess wrote the above letter evidently in a state of excitement, and was considerably annoyed at being forsaken by all her English attendants. I fear she will never retain respectable persons about her, for she is unreasonable in her demands on their services, and leads so desultory a life, and oftentimes one so wholly unfitting her dignity as a woman (much more as Princess of Wales), that those most attached to her can least bear to witness her downfall, which this *wandering mania*, without a proper aim or object, is very likely to effect.

I spent the evening at Lady S——'s. Madame de Corvesi was there, and related all the horrors of the first Revolution, which she witnessed. I felt ashamed of not feeling more regret than I did at bidding Lady S—— adieu, for she has been kind and hospitable to me. Yet she has made no way in my heart, or even in *my liking*. She does not care whether she has or no, and so we both parted without any sorrow, though we have lived in intimacy for a length of time. I received a note from the Duchess of ——, desiring me to take lodgings for her and Lady B——h here from Wednesday next.*

* E. Duchess of ——, was to her dying day a most fascinating woman, but the moral character she bore was not favourable, since she was accused of gallantries and intrigues of all descriptions. The well-known story of her having agreed

Sunday, 19th March.—Mr. Vivian preached a very affecting sermon, taking leave of his congregation. We, that is to say, almost all the English, received the sacrament, and parted in peace. After church, I received the farewell visit.

with her friend G. Duchess of ——— to exchange their children, should the offspring of the latter prove to be a girl, is the principal fault of which she stands accused. Perhaps, however, she was calumniated; but certain it is, that an eye witness related to me a circumstance which seemed to confirm the truth of this black story. The present Duke ——— appeared for a length of time to have a strong aversion to his mother-in-law, the sometime Lady ———, and one day, when she hung over him and kissed his forehead, the Duke turned away as though he had been touched by a basilisk. But subsequently, after his repeated visits to her when she resided chiefly at Rome, his manner entirely changed, and he evinced the utmost pleasure in her society, and the greatest affection for her person. It was said that this change in his feelings towards her was wrought by the Duchess having declared to him the secret of his birth, and his being her own child. It is also said that this great man cannot marry. Many are the fair and noble who have aspired to become Duchess of ——, yet they have all been disappointed. Rumour says, the Duke is only suffered by the rightful heir to enjoy the title and estates for his lifetime, in order not to disgrace the family by a disclosure of the truth. But possibly the whole of these suppositions are false, and perhaps the Duke of ——— has never married, because he would not be espoused for the sake of his great name and fortune. If, however, it is true that he holds his station on such a tenure, what a *fausse position!* Can it have afforded him one hour's real pleasure? This romance in real life was once dramatized under the title of "*The False Friends*," and that by a friend of the ——— family; yet, strange to say, the authoress of the play did not incur their displeasure. E. Duchess of ——— completed her reputation for being a clever woman, by performing the part of

of Mr. V——, and, while he was talking to me, a stranger entered with a letter from the Princess of Wales. I was confused and awkward, as I always am at the mention of certain royal names. The person announced himself as Mr. M——, and the letter was merely a note, saying she meant to be at Nice in May, and to return to London for next winter. This last intelligence gave me pleasure, but I fear she will not keep to her present determination. Then, at the bottom of the paper was written in broken French, the bearer of this is a spy, and does not speak a word of truth, and is altogether *odious*. This is the second time Her Royal Highness has sent persons

ambassadress, under the rose, from the court of England to the Papal See. One of the occasions on which she exercised her sway over the Pope was, when the Queen Caroline (which she was then become) returned to Rome the last time, on her way back to England. The Duchess prevented his Holiness from showing Her Majesty the smallest civility, and he refused her a guard of honour, or any of the honours due to her rank. It was a weak and servile trait of character in Pius VI. to allow himself to change his conduct toward the Queen, whom he had formerly received with so much courtesy; but Cardinal Gonzalvi it was, who probably regulated him in this, as in most other points, and he was, as is well known, subject to the Duchess of ——, who was desperately in love with the Cardinal. Whenever she saw him approach, her whole frame was in trepidation, and no girl of fifteen ever betrayed a more romantic passion for her lover than did this distinguished, but then antiquated lady, for the Cardinal. It is to be doubted whether he returned the tender passion, but his idea of the Duchess's consequence at the English court induced him to '*se laisser aimer.*'

to me with similar letters of introduction. I had very near laughed in the man's face when I read the comical letter of recommendation he brought of himself.

Mr. M—— proved to be *such a talker*. Oh! but such a talker. I never heard his equal. I thought myself obliged to ask him to come to me the ensuing evening. He did not go away till my dinner was on the table; and if it had not been for Lord B——,* who came to take leave of me, I do not think he would ever have left me.

Lord Glenbervie is returned at last; he looked as gay as a lark. Ah! it is always the poor women who suffer, who lament in absence, and who fear even in the presence of those they love. Lord G. knew no public news, and was determined to go to Genoa; because, he said, there was better fare to be had there. Lady Glenbervie, too sick and too English to enjoy anything but home, thought only with pleasure of getting thither, and of Genoa being a step to that desired haven of rest. I was *not able* to be amused by Lord Glenbervie.

Monday, 20th.—Every body left Nice to-day; and although nobody was very dear to me, I felt a good will to all, and a sad melancholy at being

* This nobleman was one of the last living witnesses present at the marriage ceremony of G. the Prince of W—— with Mrs. F——t, both in the Catholic and Episcopal form.

left alone, as it were, in a state of suspense. There is a hope of better public news, that is to say, of a successful resistance made by the allied powers. Mr. M—— passed the whole evening with me, and rattled till I felt not to have an idea left.

Tuesday, 21st.—Walked to Ville Franche by a romantic path of mountainous and picturesque beauty. The corn and beans that are springing up under the olives, the fruit-trees in luxuriant blossom, the flowers blowing among the corn, narcissus and anemonies in wild profusion, presented an enchanting scene. I met Madame Davidoff, and we rowed across the Bay of Ville Franche. A Miss E——, the governess of Madame Davidoff's children, a poor quiet little personage, who seems estimable, but very miserable, accompanied us; yet not miserable through Madame Davidoff, but because a governess's is always a miserable situation, and she detests the Governor.

If she be a superior person (and who would like to place an inferior-minded one about their children)? a governess is apt to gain such an influence over her pupils, that the mother becomes jealous. Then the governess is treated like a servant, and as if she were not fit to live with ladies and gentlemen, though she is chosen to bring up the dearest objects of affection. It is a hateful *métier* to those who have to fulfill it; and if the

mother is a good, feeling person, it is painful to her to have to treat the governess with coldness, and to keep her at the distance marked out between the holder of that office, and the elder members of the family.

When I came home, I met Mr. Stanford, who told me Lady B—— * was arrived. In the evening I called on her and Lady L. B——y, who has not yet left Nice; but neither of them could receive me, so I went to the Miss Langston's, and could have listened to their good instrument with pleasure, had it not been for the tiresome clack of Mr. M——.

Wednesday, 29th March.—This last week, one of my overcoming periods of returning sadness stopped my pen. Suspense, astonishment, dismay, have all combined to make me feel that common daily notes were trivial and insufficient to express my state of mind. Lady Elphinstone, her sister, a tutor, her boy and girl, and Lord and Lady Malpas † and her sister, a Miss Campbell, are also arrived.

* Lady B——, one of Mr. Coutts' daughters, a very amiable person, it is supposed she was married to her son's tutor; but not considering him of sufficient rank to be the father-in-law of her children, she never avowed her marriage.

† Lord M. had just abjured the Roman Catholic faith, which some little time before he had professed, but was converted *from his conversion* to that Church by the mother of Miss Campbell, whom he married, and who afterwards died. He then became Methodist, in which persuasion, it is believed, he remains, having espoused the daughter of the house of B——.

The Duchess of D—— has postponed her intended journey hither. Public news still uncertain. One hour one report takes the lead, the next, another, till conjecture is baffled, and belief is wholly suspended. Yesterday it was confidently asserted that Bonaparte entered Paris on the 20th, at night; that not a blow was struck, or a resistance made, but that he entered amidst acclamations and rejoicings; that he had published various proclamations; some saying that Prussia should pay dearly for its conduct, and that Austria also should be punished. As to England, he added, "England is our friend; we have nothing to fear in that quarter (how invidious!) Other manifestos declared that Marseilles was "hors de la Loi." It was added that Napoleon was to be crowned on the 1st of May, with many other particulars; but nothing was known certainly of the King. Some said he had fled to Brussels. In the evening, however, the whole of this news seemed very doubtful, as no authentic account had been received by the Commandant, or none that he would acknowledge. What was as agitating to my private interests was, hearing the Princess had arrived at Genoa, by a letter from Lady Glenbervie, written on Good Friday; alas! giving me such accounts of every thing on that score, as made me tremble.

SECTION III.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

On board the Clorinde, Captain Pechell, Sunday, 2nd April, 1815.—Who knows what a day may bring forth? The very next day after that on which I last wrote my Journal, I spent the morning in gazing at a large vessel that was on the horizon, without any presentiment that it was to convey me away so soon. Mr. Denison and the Consul came to visit me; the latter informed me that this vessel was the Princess's frigate, the Clorinde, and was arrived at Ville Franche, to convey Lady Charlotte Campbell and her family to Genoa.

The Consul brought me several letters, one from the Princess, and one from Lady Glenbervie, both requesting me to accompany Lady C. Campbell.

What a multitude of contradictory emotions rapidly chaced each other through my heart! The secret wish I have long felt to go to Genoa was in some degree checked by the doubts and fears

of the ultimate good of this wish being gratified; besides, on a first hearing, the idea of my being conveyed away in a moment seemed impossible. I took my letters, and read them with a palpitating heart. The note from Captain Pechell recommended my going on board immediately, as he said Lady C. Campbell intended to do so; and another note, from a Captain Campbell, who commands the Tremendous, the flag ship at Genoa, desired the Clorinde might not be detained above an hour. I wrote, therefore, declaring my inability to obey Her Royal Highness's summons, unless the Clorinde could wait till Saturday; and when I went to Lady Charlotte, she said she should be very glad not to leave Nice till that day, as it was extremely inconvenient to her and her family to set off so suddenly. We were kept in suspense till evening, when Captain Pechell came to Lady C——, where I dined. Madame Davidoff entered at the same moment, with one of her "Wells?"

I expected to see a certain tall *pata pouff* son of Lady Pechell's, and to my astonishment I beheld a very well-looking young man, but a perfect stranger. I felt confused, from the nature of my own hopes and fears, but when Lady Charlotte made known her wish not to go away till Saturday, he immediately agreed to wait till that time.

Our destiny was now decided on this point, and Lady C. dismissed us all early; and the next day we were all busy preparing for our departure. My physical as well as mental nature is always much affected by any variety of events, particularly by the fulfilment of those which I have myself wished for, or endeavoured to bring about. I scarcely could persuade myself that my departure was so near at hand, for although I had long thought it possible the Princess of Wales would send for me, I did not imagine it would be so at this moment; but thus it ever is through life, and death itself arrives as unforeseen, as unprepared for, as all that precedes it. From the instant I heard the news, universal confusion succeeded in my occupations and hours, and I neither slept nor ate till yesterday, at four o'clock, when we embarked. My feelings are always roused to regret at leaving a place where I have passed some pleasant hours, and the general state of public affairs is so unsettled and awful, that to leave a quiet spot, one little likely to be disturbed by the general commotion or any scene of horror, to go to one which, if war becomes general, cannot fail to be the scene of strife, made me feel nervous. Captain Pechell is well-looking, and has pleasing manners.

In the morning before I embarked, I walked all over Nice to take leave of those I knew, many

of whom had showed me not a little kindness; Mesdames De St. Agatha, De Cezolles, &c. &c. I met the Denisons, who, through the means of Melisse, their drawing master, had leave to go and see Madame De Sevigné's picture. I requested to be of the party, and accordingly, wearied as I was, and full of cares, I took the opportunity, and beheld, in an old room full of cobwebs and dirt, this famous woman's resemblance. It speaks for itself, and must surely be an original. It is very like the one at Strawberry Hill, but has more truth and less affectation in the expression. It is not a face of regular beauty; the nose is even coarse, but the mouth is beautiful, and the eyes lustrous; the whole countenance is expressive of refinement and tenderness. How much I regretted not having attempted to copy it all the time I was at Nice; but I had put off doing so from day to day, and felt, for the hundredth time, that procrastination is our great and fatal enemy. I might have learnt to draw, I might have copied this famous picture! I might have been*——whereas what am I, and what have I done? Alas! alas! I should particularly have liked to have had her picture, for of all the generations who have praised

* "I might have been." Miss Landon, or rather L. E. L. (those mystical letters which are affixed to so many a sweet rhyme) has immortalized those sad words, in some very beautiful verses, lately published.

Madame de Sevigné, and commended her writings, I am certain no one has ever entered more completely into the sentiment of her delightful letters than myself.

It is melancholy that no similar instance of so perfect a love between parent and child has since been upon record. Doubtless, very many a true and devoted affection has subsisted between such relations, who have not chronicled their love on paper, in the middle or lower classes; but when do we hear of the like amongst the great? Oh! for a Madame de Sevigné and a Madame de Grignan in these days! How the publication of such a correspondence as theirs would please me. It combined all the romance of love, with all the sober steadfastness of affection.—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I hope and believe there are thousands such instances of love, that do not transpire to the knowledge of the world; but I should like that such a one should be discovered and brought to light.

I looked at Nice with interest on the day we embarked. It was a beautiful evening. I felt a tender regret at the idea that I looked at it for

the last time. The last time! there is a fund of sadness in those words.

What a magnificent thing a forty-eight gun frigate is! how grand, how imposing. It is a command which must inspire a certain confidence in the commander; that mastering of the elements is a noble prerogative, and when gentleness and suavity of manners accompanies strength, one feels respect for the being who unites these qualities. It would seem to me (as far as a cursory view of character can give a fair estimate) that Captain Pechell possesses them.

We had the finest possible weather, and remained on deck till we got under weigh, gazing on the slowly receding shore. After tea we went again on deck: the stars appeared gradually in the heaven, till it was richly spangled with their trembling light. A few sparks of fire ran upon the ripple of the wave, and we glided imperceptibly along the coast of the maritime Alps. The scene, the circumstances, and my own situation, together with reflections on the public history of the time, the wondrous convulsion in which the ambition of a single individual has thrown the whole of Europe,—filled my mind with thoughts too numerous, too vast, to be defined.

Monday, 3rd of April, on board the Clorinde.—I slept, but it was a sleep so disturbed, so unlike

that which steeps the senses in forgetfulness, that I scarcely felt refreshed. Walking on the deck, and feeling the fresh breeze, gave me new vigour. Lady Charlotte Campbell is a sweet-mannered person; I should not say she was a happy one. Her children are a fine family: Miss Eleanor Campbell, I think, will be a beautiful girl, and they are all peculiarly agreeable for such young persons.

Lady C.'s friend, Mademoiselle La Chaux, is clever, and must have been handsome. I like the Captain and his brother very much; they convey the idea of being good and respectable persons. They both draw prettily, and have good taste for music, although no scientific or improved knowledge. I conversed with Captain Pechell, who seemed to have formed a sad opinion of all the doings at Naples. Without implicating any one, I made my own way of thinking sufficiently known, to prove that it had nothing in common with the situation I held. This I was glad to do, and thought it but justice to myself.'

I heard, among other strange inuendos, that the Princess of Wales wanted to go with Murat to Ancona, and that nothing but his positively refusing to receive Her Royal Highness, prevented her going thither. She then embarked at Civita Vecchia, which was the worst place, it seems, she could have chosen, as they were

obliged to row out several miles to sea, and it was eight days before the Captain could get near enough to take her on board!

It is known, I am sorry to say, by every one, that she has quarrelled with Sir William Gell, and Mr. Craven, and Lady E. Forbes; in short, things, I trust, are going to change during Lady Charlotte Campbell's and my reign, or else we shall be obliged to suffer much, and ultimately to quit her service. Lady C. was much distressed to hear all Captain Pechell related, and the opinions he expressed about the poor deluded Princess. I cannot help hoping that Her Royal Highness will be influenced by our presence, and the force of circumstances, to better and wiser conduct; and, indeed, I think she has suffered enough to have disgusted herself with her late behaviour. She has nothing for it but to go home to England; but if she goes home, it must not be by sea, or we cannot accompany her.

Tuesday, 4th April, 1815.—Still on board the Clorinde. After an anxious night, I rose to pass the same sort of desultory day. I like my captain and his brother very much, and feel more acquainted with them than if I had been years on shore, and had no particular subject of interest to have made us acquainted. A selfish feeling of being under his care for the time, produces that

sort of interest which long intimacy in other cases alone produces. Captain Pechell, in particular, has a respectable, good countenance, and a gentleness of demeanour, which is an excellent substitute for courtly manners.

We danced on deck, and I was surprised at my own security and my ability to dance, as there was a considerable motion, and the wind constantly against us, but the scenery was so beautiful, and the weather so fine, I found the time too short which I passed on board the Clorinde. The Captain, too, enjoyed the voyage; he told me confidently that he had not done so when carrying Lady O——d and her family; and that the behaviour of the young Lord H—— had very much shocked him.

Wednesday, 5th April, 1815.—Still on board. All was doubtful as to our arrival; a heavy rolling sea and little wind; what wind there was being against us. Sometimes they said we should reach Genoa that night; sometimes that we could not. The latter proved the case, but we came within seven or eight miles of the city, which was illuminated, and appeared like a magical crescent bending round the bay. The circumstance of this illumination made us guess there was bad news; bad for our way of thinking. Either Murat had entered, or the Pope

had fled thither, as it was reported he was to have done. I looked, till from fatigue I could look no longer, at the beauty of the illuminated town; and after one more tedious night, we anchored in the harbour of Genoa, about ten o'clock on Wednesday, the 5th of April.

For the first time in my life, reality exceeded imagination. The magnificence and beauty of this town, its situation, its gay and clean appearance (so unlike all other Italian towns in that respect), exceed description. The city is built on terraces, which descend to the sea-shore. The form of the bay is that of a crescent, which is terminated on either side by rocks; on one of which the principal part of the town is built, the cathedral, &c.: on the other, the light-house. Orange, ever-greens, oaks, oleanders, and other trees and shrubs, are mingled among the marble palaces, and the hills rise in grand amphitheatre at the back of this enchanted scene.

I came on shore first with the Captain, in his gig. The Princess of Wales's palace is composed of red and white marble; two large gardens, in the dressed formal style, extend some way on either side of the wings of the building, and conduct to the principal entrance by a rising terrace of grass, ill kept, indeed, but which in careful hands would be beautiful. The hall and stair-

case are of fine dimensions, although there is no beauty in the architecture, which is plain, even to heaviness; but a look of lavish magnificence dazzles the eyes. The large apartments, decorated with gilding, painted ceilings, and fine, though somewhat faded, furniture, have a very regal appearance. The doors and windows open to a beautiful view of the bay, and the balmy air which they admit conspires to captivate the senses. I should think this palace and this climate, and its customs, must suit the Princess, if anything can suit her. Poor woman! she is ill at peace with herself; and when that is the case, what can please? Still there is a soothing power in this soft breeze, which, in despite of every circumstance, lulls the mind for a time into forgetfulness. Certainly there is no place which, from its climate and its customs, combines so much to deaden mental suffering as Italy; these contribute, even to a fearful extent, to an indolence of body and soul, which, though it gives *temporary relief*, is inimical to a healthful vigor of mind; and when aroused from that state of mental torpor into which it casts us, and that we are obliged to return to a ruder climate, or endure some new trial, or perform active duties of common life, it is too often found that Italy and its opium have done harm in a moral sense, if not in a physical one.

What a long digression from my Journal! I am often ashamed when I read over what I have written, to see how I allow my mind to wander, and my pen to note down so many of its vagaries; yet I never have resolution to amend the style of my diary; and why should I not indulge myself by giving way to my feelings? One must confide in some one, or in something; and though it is very melancholy to be obliged to have recourse to the latter, still it is a comfort to have no secrets from one's Journal. It is this entire confidence, and this alone, which renders it a pleasure to keep one.

The Princess received me in one of the drawing rooms, opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell (who came in soon after me) with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported; six feet high, a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from *here to London*. Such *is the stork*. But of course I only appeared to take him for an upper servant. The Princess immediately

took me aside, and told me all that was true, and a great deal that was not. The same decoction of mingled lies and truth is in use as heretofore. Oh! that some one would break the vial, and spill the vile liquid which she is using to her destruction in this world, as well as in the next!

Her Royal Highness said that G— and C— had behaved very ill to her, and I am tempted to believe they have not behaved well; but then how did she behave to them? Besides, she began telling me such stories of them as made me sick, and that I in no ways believe, which immediately proved to me that she was lying from the littleness of her heart.

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

All this I laid to its right account, but it made me tremble to think what anger would induce a woman to do, when she abused these her best friends for their cavalier manner of treating her. If there was any cause of complaint I am sure it was brought about by her own conduct, and I lament that it should have been so.

"Well, when I left Naples, you see, my dear," continued the Princess, "those gentlemen refused to go with me, unless I returned immediately to England. They supposed I should be so miserable without them, that I would do anything they

desired me; and when they found I was too glad *to go red of 'em* (as she called it), they wrote the most humble letters, and thought I would take them back again; whereas they were very much mistaken. I had *got red of them*, and I would remain so."

Then came a description of the King and Queen of Naples, the stable boy, and Bonaparte's sister. *He* was all delightful, *she* was false and furious. The stable boy was a prince in disguise!

As to public news, the Princess repeated what I had heard before, that the Pope had fled hither, i. e. to Genoa; that Murat had declared the independence of Italy; that he said, if the King of Sardinia gave up Genoa, he would not attempt to take it; that he wished for nothing so much as the friendship of the English; and that he hoped the Princess would *agréer* his letter to Lord W. Bentinck, which was to this effect. She then proceeded to show me a note she had received from Murat, a mere sugar-plum, not ill-written, but beginning "Madame, ma chère, chère Sœur," in quality of one king treating with his fellow sovereign. She also read me her answer. Such an answer! Certainly, not unclever, but so flippant, so much beneath her dignity, so strange, and so wild, that I think if it remains upon record, it will afford one of the most curious specimens of

royal letter-writing that ever was written. I cannot say how vexed I am at every fresh instance of the Princess's folly, and whenever she commits herself on paper, I am doubly annoyed, for though so full of faults, or rather, to call them by their right name, vices, she has a noble and kindly nature; and I always return to her education, to the example set to her by those who ought to have guarded her youth, not to have exposed it to be sullied by every degrading circumstance that could contaminate her character.

She has heaped benefits on Lady C. C——, and sent her a thousand ducats in hard cash as soon as she arrived. Lady C. told me this, and spoke with gratitude and affection towards our poor mistress, though she confessed that it was painful to owe gratitude where esteem could not cancel the debt. "Yet," added Lady C. "I hope my services are of some use to Her Royal Highness, and that the balance is pretty even on the score of obligation."

After my long *tête-à-tête* with the Princess, we walked out on the terrace from her boudoir. This terrace commands a view of the harbour of Genoa, the city placed around its beautiful crescent, and all this seen through trellices of oleander and various creeping plants, trained in good order round these lattice works; at the feet of which

are beds of every kind of flower, all now in full bloom and fragrance; and at the ends of the different walks are marble fountains of classical designs, and quantities of the purest springs constantly descending from sources in the rock above, and refreshing every thing with their cool and translucent waters. From this terrace you ascend to another, and then another, till you reach the wood above. The wood consists of the most beautiful evergreens, and various shrubs and plants of lighter foliage scattered throughout. There is an ascent by a winding path to the summit of the rock above. I only went half way, but intend to explore further some day, only this part of the grounds is locked up by the Giant, and without applying to him, there is no entrance—a circumstance, together with his guardianship, which must lessen all enjoyment of the scene. From the same story on which one of the lady's bedrooms is placed, there is an egress to a terrace, which Her Royal Highness calls Lady ——'s terrace: it is very beautiful, and there is a large fountain on a broad marble pavement, where one might pass hours and days of happiness in a scene truly enchanting, were it not for that vacuum in the heart which demands other aliment than the mere gratification of the senses.

Lord and Lady Glenbervie dined with the Princess, as did Madame Falconet and her two

daughters, who seem to be quiet, decent people, but very like chamber-maids.

Thursday, 6th of April.—Breakfasted at the palace. Had I any occupation under the sun, I would prefer it to that of waiting upon this royal lady; but, having none, I am glad of this one, unsuited as it is to my taste in every way. I walked through this most beautiful of all towns. In saying this, I do not throw out a chance expression: it appears to me to be, as I say, the most beautiful of all towns. I walked through the Strada Nova and Novissima, Bocca Negra, &c.; passed the Doria palace, famous for its history, but reckoned the least splendid of the palaces. These streets are a succession of palaces. Large porte-cochères open into corridors supported by columns, and others into spacious courts, from whence flights of marble steps, covered with statues, ascend to the apartments above; and in the midst of these staircases are fountains and large vases of flowers, placed on the sides of the balustrades. Almost every palace has its garden, and there is a lavish magnificence expressed in every feature of the place, which seems to say that liberty and commerce are the foundation of all greatness. The refinement of classic elegance and pure architecture is not found here, but such grandeur, such picturesque effect, such wildness

of magnificence, and such a scorn of gold, are impressed on every object, that even taste itself leaves its nicer discrimination, to feel all the romance of unfettered fancy; and loses its fastidiousness in admiration.

I went to Lady S——; found her very kind, but *he* was kinder than her (I mean Lord S.) Lady S. and Miss M—— were going to see the Pope. There has been some little affront on the part of the Princess towards his Holiness. I met Lord B——. He has a kind and affectionate manner, and evinced it so very strongly towards me, that I cannot choose but like him. He walked about the town with me, then dined with the Princess, who likes him exceedingly; so does or did her royal husband, the Prince. He was the friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and could, I should think, reveal many a curious anecdote; but he is an upright man, and if the Prince has changed towards him, I do not think he would resent the change, or take revenge for unkindness, by disclosing what was entrusted to him, at the time of the Prince's friendship for him. I have often observed that the Prince and Princess of Wales have a strange sympathy in their loves and hatreds.

Friday, 7th April.—The Princess received a visit from Lady W. Bentinck, accompanied by Madame D'Osmond, the French Ambassador's

wife, and Madame D'Auloyne, or some such name, her daughter. The first is a very cross-looking personage, and the Princess's manner of receiving her did not lessen this crossness. For some reason or other, or more likely from some caprice, Her Royal Highness chose to treat Madame D'Osmont like a dog; hardly spoke, and what she did say was dry and disagreeable. When these persons were dismissed, Lady W. Bentinck was desired to remain a moment alone with the Princess; so Lady C. Campbell and myself, who were in attendance, accompanied Madame D'Osmont into the ante-chamber. The latter, said if the Princess had not a mind to receive the French Ambassador's wife, she need not, but that it was quite unnecessary to be so uncivil. I made an excuse, saying, Her Royal Highness had many private subjects of annoyance, and that I was sure some unpleasant news must have been the cause of making her so silent. And this excuse was in part true, for she had received letters from H—— about money matters, which considerably embarrassed her. Madame D'Osmont replied, with bitterness, "Yes; I should think she must have many *private causes* of disturbance."

"Murat is advancing rapidly," observed Madame D'Osmont, after a pause. I looked grave, and affected not to understand. Shortly after,

I changed the conversation, and expressed my own sentiments. She caught my hand, and said, warmly, "Thank you—thank you, for that." I forgave her her former crossness. Soon after, Lady W. Bentinck came out, and they all went away. The Princess then made known to me her wild schemes of travelling on, and on, to the Lord knows where, and complained bitterly that Lady C. C——l had declined remaining in her household, and said, when Her Royal Highness left Genoa, she would give up her situation. The Princess asked me then, "Who shall I take along with me?" I ventured to name Miss M——e. "I think she will do." Yes; because she knows not what else will. She told me Lady W. Bentinck was a very meddling woman, and why? because she had not forwarded a letter she gave her to Murat. "But she shall know that I never take advice. I have a banker at Florence, and a banker here, and will write to my banker at Florence, to give the letter, which I will inclose to him. By G—, when I will do a thing, I *doot*,"—and she walked to and fro.

Monsieur De La Rue was announced. Her Royal Highness desired him to talk to me while she wrote some letters. We walked in the beautiful garden, but he is a tiresome man. Lord Glenbervie always dines here; a very great comfort.

The Princess held a sort of drawing room in the evening, which was respectfully attended, and went off very properly. Among the persons who came to it, were the Queen of Etruria, and the Archduke Constantine.

Saturday, 8th April.—I went with Lady Glenbervie to a Signor Negri, one of the nobles of Genoa. He is a poet, an improvisatore, and a musician. His house and garden are a little terrestrial paradise: never did I see such an enchanted spot. It only wants the comfort of sophas and chairs, to make it quite perfect. One terrace above another, leads to grottos, bowers, trellices, from all of which different views of Genoa present themselves, in exquisite points of beauty. Flowers innumerable embalm the air. Signor Negri improvisèd at our request. It was the first time I ever heard verse poured forth in spontaneous numbers. The wonder of that power, the answering flame of poetic fire with which it inspired me, all combined to inebriate my fancy. I had but an imperfect understanding, however, of his lays. The theme Lady Glenbervie gave him was The Poet's Paradise.

He commenced by an apology, went on to call the beauties of spring to his aid, and then made allusion to some of our poets, Dryden and Milton, from whence he very ingeniously descended to

praise the female part of his audience. I do not believe there was anybody present, but Dr. H. who knew much about it. Nevertheless, I admired his talent, though I did not think his subject well chosen. He played well on the harp; but what pleased me most was, that Signor Negri told me he had been at D——. I felt proud to tell him it was the place of my forefathers; those honourable forefathers of whom I may justly feel proud. He admired the grandeur of its scenery, although so different in its character of beauty from this. And on my saying we also can boast of poetry and song, he named Ossian and Burns, and immediately began reciting some lines in praise of Ossian's Malvina, which he said he well remembered. His voice was rather melodious, but nothing more.

I do not think he *excels* in any of the accomplishments he professes, but he loves them all with the ardour peculiar to his countrymen. He reverences the arts, and pursues them with an *estro* that does one's heart good. What a pity it is that those who are endowed with the mechanical power of skill in small things, often lack the enthusiasm and feeling which others, who have less handicraft and head, possess in such a pre-eminent degree. Lady C. C—— sang a Scotch song to him in return, which he did not much care for, because the words were not particularly fine,

and he regards music only as the conveyance of poetry.

A Monsieur and Madame D'Amiser, or D'è Amer (I know not which) dined at the Princess's. She is a Neapolitan, he is a French general, who served Murat, and is attached to him, but, owing to some dissatisfaction, leaves the court of Naples, and is returning to Bourdeaux. I was left to talk to him *en tête-à-tête*, and found him a very sensible, agreeable man, more like a solid quiet Englishman than a foreigner. He is only thirty, but might be any age, from his appearance. I never saw so old-looking a person for his time of life. He spoke reasonably about politics; said he had never known the Bourbons, and was too young to have formed any attachment to them; but, had he once sworn fidelity, he never would have been so vile as to have forsaken their cause. The evening was tolerably agreeable.

Sunday, April 9th, 1815.—Went out at eight o'clock, to see the Pope perform mass in the cathedral, but was too late to be able to see any part of the ceremony. The church was so crowded, there was hardly room to squeeze through the middle aisle. We met, however, the Pope's secretary, who directed me very civilly, through a low door, into an adjoining house belonging to some Cardinal, where the Pope was to go after mass to

take refreshment. The soldiers who lined the way, at first refused me admittance; but some one cried out "Inglese, Inglese!" and immediately we had way made for us to pass. I went up stairs to a large apartment, where many others waited besides myself; and there I saw *La sua Santità* pass close by me. He is a little man and bowed with age, but of a noble aspect, and a peculiar serenity of countenance. After he had passed by, I was not satisfied with so cursory a glance, and waited in the hope of being presented to him. My friend, his secretary, came forth and desired me to pass into an inner room, a place of greater honour, within two of that in which the Pope was eating cakes and ices. I did so; and I believe I should have been presented to him, had not Dr. Holland unfortunately observed that Lady C. C—— and Lady Glenbervie, whose party I joined, were attendants of the Princess of Wales, thinking that would gain us all more favour. But the title of the poor Princess's attendants conveys no reflected grandeur, but the reverse. I have often remarked this lately with regret, and in the present instance I fancy it is particularly obnoxious, as the Pope at first showed Her Royal Highness every sort of respect, paid her passage through his dominions, &c.; and on returning that way she wholly neglected him, besides committing

some other egregious offences. Accordingly, a message was sent to say the Pope could only receive ladies at his own palace. We were obliged, therefore, to depart unsatisfied; but he sent us out some iced lemonade, which he had blessed, by way of comfort.

After this we went to our own service—it was not performed with that holy and reverent feeling which I have of late witnessed at Nice: still it is gratifying to meet with our own mode of worship in a foreign land.

The Princess drove out in the afternoon and made me accompany her; she uses a shewy equipage, with the courier dressed up, riding on one side, and a man like a puppet-show man, riding before Willikin on the other. She has small cream-coloured poneys, fit only to drive about a park in. Her Royal Highness never goes to see any of the many objects worth seeing here, and never drives through the streets, but confines herself wholly to the delights of the garden at the back of the house. When she goes beyond her own grounds, she only drives on the road called S. Pierre D'Arena, for about six miles. A most beautiful road it is. Lady Glenbervie dined, as usual, with the Princess; a great and continued comfort. I have never yet been able to detect any impropriety of manner, or even

familiarity, towards the courier yet, but I live in fear every moment of having the horrid stories confirmed before my eyes. I should far rather go on doubting than be convinced of their truth. The rascal—for such I am sure he is in the way of cheating Her Royal Highness—is very handsome. I have never hitherto observed anything with regard to him, as I did with the singers. I hope the whole is a lie.

The Princess had evening prayers on Sundays, and some of her English attendants were present. I wish she would attend church; it is a pity she does not, I may say, even for form's sake: it would be a blessing to all that wish her well, that she should mind the outward duties of a Protestant Princess.

Monday, 10th.—Went early in the day to see the Brignole palace, Il Palazzo Rosso. There are four magnificent apartments on each side, on the ground floor, called after the four seasons, with appropriate decorations, and ending in a gallery named "The Life of Man," which idea reminded me of Shakspeare's Seven Ages. Above this range of apartments is another suite, which are let, and are just now occupied by Lady Dalrymple. There are several good pictures: one, the Rape of the Sabines, by Valerio Costello, a Genoese

painter; two half-length figures of our Saviour and the Virgin. There is much sweetness in the expression of the countenances, but little grandeur in the figures, painted by Guido Reni. Two portraits by Vandyck; the one of Antonio Giulio Brignole Sale, on horseback, and his wife; both magnificent specimens of the artist. The horse's head, and the dignity of the male figure, striking. An unpleasant picture (in the conception of the story) of Christ turning the changers out of the Temple, by Gian Francesco Barbari, *detto Il Guercino da Cento*, with a want of heavenly grandeur in the figure of the Saviour wholly unbecoming the sacred character; and two large pictures by Michael Angelo Da Carravagio, the resurrection of Lazarus, the subject of one; that of the other, taken from Tasso, of Soffronia and Olindo at the stake, Clorinda on horseback. These formed the collection. The figure of Clorinda is beautiful; her hand resting on her horse's neck, is very lovely; but she is made the principal figure, and yet is placed in the corner, and so much in the foreground, that half her form and that of her horse alone is seen. There appears to me something ill contrived in the general arrangement of the composition, but it is a pleasing picture, and one I would willingly have carried away. Its companion is in my opinion wholly

manqué: the figures hard and ungraceful, and no sense of awe is inspired in beholding it. These rooms have all painted ceilings. If not by the first masters, they are very tolerably executed, and give a richness to the general effect of an apartment. In those called the Four Seasons, there are magnificent frames to the mirrors, carved in various rare woods, in the most exquisite manner—birds, and insects, and flowers, and fruits, and hanging foliage, after the manner of our Gibbon. In the *Camera detta del Inverno* there hangs a large picture, reckoned fine, by Paolo Da Verona: the subject, Judith cutting off Holofernes' head. A black slave holds the sack in which she is depositing it. The only remarkable circumstance I observed in this picture was, the exact resemblance I saw in its colouring to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Tuesday, 11th of April, 1815.—I went to call on the Princess Grassalkovich. I like her and her Prince vastly. I found it difficult, however, to *twist* the state of things into anything like respectability, and they ended by saying Lady Glenbervie and Lady C. C——l were very good, to remain in their situations. This, alas! is the melancholy account I hear of my royal friend. They detained me so long I was nearly too late to be in waiting

to receive the King of Sardinia's chamberlain, who paid his master's respects very politely to Her Royal Highness. He had a long conference with her, as also the King of Prussia's, Monsieur De Raudel. These persons were telling her the public news when I entered, and I evidently saw it did not please her. They said it was impossible for Murat to pass the Po; and I am sadly afraid the Princess has some foolish mad scheme in her head about him; which frightens me more than the rest of her doings. How much more was this increased when Her Royal Highness asked me, as soon as these chamberlains were departed, if I thought Lady Glenbervie's and Lady C. C——'s health was equal to a journey;—which preface ended by telling me, that next week she intended to go to Venice.

"An affair," said she, "my dear ———, of ten days; *two days* to go, *two* to come back, and four to remain there."*

* Her Royal Highness was not very exact in her calculations! I once heard her ask what o'clock it was? Her page, Mr. Steinmann, answered, "Eight o'clock, please your Royal Highness!" "It does not please me," said she; "it is only six o'clock." "Certainly," replied the well-educated page of honour, "it is only six o'clock, then; as your Royal Highness commands it should be." This was almost as characteristic an answer as was made by the Cardinal de Rohan to the Queen of France, when Her Majesty commanded him to execute some difficult order—"Madame, s'il est possible, c'est deja fait; si c'est impossible, ça se fera"

Four days sufficient, in her estimation, to see Venice! The Princess added, that the whole expense of this *junket* would not be more than a thousand *louis-d'or*; and she holds that sum cheap for a mere fancy! Then she is going to change this house, and go to some other, which she is to see to-day or to-morrow. Captain Pechell is to row her round in his boat to the other side of Genoa. How strange, how wild, are all her thoughts, words, and actions! I really think she has *a bee in her bonnet.* I hope yet something may change this plan. The idea of her crossing over a part of the country so near the seat of war, and of being prevented from getting back here, terrifies us all.

Wednesday, 12th of April.—*We*, that is all Her Royal Highness's attendants, held a council of war at Lady Glenbervie's, and decided that the ladies, at least, should refuse to accompany Her Royal Highness to Venice, as it was most improper to set forth, not knowing if we should be allowed to return.

If she is bent on this excursion, she may choose to go with some of her attendants and myself, but I trust she will be persuaded to defer her intention to a more fitting season.

I went to see St. Cyr, one of the most beautiful

churches in Genoa, perhaps the most so, in respect to the richness of its decorations. It is all marble and precious stones; the pulpit is inlaid like a gem; and the ceiling is richly gilt and painted. From St. Cyr I proceeded to St. Ambrosio. This church contains the finest picture in Genoa, the Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido. The subject is magnificently managed, and contains, in fact, two great ideas—one of earthly, the other of heavenly things; but they are so well blended together, that they become one grand whole. The lower part of the picture consists of the apostles in various attitudes of admiration and adoration: the upper is a semicircle of angels and archangels, seated on clouds, and winging their way to heaven. In the midst is placed the Virgin, clothed in white drapery, her hands meekly folded on her breast—her eyes cast upwards—and the whole head foreshortened. One arm seems to stand out from the canvas. The figure is grandly simple. The whiteness of her garment is at once splendid and yet mellow; her attitude natural, yet graceful in the extreme. There is no *trick* of beauty either in her attire, her air, her expression. She is worshipping supreme power in spirit and in truth, and is borne by angels to supreme beatitude. The whole tone of the picture is one grand solemn tint: the lights fall from the radiance which de-

scends on the Virgin alone, and are thence led off subordinately upon the other figures. Many of the angels are of exquisite beauty and lightness: one of the principal ones to the right, in particular; and beside that one, a little behind him, is the head of a cherub, with hands joined in the attitude of prayer. A thousand minor beauties might be seen in this picture, but we had only a certain time to gaze and to admire, and I was desirous to look at the others. Two more, said to be by Reubens, and in his style, are in the same church; one over the altar, of the Circumcision, the other of a Jesuit curing one possessed, and bringing to life a dead child. Of these two pictures I prefer the latter, though there was something grand in the composition of the former: but the angels, and palms, and cherubim, in the air, did not please my eye, after those of Guido. There is a streakiness in Rubens's manner of colouring his back grounds, and a red unfinished tint on his figures, not to mention the fat flabbiness of his women, which I dislike. All these faults are much less observable in the picture of the Jesuit healing the rich and bringing to life the child, than in any work of his I ever saw. The *Possédé* is truly "*maniac and demoniac,*" and the figure of the woman foreshortened (in the right corner of the picture)

bending over the dead infant, expresses all the passions she is supposed to feel; although the face is scarcely seen. This church, like that of St. Cyr, is encrusted with marble; the ceiling richly gilt and painted. Part of the cupola is destroyed by damp, or some other cause; perhaps by the revolutionists—for in this church, in the middle of the building, was placed the dreadful guillotine:—the doors of the church were shut, but the victims were led along the galleries, and by the passages which were destined for the organist or singers, to their fate. God forbid such times should ever return! I shuddered at the recollection.

I went to the Doge's Palace, now the Royal Palace. The great room of audience is the finest space I ever beheld—a hundred and thirty feet long. In the times of general desolation, the marble balustrade which surrounded the gallery that runs round the top of the room, and the statues which decorated it, were destroyed; so that now their place is supplied by an iron rail and casts!

I was delighted to learn from Lady Glenbervie, when I returned to the Princess's palace, that before Lady G. made known her determination about the Venice expedition, the wind had veered. Her Royal Highness was in perfect good humour,

and said, "It don't *sinifies*, some months hence will do just *so* well." So, said Lady G. "the burden was off my spirits without quarrelling."

The King of Prussia's Chamberlain dined at the royal table. He is a very agreeable, eccentric man, and seems a good person. He reprobated, but in the mildest manner possible, the interest that the Princess expressed for persons whom it scarcely *suited her to know*, and said, what will become of her own interests, if such are her principles? I said what I could in extenuation. He asked me how long I had been in Her Royal Highness's service, and if I never had quarrelled with her. "Ah! c'est bien," he said, when I answered him—"C'est merveilleux." Then he proceeded to speak about religion, and my opinions thereon seemed to please him so much, that he exclaimed, "C'est beau, c'est vrayment beau: ah! je vous remercie," and he took my hand, and pressed it.

This man is quite original, a singular person to be about a court. He is full of fire and enthusiasm, and of the feeling of good and devout principle; in person old, ugly, and dirty. "Cependant, vous êtes protestante," said he to me. This "*cependant*" diverted me, but I replied, "Surely all Christians are of the same religion, although they differ in points of form." Again he was

pleased with me. We were not, of course, allowed to converse very long together. We were called to the royal sofa; the topics of discourse took another turn; sometimes Monsieur —— opened his eyes wide at the Princess's declarations, and Her Royal Highness enjoys making people stare, so she gave free vent to her tongue, and said a number of odd things, some of which she thinks and some she does not; but it amuses her to astonish an innocent-minded being, and really such did this old man appear to be. He won her heart upon the whole, however, by paying a compliment to her fine arm, and asking for her glove. Obtaining it, he placed it next his heart, and, declaring it should be found in his tomb, he swore he was of the old school *in all things*. He had a great deal of varied anecdote and conversation, which was very amusing. Was he sincere?

Thursday, 13th April.—I wrote and read all the morning: it rained, and there was no going to see sights. The only event of to-day was the receipt of one of my friend Gell's unique letters, which are always a treat:—

"My Dear —— ,

"Mr. Tringsberg has requested me to enclose to you a letter to the Princess's Cook, Mrs.

Grundy Thompson, maker of stews and sauces. Be pleased to deliver the same. I received a letter from you at a moment when it was quite impossible to answer it, for we have been all sent to Coventry by the rest of the world ever since poor King Jehoiakim set out on the conquest of Italy, which has had the fate every one prophecied, and has been the ruin and destruction of many worthy people. We have been taken, murdered, sacked, bombarded, threatened, executed, pillaged, and every thing else which is usual in conquered states; yet though I have feared much from the populace, I have suffered nothing so bad as two fits of the gout which I have had during the fortnight in which we have been so maltreated, and under which fits I still labour, with my foot over a caldron of boiling water, under which is a hot pan of coals. Lord! how it burns; and the flannel which is round it emits the odour of burnt pens, which, if you ever were a school-boy, and had toasted in a candle, you would remember to have found very agreeable. I smell the ascending odour of a lamb and tortoise in a brazen caldron boiled.

'Brass lies above, and brass below, the flesh.'

This was the answer which the Oracle of Delphi sent to king Crœsus, when he sent them the

question of "What's my thought like?" to try whether the Pythian was up to snuff or not. However, you never could have guessed what I was doing, if I had not told you: Craven is gone to the opera, to see the illumination for Prince Leopold Calfsheadsky, a Polish Prince, who is to be there. We have seen some delightful interviews between friends and relations, *just come* from Sicily, after so long a banishment. I should think at least ten thousand kisses have been given in the course of the day, and many miles of maccaroni eaten on the happy occasion. Among the good things, I saw the mules loaded from a transport, who kicked, brayed, and then flew on shore in the manner here shewn,* thinking they had done it all by dint of genius themselves.

"Oh! my foot, it is regularly boiled, like potatoes in a patent steam kitchen; besides which Carrington has just given me a pinch. I recommend the gout to all married couples, when they are too happy for this world.

"If you had been here lately, the news of all that has passed might amuse and interest you; but as it is, I must tell you that I hear the Queen is furious about going to Trieste, though they

* In the original letter there is a ridiculous drawing of an ass, hanging suspended in the air by cords, and a man pulling it by the bridle down to the earth.

have it under her own hand, that she wished it. Captain C., your cousin, had the management of it, but is not all to blame. On the contrary, the Queen's negociator, by trying to be too cunning, has overreached himself. Some people called him Count Mosbourg; others, Count Noseberry. Talking of Berrys, those cruel traitresses have never written a line to us since our departure; faithless jades as they be, though I offered to conduct them to Nice, and many other civilities, besides marrying them all, which they lost by going to stride over Scotland, in a snow-storm, trailing after them that good old man, their father, under pretence that he wished once again to see the heath where he was born. Really too wicked! Mrs. Damer, how could I send your marble to Nice, London, or elsewhere, when you have been blockading us by sea and land for the last two months? As to files, I have got one or two; but the robbers who conquered Mrs. and Miss R——n,* took them among the

* Miss R——n, now Lady W. R——, the wife of our ambassador at ——. This accomplished and beautiful woman has, in consequence of her talents and personal advantages, been pulled to pieces by the detractive; but those who have lived in her intimacy, and known the trials which she has undergone, do justice to her merits, both of heart and head. As Miss R——n, it need not be said, she was reckoned lovely as to personal appearance. That fact, in spite of envy, was allowed,

other valuables, so that only these remain which they threw in Knudtson, Schomandtrehè, or Canutson's face, when they found of how little

with a hearty conviction of its being a just award; but the superiority of her intellect from her earliest years, and the right conduct which she evinced, have not been done equal justice to. Both her mother and herself were painfully situated with a very near relation, their husband and father, who was the most ill-tempered, tyrannical person, and exercised his right of command over them in a manner quite unfit in a gentleman, much less a Christian. One night, when Mrs. R—— and her daughter were ready dressed to go to a ball, he looked at them with a cunning smile, and said, "You think you are going to the ball; by heavens, you sha'n't. Go and undress this moment, and B., you come and read to me." When Mrs. R. remonstrated on his caprice and injustice, he, as usual, became very violent, and unstrapping his wooden leg (for he had lost a limb), he flung it at her and her daughter; but luckily they escaped the blow. Such trials as these, when inflicted by those who should be our best friends, the comfort and joy of our existence, are hard to bear, and when endured with patient forbearance, such as this wife and child displayed, do vast honour to the sufferers. Miss R——'s trials, alas! if report is true, have not ended with her maiden life. It is said newer though less worthy objects have gained her husband's love. The world, which is always busy with such matters, declares that Lady W. R——'s love for her mother, and her unreasonable desire of having her always living with her, annoyed Lord W——; that Mrs. R—— is a meddling, mischief-making person, and was the first cause of her daughter's disagreement with her husband. This may or may not be true, but it is very natural Lady W—— should like to live with and be a comfort to the parent who was proud of and doting on her pretty B——, whose happiness she sought hard to obtain, under all the privations of poverty and its pinching cares. It is right and pretty

value they were, while he, good man, was occupied in preserving what he calls *Payley's figs*, which, by the strict scrutiny of a jury of matrons regularly empanneled, was discovered to mean the gentle Bayley's wigs.

"What a beautiful house we have got, the envy of Lady Westmoreland, who drank tea with us last night! At this moment the moon is just rising over the bleak barren hills of Sorrento, and faintly gilding the lofty rocks of Capri, while the waves in gentle murmurs

of the daughter to wish to repay that love and care now, when it is in her power to do so, and it is a poor excuse for Lord W—— to have forsaken his still beautiful and clever wife, for a Jewess, who is said to be the most beautiful and the most abandoned of her sex. May he return to her soon, with renewed love and renewed sense of her worth! Let her not faint in her steady allegiance to him. The wife, if she lapse not away from her duty and her love, will generally recover her right, and the mistress be cast away as vile, when her novelty has ceased to charm.

It was a cruel attack which ministers made upon Lady W. R. on account of politics, accusing her of acting contrary to her husband's duties and political party. Her letters to him will some day bring foul and fair to light. They are upon record; but it is a fact which is melancholy, though true, that there are only two classes of women who are popular with the generality of men; either dull, duteous housewives, or else creatures of sensual kind, who in youth gratify their will and their vanity, and then are cast away, to be forgotten and despised. A woman who has any pretence to intellectual power, has much to endure, however modestly or discreetly she may exercise it.

break on the terrace of the Francarilla garden below my balcony, which is covered with a profusion of roses and carnations. Ah! Maria! what a scene! But here comes Eustace and his Classical Tour to tea. I must leave the window and its romantic delights for the charms of hyson and souchong; not to mention curds from Ischia. Shall I help you? Would this last question were not a joke! If this is brought to you by Count *Leeching*, patronize him, being a friend of mine, who will I think entertain you. Give my love to my fair and lovely friend, and tell her I wish the house of A—— may reign triumphant on the shores of M——and I——, and when, seven years before the end of the world, a deluge shall drown the nations, may Columbus' Isle still swim above the flood, though the sea should at one tide cover the green headed I—— and Ireland.

"Ever thy friend, I would say *best*, did I dare, my dear ——, at least I may say, not thy *worst*,

"GELLINO."

"I send you some verses, excuse the freedom.

Another Letter from Sir W. G——l.

"My dear ——, Not having been at home when your note came, and finding that it was infinitely too hot to send any unhappy Christian to toil through the sun and up your hill, I would not

send you an answer; but my servant has discovered that you have a penny-post of your own, which conveys things to you in the course of some weeks, so I shall fire at it. The Gazette contains a decree awarding to you, Guglielmo Papre, the small sum of 500,000 ducats, about 100,000*l.* which he has most magnanimously *refused,* saying that what he had done was for the universal good, and not for filthy lucre. Also the officers of the Avellino army promised a step of promotion, which would have made a great difficulty, as the rest of the army might have also claimed it; but they have all refused to accept it. Finally, all have refused the orders, and ribbons, and stars, with which they were to be rewarded, and all from a spirit of patriotism and *tolderolitility.* It is said the militia have also refused four Carlines a day to take them home. One would give them ten to go. The money comes out of a fund of thirteen millions, found concealed for his most gracious Majesty the Doctor, and the florid Duchess. This hoard of money secures for this revolution what has always been wanting in other revolutions, money for immediate use, without having recourse to pillage through necessity. Of the ships seen through your glass we have no accounts. Have you seen the Queen's 'Green Bag,' now before the House of Lords? It begins thus:

" Since the law of the land has established the thing,
And Judge Blackstone declares ' the Queen equals the King,'
As I always must think that a genereuse nation
May desire to know who gave the first provocation,
Which the household of Royalty turned upside down,
And which threatens the credit and peace of the Crown,
I do tie all my evidence up in a Bag,
And present, like my husband, my Royal Green Bag.
Mein Gotts! or, my Lords, I believe I should say,
What right has my husband to drive me away?
Do they think with their Oliver, Castles, and spies,
To make me sit silent, to prove all their lies?
Let them send all their carles to Milan and Rome
To hash up a story to publish at home,
Or their Browns to spy Como and Lombardy round,
And expend—for the nation—twice ten thousand pound.
Such plots and such plans, I may safely defy,
For *Brown* ne'er can blacken the *white* of my eye.
While their Redens and Omptedas, charged with commission
To hunt me through Europe without intermission,
Have only exposed, when they drove me from Rome,
The meanness of those who employed them at home.
At one great distance off, and one great while ago,
I lived safe *wit* my fader at Brunswick, ye know;
And although it be not the most favoured of lands,
Because 'tis surrounded with deserts and sands,
Yet many fine things may still Brunswick adorn,
Though the stupidest place that God ever did born;
And de mens might be brave, and de women be good,
Though they feed on sour-kraut in a palace of wood.
So my *fader* took part in all wars and all quarrels,
And my *moder* she scold and take care of my morals;
So she gave me the Bible, but pinn'd up some pages,
Not suited, she said, to all girls, nor all ages;
But I knew all good Christians should read all dat book,
So I unpinn'd the pages and ventured to look,
Then she call me one day, and she tell me fine tales,
Of how I should surely be Princess *von Vales*.
I talk of my heart, but she tell me 'twas just
Like de preach to de wind, for 'twas fixed, and I must;

But she tell me my husband not send for me yet,
Till the nation consented to pay off his debt.
So I soon found my hopes and my pride tumble down,
And was sold to *my husband* for less than *a crown.*
So I leave old mamma, which I like very well,
And quit, without crying, both Brunswick and Zell,
Forget Rostock, and Klopstock, and Weimar, and Schiller,
With Professor Fonfrarius, and learned Von Miller;
And I *tink* to myself, though the thought was in vain,
I'll be whipt if ye catch me among ye again." *

"I cannot remember more of the Green Bag. Some say Tommy Moore, some Sir Harry Englefield, some Southey, and some Campbell, is the author.

"Ever yours,

"PETER PROUD."

Friday, the 14th of April.—I cannot recollect how the morning passed—in nothing *tres marqué*, I am sure. In the evening there was a circle as formal and dull as possible, but still I was glad to see such respect did still exist towards Her Royal Highness. Lord W. B——k talked a great deal with me. There is something so kindly and

* These verses appear to have been written at a later period than that of the Princess of Wales's sojourn at Genoa, but they came in at this part of the Journal, and I have made it a rule not to displace the MS., but merely had it transcribed as it was given into my hands. Indeed, it matters little where the above clever lines are introduced, for they would be welcome any where.—ED.

good in his manner; and I remembered too my first childish fancy of friendship for his brother, the Duke of P——d, which gave the conversation some interest. Like dreams long forgotten, these recollections sometimes recur; and when, as in the present case, they were wholly pure and pleasurable, they cannot fail of coming back with a "charm under their wings"—for we can only be said to live when we have been excited to feel.

After the people went away, the Princess kept me up till very late, talking over her grievances with her ex-chamberlains. I could not help thinking, whatever were Her Royal Highness's faults, they must have been also to blame. The spirit of expediency, which I had hoped found no dwelling-place in their minds or hearts, must have led them to think it wisest to leave her service; but they should have attended her till they got others. Among many stories too shocking to put on paper, and which, I make no doubt, were mostly, if not all, lies, the Princess told me one of the minor but meaner kind, with such detail of circumstance that my faith was staggered. It was nearly as follows:

Some time about Christmas, Sir W. G—— came to me and said, in his cavalier manner, "C——n and I want two coats, and your Royal Highness must give us thirty ducats to buy them." "Very

well," I said; and soon after I sent for Siccard and told him. Siccard said, "surely your Royal Highness is mistaken; Sir W. G—— must only have referred to his salary, which has been due such a time, and is now owing to him." "Very well," I replied, "but you'll see it is not that." I took the sum, however, which Siccard put up in paper, determining to give it him myself, which I did accordingly, on going to the opera. He said, "Do you know I was very near returning the sum you gave me?" "Why?" "Because it is not at all what I meant; I meant to have thirty ducats for my coat." I did not answer a single word, but I gave it him, and then told Siccard. "Is it possible that a gentleman can do such things?" said he. "Amen," said I, in my own person.

Abashed and astonished, I own I cannot believe this; I am sure it was false; and yet there was an air of truth in it which terrified me for my friends. How very dangerous to be near such scenes!

> "To mingle with the bad, and make us run
> Too near the paths which virtue bids us shun."

I went to bed confused and doubting, and with that uncomfortable impression which the fear of finding out human faults and frailties in those whom we imagined good, always imparts.

Saturday, 15th.—I was made to accompany Her Royal Highness to see a house, and we had another scene of another kind. The poor little cream-coloured poneys are only fit to drive about a park, and they were made to scamper up a very steep and slippery road. This longing for perpetual change is the longing of a disordered mind, which loathes all it possesses. Why seek another house when the one Her Royal Highness is now lodged in, is so delightful?

Mr. R—— dined afterwards. During the evening he was not, of course, allowed to talk with me, but was called to the sofa, and forced to amuse the Princess.* He was made, for this laudable purpose, to relate a story which was most horrid, not fit for the *lowest* or most immoral society. Lady C. C—— and Lady G——e did not know which way to look, and their distress made us all look grave, which displeased the Princess, and her countenance was immediately overspread with a scowl, which is always very painful to witness. I cannot conceive how a man of any taste or feeling could be persuaded, by any royalty, to utter such things in the hear-

* It may be said, in excuse for the Princess, that she certainly did not understand English thoroughly; and, in her quest after diversion, encouraged everything which created a laugh, without often knowing the real meaning which excited it.

ing of any woman; and I doubt if the ladies should not have risen and left the room.

Sunday, 16th April.—I went to church: heard a very fine sermon. The text was taken from the Psalms. Missed the verse and could not find it, but the meaning was, that evil company corrupts good manners. After what had passed the preceding evening, it came home to me in a most forcible manner.

I went to see Lady M——. M—— told me, seriously, that W.—— B——l, who is just arrived, would like of all things to be one of the Princess's lords of the bedchamber. I thought this was one of the greatest pieces of good fortune which ever befell her, and hastened, on my return home, to communicate the intelligence, conceiving she would jump at it; and so she did, only she hoped Lord M——* might; in which case she would prefer him, because of his having a *handle* to his name. I told Her Royal Highness frankly, that I did not think *he* would. I am certain he would not. In short, if she loses this opportunity of securing such a respectable attendant as Mr. B——l, she loses every chance of building up again her fallen house. But I did not give Her Royal Higness one word of advice, for I know

* Now Lord C——.

it to be useless. Lord Malpas and Mr. B——l dined with her. We walked afterwards in the garden, but it was too cold and dark to enjoy it. The Princess did not go beyond her own terrace. 'Tis evident to see, she is afraid of those she ought to despise.

Dreadful news came from France, the tri-coloured flag is said to be flying at Marseilles and Toulon, and the poor Duc D'Angouleme is beaten—some say he is taken. How Heaven has scourged that house! surely it ought to be a lesson to princes, to all mankind indeed, not to deserve, at least, the wrath of Supreme Power.

Thursday, 17th April, 1815.—Captain Pechell sent the Princess word that he was obliged to go to Lord W. Bentinck, and could not attend Her Royal Highness upon her intended water expedition: so she would go by land to see the house she had heard of. Captain Pechell came, however, saying his business was over sooner than he expected, and he could obey her commands; but the Princess entered the room where we were waiting, in a very cross humour; said she would not be made a fool of twice in one day, then waited not for the boat, but walked down to the quay. She was also displeased at the idea of

Captain Pechell's firing a salute, and would not allow it, so another boat was dispatched back again to the Clorinde, to forbid their doing so, and at last we set forth.

The palace we went to see was called *Paradis*. It certainly commanded a fine view, but had not been inhabited for many years, and was so old and so melancholy that I dreaded the thoughts of the Princess having it. There was a small house, called *Le Petit Paradis*, more dreadful than the large one, which I saw Her Royal Highness thought would be a convenient *Trou Madame*. We walked four miles, and Her Royal Highness was very tired: it blew freshly also, and Lady C. C——, who is a great coward on the water, was nervous, and unfortunately said, "Well, Madam, I do for your Royal Highness what I would not for any relation. It is a sacrifice I would not make for them, to come in an open boat with such a wind." She was angry, and said, "then you should never travel, Lady Charlotte." We were much amused by the latter pinching me and Dr. H——, (between whom her ladyship was sitting), from fright. I think Lady C. C—— is a little smitten with the handsome Algernon Percy. She said to me, "his voice and looks are supremely interesting;" and she talked to him the whole night.

Tuesday, 18th of April.—Went to see the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under the direction and tuition of Arzarotti. I never was more delighted or instructed. Hitherto this divine institution has been carried on by gratuitous subscription; now, the King of Sardinia has promised to establish a fund for its support. It consists of twelve girls and twelve boys. We only saw the boys: beings who by their naturally defective organs seemed destined to pass a life in worse than heathen darkness, a merely brutal existence, have been by the care and ingenuity of the benevolent and learned Arzarotti brought into life and light, and are become sensible on the subject of their being, here and hereafter. They replied, by a wonderful process, in writing, to various questions which were put to them. They were made to find out and write the names of all the ladies, and proved beyond a doubt that they had not only acquired a certain set of ideas, but that their intellectual faculties were as intense, if not more so, than those of half the persons who walk about the world with all their senses given them in a state of perfection. I regret that I did not follow the process sufficiently clearly to set it down. I shall go again, and give a more distinct account of the manner in which this miraculous effect is brought about.

Lady W. Bentinck set me down at the Palazzo Durazzo. There was a large dinner party: the Bentincks, Col. Le Moine, Bourke, and Hosted. The Princess was only gracious to the first two of these persons, and was very angry with Lady C. C——, because she talked a good deal to Lord W. B——k. She cannot bear her to have any *conversation suivie* with anybody. I suppose it is for fear they should ask questions about herself. Her Royal Highness might put entire confidence in Lady C., for she is very trustworthy. I sat up late, writing the following verses. It is long since I have felt the *estro* of poetry, or any other pleasurable *estro* cheer my heart, and I welcomed the result, however weak and mediocre it might be, with the joy one feels on the return of a long absent friend.

TO ARZAROTTI OF GENOA,

THE SUCCESSFUL INSTRUCTOR OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

O gifted mortal, who with hallowed zeal
Hast taught thine own to live in others' weal,
To thee I pour, in secret fervent lays,
Spontaneous homage of sincerest praise.
Whoe'er hath seen thy works of love, nor felt
That Heaven to thee its purest spirit dealt?

Afflicted Nature feels thy high command,
And through a mortal's, owns the Almighty hand.
While warring nations raise th' embattled host,
And in the voice of tumult peace is lost,
Gazing on thee, and thine, we soar above
This world of strife—to realms of joy and love.
Whoe'er hath seen and can forget the face
Pregnant with fire and intellectual grace,
The eyes upraised, and fixed on Heaven their bent,
While every muscle worked with high intent
Of that poor youth who late inertly trod,
Himself scarce better than the senseless clod?
Who can forget nor own the man divine
Who gave that countenance with grace to shine?
Th' unconscious objects, who of speech bereft
And hearing's sense, have scarce a semblance left
Of that high origin from whence they sprung,
Cimmerian darkness round their beings flung,
By thee are called to life, from hopeless night,
To the clear day of intellectual light:
From the drear silence of their torpid state
They wake to be—to feel, in faith elate,
That when this transitory scene is o'er,
A life to come will lasting life restore.
Nor they alone shall swell the grateful lays;
Their parents' hearts record the note of praise:
Re-echoing there—it sounds in tender strain,
And gives to listening Heaven thy name again.
Say! who hath taught them everlasting truth?
'Tis thou, blest guide of their unhappy youth!
Thou, Arzarotti! man of meekness, thou,
Who mak'st the little great, in life, seem low;
Thou, who when every sense shall fade away,
And the great light of this our earthly day

Dimly shall shine before thy closing eye,
Unfading brightness wilt behold from high;
And in the glory of celestial songs
Shalt list that heavenly music which belongs
To those who, passing from this earthly sphere,
In realms of living light hosannahs hear!

Wednesday, 19th.—Wrote and read. Mr. Percy and Mr. Wilson called on me. As I fear there is no hope of W—— B——'s being taken at his word, I sounded Mr. W—— to find out if he would accept this place about Her Royal Highness, which has gone a-begging to be filled up, till I am quite vexed and ashamed for her, poor soul! to find on how low a footing she has placed herself. Mr. W—— would like it, but I see he dares not, for fear of the B——s.

Lady W. Bentinck brought a Comte ——, whose name I never heard, but some minister from his Majesty the King of Sardinia. The Princess thought she did wonders for Murat, by talking politics to him the whole time.

We had Mr. R—— and M. D'——a to dinner. I cannot conceive why Her Royal Highness invites the latter little sneaking fellow, who is a decided enemy to her, and a spy, set over her

by the Prince.* I was very glad that her dress, conversation, and manners, happened by some *lucky chance* to be all perfectly proper; so that unless Monsieur D'——a told lies, he could not say anything was improper.

This evening at the Palazzo Durazzo. If the Princess was ten times more foolish and ill-conducted than she is, I should still wish her well, and try to uphold her: for any one so *persecuted* should be protected. Let England try her. If she be found unworthy of her station, let her be turned out of it at once, and her name never mentioned again; but if she is not, let her live in peace. This the Prince will not permit. There is a vindictiveness in his character which makes it quite odious.

Thursday, 20th.—I went with the Princess rumbling about nine miles out of town, to see a deserted palace in a village; a melancholy cut-throat-looking place, where we shall all die of the pip, and Her Royal Highness too. That is my only hope of escape, for she seems at present to fancy removing there.

Lord Malpas, Mr. W. B. ——, Mr. Percy, and Mr. Wilson, dined at the Palazzo Durazzo. The

* The Princess constantly took pleasure in bearding her enemies. How very unwise!

Princess pretends to think Mr. Percy very ugly: that is, because he is precisely otherwise. I wonder how he likes courtly favour. She told some excellent stories, but then, as usual, she degenerated into all sorts of idle talking, and she encourages laughing at the expense of propriety and delicacy. We went to the Opera late. For the first time the music was indifferent.

It is reported that Bonaparte is levying a great force to conquer Italy. There is better news once more from Toulon and Marseilles: they are said to be hoisting the white flag again, and the Duc D'Angouleme is supposed not to be taken, but, on the contrary, to be at the head of an army.

Friday, 21st.—Two Monsieur Durazzos—a little and a big—both equally disagreeable in appearance; Lady Dalrymple, Lord and Lady W. Bentinck, Lord and Lady Glenbervie, dined at the Princess's. The storm in her temper, which has lasted nearly three days, and which was on Monday at its height, has subsided. I am really anxious about Madame Davidoff, who I fear must have been a prisoner in some bad inn; that is the best thing to hope for her. I read Montaigne and Metastasio. Captain Thompson, of the Aboukir, called on me: he is an agreeable

person. I went to a ball at a Comtesse ——, and was rather bored till I talked to Lord M——. He discoursed religion: how good he is!

Saturday.—The Princess drove out to the dreaded house at Nevin. Thank my stars she did not take me, but was accompanied by Madame Dumont and William. Monsieur De Negri called; I walked out with him. Went to the Doria Palace, to view the grand remains of that magnificent man's magnificent ideas. The gardens descend to the sea, from whence he could embark or disembark in his galleys. A superb fountain in marble, around which sit eagles as large as life, ornaments the middle of what has been a noble formal parterre. It is loaded with decoration, and not in classical taste; but it is grand, and the marine horses are spirited. Above the palace, which is of vast extent, rise other gardens. A colossal statue, seen from afar, stands in these gardens, like a gigantic genius lamenting the fallen greatness of the republic of Genoa. All here is on a vast scale.

The Princess dined at five o'clock, because she expected the Ex-Queen of Etruria at an early hour in the evening. Her Majesty is the Queen of Spain's daughter, cidevant Arch-Duchess of Parma. She is a woman of low, heavy form,

which appears still more so, because her legs, if legs she has, are so short, that she is like a *walking torso.* I never knew before why it was high treason to say a Queen of spain had legs. Her face is sensible, though ugly. She only passed through the apartment where we were, to the Princess's room, her son and daughter following. The son is a beautiful boy, which is very odd. The two ladies in waiting are two monsters to look at; the Comte Guicciardini, a descendant of the Florentine historians of that name, a well-looking, *fattish, blackish* man, speaking horrid French. This Queenly visit, for which we men and women were all dressed to the utmost, lasted about three quarters of an hour. The boy and girl—I beg their pardon—Prince and Princess, sat with them, and the four royalties passed out as they had passed in, and so ended that farce.

I went on Sunday, with Lady Glenbervie, to see an institution which has commenced, and is still supported, chiefly at the expense of the Fieschi family. It consists of a hundred and thirty poor women, who support their community by various works. We only saw, of their performances, artificial flowers; but if they sell all their works as dear, no wonder they live so well. I never saw any thing better kept or arranged than their abode. No English charitable Insti-

tution, that I ever saw, was more clean or comfortable in its arrangements.

The Princess had at dinner Madame Morando, Lord Malpas, W. Burrell, Lord Strathaven, W. Palmeda, the English Vice Consul; but it was a gloomy, dull affair.

Friday, 28th.—I have had nothing to write worth keeping a note of, for a week past; all has been tolerably smooth. To-day I took a delightful walk into the country, among green hills, that put me in mind of D——— and its neighbourhood. To my surprise, Lady W. Bentinck, who I thought was at Milan, called on the Princess. They met a courier from England, which made them turn back hither. This courier brought news which makes every body sorry. Lord William is recalled. No troops are to remain in Italy, except in garrison towns; and Lord William is considered as of too high rank to remain here, when we have so small a force. There is also a rumour that we are to make peace with Bonaparte! Lady William and her husband have paid the Princess great and kind attentions. They are excellent people, beloved wherever they go; and I wish Her Royal Highness valued their countenance and support as highly as it deserves, but she is so foolish, so regardless of what is of

vital consequence to her interests, that it is pitiable.

Lord and Lady Glenbervie dined here to-day, but they were not coaxed as usual. She was (I mean the Princess) in a dreadful humour: Monsieur De La Rue sat by her. After dinner, Her Royal Highness went to return the Queen of Etruria's visit. The little crownless King came down a hundred stairs, I believe, to meet our Royal Lady. Up they went again: and, as usual, passed into an empty room, where they sat by themselves. I found out that one of her Ex-Majesty's ladies is not so ugly. She is married to the Chamberlain Guicciardini, and is his sister-in-law. After endeavouring to talk Italian, and their paying me compliments upon the same (the reason, I suppose, of my change of opinion), back we came again home, the pretty little King handing the Princess down stairs as he had done up.

I was called by Her Royal Highness into her secret chamber, where there was a fire, though the thermometer was at eighty; but she makes cosmetics and dirt pies, and there were various pots and pans boiling. What a droll amusement! *au reste*, the apartment was comfortable enough; filled with all sorts of things, the oddest mixture of finery and trash, which, by the way, all royal-

ties are apt to like. Now a bit of cut-out paper; now a gem; now a *papier maché* box; now one of jasper; such is usually the decoration of their tables and cabinets. She showed me all her *bonny dies*. I was in a better temper, but not right. Though it was eleven when she dismissed me, I could not resist going to Lord William Bentinck, to hear Major Andrèossi, who sang like an angel. I never heard any thing sung so well, not even by the *chanticleer*, in point of taste. He is besides a handsome man, highly considered by Lord William Bentinck, and reckoned an excellent officer. I heard every word he pronounced, and he sang with so much feeling and so much nature, that I have had him in my head all night. What a ridiculous way of expressing myself! Shame on such *slip-slop* language! I ought rather to say, the sound of Major Andrèossi's voice is still in my ears, and his sentiment and feeling touched my heart, and have left an impression on it which, I think, will never be utterly lost. I would ask leave to introduce him to the Princess; his presence in her circle would be a great charm; but I am so afraid of ever making any one known to her, for a thousand reasons.

Saturday, 29th.—To-day I received the following from my friend K. C——n.

"DEAR ——, Dated Naples.

"Having at length a chance of sending you a letter safely, I will not let it escape, and must express my satisfaction at hearing that you were with Her Royal Highness at Genoa. I shall not attempt to describe the strange scenes we have witnessed here, and which have not ceased—the downfall of an usurped dynasty, and the restoration of a legitimate one. Still less shall I venture to decide under which of these the country is most likely to prosper, or its natives are to be happy. I always augured ill of the *late* King's imprudent eruption with Italy, but did not foresee the business would be so speedily concluded. His Queen, whose behaviour has gained her universal applause, I may say, admiration, sailed this morning for Trieste, which she has chosen in preference to England. Our Port is full of English men-of-war and transports, and the town of Austrian troops, whose presence contributes not a little to the public tranquillity, which, however, has been chiefly maintained by the civic guard, who have distinguished themselves by preventing the pillage of the palace and most of the nobility's houses, and saved many fortunes and lives. Of the latter, however, a considerable number have been sacrificed in repressing the criminal endeavours of a set of beings that scarcely deserve the

name of human. On Sunday last, the day that the Queen went on board, and before the Austrian troops came in, the danger was at its utmost point; and I can assure you that we passed several very unpleasant hours, both in the day and night. Since that, it has been on the decline, and I trust will continue so until the King's entry, which may, perhaps, afford some opportunity for a renewal of irregularities; but I believe all precautions will be taken that human foresight can devise. He (Ferdinand) is expected about Sunday next, and cannot well arrive before, as the ship that is to carry him from Messina only went from hence the day before yesterday. His son, Prince Leopold, entered with the Austrian army, and gives universal satisfaction to the apostates, or penitents, which ever you may please to call them; in which number almost all the first families are included. The army is annihilated, and without much actual loss in battle, as it is estimated it never amounted to above three thousand men; but the moment the first defeat was suffered within the frontiers, want of provisions, desertion, private quarrels, jealousy among the chiefs, want of confidence in the leaders, and all the other evils that can disorganize an army, spread themselves through this one, and soon put an end to it, leaving a few generals only, to make

a capitulation. You may, perhaps, know that previously to this the Queen had signed a convention with Captain Campbell, of the Tremendous, giving him up the men-of-war, all the stores, and putting herself under British protection. The King returned, and staid one day, during which a new and liberal constitution was proclaimed, which ended this tragedy something in the manner of a farce; and in the following night he made his escape, no one knows exactly how. And now you have a pretty correct outline of the whole transaction. The country is in a state which I fear it will be difficult to retrieve it from: the provinces without any administration; the inhabitants refusing to pay taxes, and even rents; some towns in Calabria themselves independent; free corps of vagabonds and disbanded soldiers roving about in all directions. The very vicinity of the capital is so infested with men, that it is dangerous to take a drive a mile out of it. All this in the midst of the most lovely climate and the most beautiful of countries; Vesuvius majestically smoking above it all, and Pulcinello continuing his facetious career with undiminished perseverance and activity.

"For my part, I am as I was when Her Royal Highness left this, still waiting a summons from my mother, which I have now a possibility of

obeying, as the communication will be open either by sea or by land; though I fear the latter may be attended with inconvenience, if not peril. I wrote to you and Dr. Holland about a month since, and Knutson engaged to get the letters conveyed: you are the best judge whether he succeeded or not. He is still here, with all the English I then mentioned; and as they were all so bent upon going away, when it was not possible to do so, I imagine they will all stay, now that there are no difficulties. Lady Elizabeth sailed about a fortnight since, and, I trust, is by this time safely landed in France. Gell and I made a short excursion to Ischia, which reminded us so much of the Grecian Islands, that we think of going again; and the Bedfords and Lady Westmoreland talk of doing the same. I am very well, but poor Gell's gout attacks him so frequently, that I am really seriously annoyed, though not alarmed, by it. It is a fact, that without any regular fit, he is generally three days in each week without being able to walk at all. Lady Burghersh arrived yesterday, and they inhabit the house Her Royal Highness had. Ours is the delight of our existence, being the most comfortable, quiet, and gay residence I ever was in, and the envy and admiration of all visitors. We generally have a tea party every evening. We

have just been embellishing our terrace with a treillage of cane-work, and have millions of flowers both there and in our garden. The Oxfords are going, but I know not where, and I fancy in that respect they are not wiser than myself. I shall now take my leave, only adding that a few lines from you, addressed to the care of Monsieur Falconnet, banker, will very much oblige

"Your sincere friend,

"TELEMACHUS."

—I went to see Madame Davidoff, who had arrived the day before: she had very narrowly escaped being drowned. I was quite happy to see her again. I walked with her to Lady W. Bentinck's, and to Lady Sandwich's, and Glenbervie's, where I left her.

On my return to the Palazzo, the Princess sent for me. I found Her Royal Highness sitting with Monsieur De Negri, in her dressing-room (though called such, there was no appearance even of a toilet; her *real* dressing-room was separated from this apartment by an ante-chamber). He is in high favour: she was showing off all her wit to him. I found out afterwards it was because he was a Milanese, or had Milanese *possessions*. Why that should affect her, I know

not. She has decided to give a great ball on Monday, which allows nobody time to get their clothes made. All are to be asked who do leave, or who have left, their name for her. The Princess did not come down to dinner, having a head-ache. Lord and Lady Glenbervie, and Dr. Holland, and myself, had a very merry dinner. Afterwards we wrote all the invitations; then were called to the royal presence, and kept up very late: *voilà les plaisirs de cette Cour.*

Sunday, 14th May, six o'clock in the morning, Genoa: in bed. Scoglietto Palazzo Durazzo.—A fortnight has passed without my writing, and this fortnight has been the most busy time. It is ever so. What is most worth remembering we are no longer calm enough to profit by. During this fortnight the Pope came to the Princess—a circumstance so singular that it became quite interesting. Her Royal Highness received him on the steps of her palace, and, after he had sat with her for about half an hour, during which Lady Glenbervie and Lady C. Campbell had time to fall in love with the almoner, the good old Pontiff went away, blessing all whom he passed. The scullions and cooks came out in a crowd to kiss his toe, which they did most audibly. The Princess followed the Pope down stairs; and when he descended the grass plots to his car-

riage, and was told she was still there, his Holiness turned and made the most graceful bow I ever saw. His countenance is so fine, and his figure so venerable, I felt quite a Catholic; or rather, I felt the respect due to respectable age.

In this short space of time I have laid up remembrances without regrets, except that the fortnight is past. I went twice again to the Brignole Palace, and to the Pope's present residence, which is truly magnificent;—corridors, gardens, marble terraces, from whence there are fine views of the sea—and every thing that grandeur can give to make locality superb; not the petty grandeur of silks and satins, although that exists also in the interior, but the really sublime circumstances of all that constitutes greatness. The picture I admired most in this palace was the Death of Seneca, by Lucca Giordano. Its opposite neighbour, the Gorgon's head, I did not at all admire. Adoration, by Lucca Doranda, one of the early painters, more curious than gratifying. Judith with Holofernes' head, by Weilings, has too much indifference in the female countenance. There is another of the same subject in the palace where the King of Sardinia is lodged—a much finer picture. Cupid bending his Bow, by Annibal Caracci, a copy from Coreggio, is an odd conception; for the Cupid is so very serious he must

meditate some deep and lasting wound, there being nothing playful in his mien. Rembrandt's portrait by himself is a fine picture; but he is always so much the same, there is so much method and trick in his greatness, that it almost ceases to be greatness. A head of our Saviour, by Carlo Dolce, is one of the most beautiful and melancholy pictures I ever saw. It makes one's blood run cold. What must the painter not have felt who represented that sacred head in such a state of suffering? The Madonna, its companion, is not equal to it. There is a grand composition by Tintoretto; but the representation of the Almighty is always offensive, and almost impious. "Eye hath never seen him."

Another day I went to the *Alberghi dei Poveri*, where one thousand three hundred and nineteen poor are supported in peace and plenty. It is a glorious establishment. There is a small bas-relief of Christ and the Madonna, by Michael Angelo, over the gateway of this hospital. The head of the Saviour is beautiful. There is a yellow tint in the marble which is truly like the marble of death. The Virgin is not so striking; but still there is a world of sweetness in the sorrowful smile with which she gazes on the Saviour.

One day the Princess of Wales went to visit

the King of Sardinia, who had come sneaking here in the dark one night, because he could not help himself; and while the royalties were together, I looked at some of the pictures. The Judith, which I mentioned before as being much finer than either of the pictures of the same subject at the Brignole and Durazzo palaces, is a grand work of art. There is an air of hurried motion in Judith's figure, as though she said, "If it were done, it were best done quickly;" an appearance of terror lest she should not be able to hold the head, makes one better able to endure the subject. Joseph's bloody garment displayed to his father, was also a good specimen of the master; and a Virgin in grief, by Carlo Maratti (though I think him in general an indifferent artist) is a very touching composition; her grief is so deep, so resigned. The tremulous motion (if I may be allowed the term) in the lip —the pallid colours that appear to float through the skin—the redness of the eyes—above all, the languor which pervades the whole, struck me forcibly, and render it a most superior production. I could have gazed for hours at it. One only circumstance lessened its beauty—its indefinite size—being neither large enough for life, nor small enough for miniature. The companion picture, Herodias with John the Baptist's head, had

the same fault; but it is a minor fault after all; and the latter is wondrous in another way. The deep tone of the colouring—its fleshy roundness and force—demand sovereign admiration; but it does not excite the tender interest which makes one long to wipe the tears and console the sufferer, as in the case of his weeping Virgin.

And now I must end about pictures, and palaces, and transcendant Genoa, to be engaged in all the hurry and bustle of an immediate departure. The Princess hears that the oaths of homage are to take place at Milan sooner than was expected, and Her Royal Highness set off at three or four this morning, to go thither as fast as horses could carry her; to fly from herself, and seek in pleasure that happiness which exists in the soul's peace and content. I went to bid Madame Davidoff good bye, and did so with regret, which was not diminished on hearing from Miss Esterley, that General Davidoff is now attached to another woman, an unmarried person, a *Princess Byron;* that she lives in the Empress's family, and is protected by her Imperial Majesty.

The general has flown in the face of the whole imperial family, and has sued for a divorce from his wife, having presented a petition to the Emperor to this effect. Miss Esterley said, that often for months together, General Davidoff would not

look at his own children; that he hated them; that his poor wife has been at his feet with all his children, to conjure him not to be divorced from her. She has such a sentiment of deep religion, that she conceives it to be breaking a sacrament, according to her doctrine, of the Greek church; and, in short, her leaving her country was all in order to get him away from the object of his fatal passion. In vain! Now, Miss Esterley says, she is waiting for every post to bring her news of his having quitted her for ever, and that her situation is truly deplorable. This is a melancholy history, and I could not leave Madame Davidoff without a lively sympathy for her sorrows; they are so true, so noble, that they excite compassion without any blame being attached to the sufferer, as is the case, alas! too often; for instance, in the unhappy Princess of Wales.

The Princess returned in two or three days, and once again she paid a visit to Monsieur de Begnis' delicious garden. How sad to look at scenes of wondrous beauty for the *last time*. To look at *any* object for the last time which has afforded us interest, is always painful, but at such transcendent loveliness, at such a scene, where fancy has once more floated in spheres of pleasure, it is doubly mournful. Above all, when the *locale* is associated with an individual—when a dear

voice has echoed in that spot—a beloved footstep been listened to as it advanced to the place of rendezvous—there, where friendship and love have held sweet converse together, making a temporary paradise, into which the spite and malice, and sin of the Evil One have entered not; —then it is indeed a bitter parting. I looked at this garden with infinite tenderness. I bade its soil be fruitful: I bade its flowers bloom in undiminished luxuriance: I bade the sun to shine on it, and the showers to refresh it. All this looks very foolish on paper—what piece of sentiment does not? but so long as a third eye does not glance over the words, it matters not; and I would fain keep a record of these feelings.

I dined at Lord William Bentinck's; sat next Mr. Andrews, a pleasant man. Lady Barbara and Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Milner, Mr. Catanelli, were the party. Mr. Catanelli has a remarkably sensible, agreeable face, and I am told is very superior in all things.

Walked to the Palazzo Durazzo, breathing the odour of orange flowers, and loitered late on the lovely terrace.

Rose at daybreak to see Her Royal Highness depart. I have a foolish dislike to saying good bye to any one, and I never felt sadder presentiments than when I bade the poor Princess farewell. I

could not follow Her Royal Highness. I did not wish to do so; but when we part from persons who have shown us individual kindness, be their faults what they may, we remember only that they were good to ourselves, and the pang at saying farewell, and the throb of one's heart as one exclaims a grateful and a hearty "God bless you!" is a very keen anguish.

A few hours after, I also left the Palazzo Durazzo. And now farewell Genoa, but not farewell the memory of thy enchantments!

VERSES WRITTEN ON LEAVING GENOA, 1815.

GIVEN ME BY LADY ———.

I THOUGHT the dreaming hour was gone—
That sad reality alone
Had traced an arid path, whence I
Life's furthest verge could plain descry;
But I have trod on fairy ground,
Where sweet illusion scattered round
Fresh flowers, to make me lose awhile
The sense of fortune's frown or smile.
Then let me gaze, and gaze again
On scenes whose power to banish pain
Have come with such a gentle force,
I cannot trace their unseen source;
But which, in memory's tablet placed,
Will ne'er by others be effaced.

Can I forget thy crescent bay,
" Thy palace pride"—thy gardens gay,
Whose hanging terraces invite
To climb the sweet luxurious height?
Can I forget thy silver sea
Whose circling zone of majesty
So sweetly clasps its " city bride,"
As if it had not love beside?
Can I forget? perhaps—alas!
For memory fades and objects pass;
But deep impressions of delight
Remain, when these shall fade in night.
Transcendent Genoa! can I leave
Thy wondrous beauty—and not grieve?
The vague enchantments, visions rare,
Which hover in thy magic air;
The quiet walk—the blaze of noon—
The balm of twilight—night's calm moon—
These stamp their glories on the soul,
And scorn of time to own controul.
Transcendent Genoa! take the tear
Which, trembling, starts unbidden here
For soon thy magic will be gone,
Thy beauty and thy influence flown.
To-morrow's sun once more for me
Will light thy splendid imagery,
And then—Farewell—ah! since for ever,
'Twere better I had seen *thee* never.

SECTION IV.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

Simplon.—In the midst of clouds, and rain, and cold, on the top of the Alps; a good fire my only consolation. Here I am, out of the region of sunshine and pleasure, transported once more to all the *morale* and all the *physique* of a cold climate, and the dull duties of common existence. Heavens! what a contrast! I passed a winged fortnight at Milan. To go over it day by day, I cannot—to pass it by in silence, impossible. Arrived at Milan Monday night, the 15th, about nine o'clock. The Princess of Wales knew I was to arrive, and sent for me to the opera, whither she was gone, without any English attendants whatever. I was too much concerned for her not to obey her summons, and therefore drove to the *Gran Teatro La Scala*. I arrived as the performance ended, and had only time to make my bow as the Marquis de Ghisilieri was handing Her Royal Highness into her carriage. With

her unvarying kindness to me, she had the complaisance to return into the theatre, that I might have a *coup d'œil* of it in all its glory. It was the finest building of the kind I ever saw; and being lit up for the Archduke of Austria, it had an imposing effect. Still, the illumination was partial; for though the lustres on the outside of the boxes were lit upon that occasion, the back parts of them were in shade.

I was sorry to observe that the Princess had no lady in attendance upon her; but the Marquis Ghisilieri, who is a man of high rank and charming manners, was all respect and attention to her. Some persons made a bad joke, and said his being at the *head of the police*, was an additional circumstance in favour of his being an *attaché* to Her Royal Highness's court.

Everybody has heard of, and so many have seen, the cathedral at Milan, that it may seem unnecessary to dwell upon it; yet one word I must write, not by way of regular or historical description, but merely to please myself, by living over again, as it were, my first visit to that beautiful shrine. The dignity of its structure, and the rich, yet quiet, beauty of its white marble walls and gothic pinnacles, are more in accordance with my feelings of a place of worship than the painted roofs and inlaid altars of the churches

of Genoa. I walked repeatedly round the beautiful screen which circles the high altar. A thousand brilliant rays of coloured light darted through the painted windows, and danced over the pavement, giving animation to the statues, which appeared, to a fanciful view, as if just starting into life. I sat down on a bench to contemplate the scene, and tried to define the sentiments to which it gave birth: in vain. So I suffered myself to look and to enjoy—to shut out the past and the future, and was satisfied—to be. I gazed delightedly at one of those fortunate accidents of light which fell on two of the statues. The illusion was magical; it produced that *once*-to-be-seen effect which, like some happy circumstance in life, illumines certain spots of existence with colours too vivid and too etherial to last. *The same thing never returns.*

I proceeded to ascend the highest pinnacle of the cathedral, and was well repaid for the trouble; for although these *mappe monde* views are not the most beautiful, it is gratifying to embrace a vast expanse of country at one view. There is a latent sense of imaginary power in standing on an elevation, which is undoubtedly gratifying. Amid the most elaborate and beautifully-executed tracery of gothic ornament, spire, and foliage, and scroll innumerable, covered by sta-

tues, and glistering white in the unclouded atmosphere, I looked over the rich plain of Lombardy, far as the eye can reach. It is bounded only towards the north by the vast chain of Alps, whose romantic outline forms a barrier which might well seem impregnable, and yet has not protected the beautiful Italy, which it vainly encircles. As the eye wandered over the most luxuriant plain; the scene of so many wars, so many disputes, who could forbear wishing that the nature of mankind were less selfish, and that instead of monopolizing the possessions of others, each nation and people would rejoice in the prosperity of each other? But the world must be regenerated before this can take place.

I quitted the cathedral of Milan with regret. I have seen it since often, but it has never been the same cathedral to me.

Extract of a Letter from Milan.

"The Archduke is here receiving the oaths of homage, and all Milan is in a state of festivity and confusion; balls, masquerades, &c. &c. The Princess is received in great state, and applauded wherever she appears. The first night of my arrival, Her Royal Highness went to the theatre;

the second, to a great court ball, which was certainly the most magnificent fête I ever beheld. The vastness and solid splendour of the apartments reminded me of the entertainments described in the Arabian Nights. The Grand Duke met the Princess at the door of the saloon, and walked round the endless suite of rooms with Her Royal Highness, followed by their respective attendants. Some gentlemen, as well as ladies, are appointed to form part of her *cortège* whereever she goes; and there is a proper court etiquette observed towards her, which must be gratifying to her, or ought to be.

"Yesterday afternoon there were games in the amphitheatre built by Bonaparte; the immensity and beauty of the building are very striking. It can contain, it is said, thirty-five thousand persons, and in its arena are performed various games, after the manner of the ancients—chariot races, foot races, &c. In two hours' time it can be filled five feet deep with water, for Naumachian games; but on this occasion, chariots, men, and horses were the amusements of the hour. The spectators sat in the amphitheatre, with umbrellas only to shade them from the sun; but the Grand Duke and the Princess sat on two state chairs, under a magnificent pavilion, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order (stolen, bye-the-by, from

some church,) and the Maréchal Bellegarde, and all the Austrian court attending upon the royalties. The Duchess of Visconti and some other lady waited upon the Princess of Wales. "Every person in this vast assemblage was dressed in the most splendid array. Flowers, feathers, diamonds, glittered and waved around. Twenty-five thousand persons and upwards were said to be present. Certainly every part of the vast building was filled with spectators, and yet you might have heard a pin fall. The graceful outline of the oval structure, as wide, but not nearly so high, as the amphitheatres of the ancients—the Alps rising in yet more glorious amphitheatre than any formed by mortal hand, in the back ground, completed this extraordinary and indescribable fête."

Letter from K. C.

"I cannot let ——'s letter depart without adding a few words to you; not to apologise for not answering your two last, which I received some time ago, but to give you some account of your friends in this part of the world, who are not few in number, as, besides our two selves, there are E. F. Kintson, Lady Westmoreland, Irvine, &c., and I dare say many others. I wish you were of the party, as, in point of English, we

are much better provided for than during the winter; and in every other respect this place is to me perfection, and I don't know how I shall ever tear myself from it. I expect, however, so to do, by a summons from my mother, unless she comes to Italy, which her last letter indicated a wish to do: but I have been somewhat uneasy about her, as she was at Marseilles, which, in consequence of the Duc D'Angoulême's presence, held out the longest in favour of the Bourbons.

"The English that are here are very uncertain what steps to take; and I fancy many would have taken flight some time since, had not the fear of banditti been stronger than any other; and indeed poor Irvine* will, I hope, write you an account of his adventure with them, which will interest you much, but which must have been as unpleasant a piece of romance as ever befell a

* Mr. Irvine was one of many persons who were attacked by the banditti between Rome and Naples. He escaped with his life, but not without being severely wounded. So many stories of the barbarity and various exploits of banditti have been narrated, that at last the mind becomes familiarized with them, and forgets to remember how dreadful a scourge they were (I believe in some degree it is now diminished) to southern Italy. But, when reading (as in this letter) the praise of that country, this exceedingly great drawback to a permanent residence there, ought to be considered. The malaria too—that invisible demon which destroys the thoughtless or the unbelieving who brave its power—is another terrific evil that is well worthy of

poor traveller: but you will be happy to hear that the said banditti wore green velvet jackets, with a power of gold buttons—and white hats looped up with ribbons innumerable.

"Elizabeth, who sends her kind regards to you, is going to set off for Paris with a certain Countess Waleska, of whom Her Royal Highness will give you an account; and with her I consider her quite safe. From France she will probably go to England.

"Gell and I have the most comfortable, and, we think, the prettiest apartment in the whole town, which is the admiration of all our countrymen. We give them tea every evening, at any hour from eight till eleven—as, if we are not at home, the tea-pot is: and we generally have very good company, headed by Ward, who is in a kind of honey mood, which renders him an universal, and I must add, unexpected favourite.

remembrance. But, nevertheless, it is so beautiful, so endearing, so unspeakably delightful, that it is painful to record its disadvantages.

"And yet an unavailing sigh will rise
To think this fairest, this transcendant land,
Should be all nations' scoff—all spoilers' prize—
Her rooted honours withering where they stand.
What sorcerer's witchcraft with a blighting wand
Mars every gift that richly doth abound?
What baneful poison in the breeze is found?
What venom bursts from flower-enamelled ground,
While breath of paradise seems gently wafted round?"

"The beauty of the country just now is not to be described by pen; but I hope peace will enable you to judge of it next year, for I never mean to leave it again,* except perhaps for a short time, if I am able, &c. &c.

"Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

"K. C."

"Holland House, Dec. 8th.

"MY DEAR ——,

"When we have once determined on taking an important step, we are glad of the suffrage even of an insignificant person in favour of it; and

* It is difficult to understand a British heart voluntarily resigning its country for ever.... No, blessed Britain, there is no country like thee! The moral worth—the physical strength—the wholesome vigor of your climate—your customs, your laws, your freedom—the sober sanctity of your church, which God for ever guard inviolate—and the liberty of your constitution—are far above the blandishments of the beautiful but degraded Italy. The latter may be compared to a fair courtesan—the former, to a dignified matron walking in the brightness of virtuous beauty; and never surely was this feeling better described than by the poet already quoted, whose last stanza runs thus:

"'Tis want of moral sunshine which denies
The wholesome power that makes these gifts to shine:
And whilst this goodly land in darkness lies,
Shut out from virtue, liberty divine,
Life, vigour, energy, alike decline.
Arise, Italia, as in days of old,
With patriot daring, and with great design!
Again the lofty reins of empire hold,
Again revive thy arts, more precious far than gold!"

though I am afraid that you have known me too long and too well to have much confidence in my judgment, on the other hand, you must by this time be too thoroughly persuaded of the warm and sincere interest which I take in your welfare, to doubt that if I rejoice at your having taken any particular step, it can only be from my believing that it is likely to contribute to your benefit and pleasure. I therefore take the liberty of telling you that I am very glad of your accepting ——— situation. I have lately seen a good deal of your future mistress,* and am persuaded of her possessing many estimable qualities. She is extremely good-humoured and obliging, and seems very much attached to the persons in whose favour she conceives a prepossession. She is by no means *exigeante;* at the same time, no little attention is lost upon her. She seems grateful for the slightest indication of good-will towards her (probably, poor soul! the ill treatment which she has at times received since her arrival in this country has made such doubly acceptable to her), and she is generous; indeed I may say profuse,

* This testimony to the Princess of Wales's many amiable, and even estimable qualities, is one which may be borne in mind hereafter, when the future historian will have to sift the opinions of her cotemporaries, and, with the impartiality which ought to dictate the historic page, "nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice."

in her manner of returning it. She reads* a great deal, and buys all new books; is very fond of music and the play; has boxes at the Opera and both the theatres, which Her Royal Highness attends frequently. She has concerts often at the palace, with the best performers; is fond of having persons of distinction† at her table, either for rank or for political and literary merits; and I

* As to "the Princess's reading a great deal," one of those most associated with her private life, informed me it was a mere pretence. One anecdote may serve to illustrate this fact. Some new work which made its appearance with considerable effect at the time, was greatly canvassed in all circles. Her Royal Highness sent for a person in whose judgment and taste she had some confidence, and requested to have a particular account of the contents of the work, together with a critical analysis of its merits and demerits. This was accordingly done, and that very day at a great dinner, Her Royal Highness pronounced the very words which had been pronounced by another, as her own.

† There is no doubt that the Princess had the good sense to know, that the society of persons who are famous for talent or wisdom, casts a reflected light upon those with whom they associate; and there was a time when there was a galaxy of distinguished persons who sat at the Princess's board, and when the nobles of the land flocked to her parties. What changed the whole scene? Was it any particular novel occurrence in the Princess's own conduct? I have been assured by an eye-witness it was not. The pivot of her fortunes turned upon the deposition of George III. from his regal power, and the consequent succession of the Prince of Wales. The very instant the King's malady was declared to be incurable—as if some sorcerer's wand had waved over the fate of the Princess, to cast her *in this world*

need not tell, that her ladies are all most agreeable persons. Lady Glenbervie and Lady C. Lindsay* are *pétillantes d'esprit*, and Lady ——— will please you infinitely * * *

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* * * * *

* * * I know you well enough to assert, upon my own authority, that the above is exactly the sort of society which you would have chosen for yourself. The *gêne* of a court attendance will be less felt by you than by almost any body else, as I know few people who have been more in the habit of sacrificing their own inclinations to those of the persons with whom they were living; and the Princess, by her manner of speaking of you, seems prepared to like every

into the blackness of darkness—she was cast down from her high estate, and deprived of all that could make life valuable. She struggled on for a time; but she was goaded to madness and despair, and her enemies prevailed.

* Concerning these two ladies there never was a dissentient voice. Gay, brilliant, witty, well-informed, kindly in all their thoughts, words, and actions, they were the sunshine of every circle in which they appeared. Their wit, sparkle as it might, was always a lambent flame which never harmed a living creature. With every power of mind which could make them feared, they never inspired any sentiment but that of affectionate admiration. They form a rare instance in life, of having been universally liked, and yet never having excited envy or any malignant sentiment. Alas! that one only should now remain.

thing you say and do. To be sure, I have endeavoured to *clear up* her ideas on this subject, but I cannot say with much success; she seems most obstinately prejudiced in your favour. Into the bargain, I confess it will give me great pleasure to see you placed in your proper sphere,* and occupying a situation in which you cannot fail to appear to so much advantage. Her Royal Highness has for sometime past been so kind to me, that gratitude for her attentions must necessarily render me a partial judge: but even, making all possible allowance, I cannot help flattering myself that you will have reason to be satisfied with your new situation.

"There is no news of any kind. Mr. R. Walpole has been tapped for the dropsy, and is considered as being in a very dangerous state.

"Ever yours,

"M. G. Lewis."

* What a mistake Mr. Lewis made in wishing his friend such joy at the appointment about the Princess of Wales! for though what he said of Her Royal Highness's society at *that time* was true, and that it was a very agreeable one, *it was no feather in any body's cap* to have been in that unfortunate lady's service. On the contrary, so vindictive are all members of the R—F— in their feelings towards her even to this day, that nothing would induce them to have any person in their households who had ever been about the Princess. No *worldling* ever served Her Royal Highness; and even those who were personally attached to her, and felt her wrongs, were at last compelled, one by one, to leave her service.

Extract of a letter from Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to ——.

"The great news* most talked of is this great state prisoner retained in the prison of Vincennes. I, in my own mind, am convinced it is the Dauphin, with which I should be delighted, but particularly to see completely the nation made an April fool of by *this scham king*. I am only afraid it would involve the nation in a civil war, as these old gouty fellows would not like to remove the crown so easily. How many regrets about the Saint-Esprits and the garters will be expressed, which, after all, was a very rash action of two old foolish noddles. The English nation has at all times been made April fools of, but never so completely than this year of our Lord, 1817.

"The Prince Hereditary of Orange has been sent for in great haste, and arrived on Saturday

* Another instance to prove that the Princess always delighted in mysteries, and had a childish love of any thing like change. She was justly affronted, however, at Louis XVIII. and his court; but she ought to have remembered they dared not show her any civility, circumstanced as that monarch was in respect of the R——t: but it is difficult to conceive any man's being so mean as to persecute a woman in every trivial circumstance, in the manner the R——t did the Princess, only that in looking at the conduct of mankind, there is as much littleness to be observed in the male character as there is in the female. No man likes his wife to be considered as anything, when he chooses to consider her as nothing.

evening, incog. I have not yet heard or seen anything of him. He is to persuade his fair bride to settle in Holland. After she has refused to receive the Duke of York, who was to bring her such a message, they suppose that all-powerful love will make Princess Charlotte* yield to leave her native country; but I trust that for once she will be steady, as she would involve herself in more difficulties in future, if not even lose her crown, which I think would be a very bad joke, in consequence of too much obedience before marriage. *O tempore, O mores!* Since Saturday I am in town again; and I feel myself much more comfortable from having performed my arduous tasks at the royal menagerie. Lady Westmoreland called on me one morning, and is going abroad directly. She is always going somewhere or anoder. I call her de perpetual motion. A

* Whether the Princess Charlotte really disliked the Prince of Orange personally, or whether she was persuaded to believe that her marriage was a contrivance of the Regent's to keep her out of the country, it is very difficult to say; certainly there were many circumstances which seemed to confirm the report that the father did not love the daughter. It is a melancholy fact in the annals of mankind, that men often dislike their successors; they are a species of *memento mori* which they cannot bear. Afterwards, when the Princess Charlotte married Prince Leopold, her servants were made to wear her husband's liveries, *not* the royal liveries of the heiress presumptive to the throne of Britain. This was one of many trifling but offensive indications of jealousy and dislike.

Mr. Malcolm sent me a second edition of his 'Sorrows of Love,' for which I had paid him years ago; and also two copies for the Regent and Princess Charlotte, both of which I sent to her; and desired Mr. Malcolm to write to the Duchess of Leeds to get paid. I certainly never shall give him another shilling for his trash of poetry. He should send a fourth volume to Lady Hertford, as I think, in the present predicament, it would be acceptable, as it contains the 'Sorrows of Love.'

"Pray believe me ever your affectionate

(Signed) "C. P——."

Another letter from the Princess of Wales to the same.

"DEAR ——,

"I resume my pen again. By the franc which you received on Tuesday, you have seen that Lord Byron was of the party on Sunday; and he was really the hero of the party, for he was in very high spirits, free like a bird in the air, having just got rid of his chains.* He intended still to go

* Every true admirer of genius will always regret that Lord Byron's conduct to, and consequent separation from, his wife, gave such melancholy proof that talent is not always accompanied by principle. That Lady Byron was wholly unfitted to be the poet's wife, every one must readily admit. It was not merely her being a woman of religious principle which made the discrepancy in their characters so glaring, that every one

abroad, but where, how, and with whom, he is quite unsettled in his mind about it. I am sorry to mention, that his last poem upon 'The Decadence of Bonaparte,' is worthy neither his pen nor his muse. So much about him. We sat down to seventeen, and the dinner was as merry as any party of the sort could go off. Everybody was determined to be good-humoured and witty. Even old Borringdon* did 'son petit possible.' After

who ran might read that they were paired, not matched—but it was a rigid coldness and unbending pride of nature and of reason, which prevented her from leading the mind of her husband into the paths of peace.

The freedom which the Princess here alludes to with so much foolish levity, did not evidently produce any happy result to the wayward poet. There is a deadly venom in his most sublime strains, not like the calm melancholy of feeling and reflection, but like the stinging of the worm that never dies. In his most ribald poems, the sneer of the comic mask but ill conceals the vulture that is preying on his heart.

It is certainly impossible for any third person to form a just judgment of the mutual wrongs of husband and wife. There is a sacred mystery in that tie which cannot be solved; but, as far as a stranger to both these individuals can form an opinion, it seems that two more ill-assorted persons never were bound together in one chain—and yet they loved—incomprehensibly *loved* each other.

> "Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still,
> Is human love the growth of human will?"—Byron.

* "Old Borringdon!" what, seven-and-twenty years ago to be called old Borringdon! Had he known it, he could have better borne a worse epithet. If everybody knew what everybody says of them, what would become of the world? He was

we had left the gentlemen, and we ladies sat round the fire equal in numbers to the nine Muses, a German flute-player, of the name of Foust, came to assume the place of the demigod Pan. He worked much upon the feelings of Lady Anne, who was quite enraptured. She went close to the sounds of his flute, looking strangely into his face, as if looking him through and through. Upon the other virgin's heart, Miss Hayman,* he also had much effect. She took out her pair of spectacles, and went to the pianoforte to accompany this bewitching flute. Lady Anne acted the pantomime the whole time the music continued. I could admire neither the one nor the other. This heathen god is deaf upon one ear, which occasioned him to produce a great many false notes, and I was too happy when released from this cacaphonie.

a remarkably agreeable man in a very peculiar way, yet his first wife left him to elope with Sir A. P——; but his second wife seems well calculated to make him happy. She was a Bath beauty, the daughter of an apothecary, full of youth, and freshness, and various talents; kind and of a cheerful disposition. She went with an English family to Paris, and there she met and captivated Lord Borringdon. They are one couple out of a thousand, in the circle of fashion, to whom marriage seems a light and pleasant chain.

* This lady was a fine and rare specimen of English character: rough in manner, right in principle, blunt in speech but tender in heart; kind, true, and trust-worthy; with a love for, and true understanding of music, in which she was a proficient.

On Monday, as I mentioned to you, I had a little children's ball in honour of my nephew, little Prince William.* Twenty couple never were better fitted for dancing, for beauty, and skill. Lady Anne presided at the head of the large table appropriated for the children. There was no dancing after supper, but fireworks, which made the conclusion of the evening. I confess I was as tired as if I had danced also, from the noise and from the total want of any real good conversation with the grown people. I think, in general, people are grown more old and dull since the two years I have not met them. Nothing but the wine at table exhilarates their spirits, and the high dishes takes them out of their [*word wanting.*] But I am glad to assure you that I have now done my duty for this year, and shall not be troubled again. I wish to God for never with any sight of them.

Yesterday I made morning visits to Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte, at the Pheaseantry; this evening I go to Covent Garden, and to-morrow to

* Prince William, now the hero of mustachios and balloons, a sort of dandy mufti. Of this young coxcomb it is related that the Turkish ambassador was observed one day to examine him with peculiar curiosity, and after seeing him for a length of time looking with intense interest into his hat, and then twirling his mustachios with infinite care and grace, discovered that the object of his contemplation was his own face reflected in a mirror, which was fixed in the crown of his hat!

Drury Lane, to amuse Willy, and to take away from the dreadful dreary and long evenings I passed with *La Pucelle d'Orleans.* Everybody of my acquaintance almost is gone to Paris. Mr. Ward went on Monday; the Pools went, like conjugal felicity, to Paris also, and took their only petit fruit d'amour, Emily, with them. Lord Lucan has sold his house in Hamilton Place to Lord Wellington: the former is going abroad for three years, with his whole baggage of children. I say amen, as probably I shall never see them again, for which I shall not weep. The Emperor of Russia is expected in the course of a fortnight, and as he has visited the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, he can have no objection to visit the Regent's wife at Kensington.

Miss B——intends to pay you a visit with the brothers. I wish I could as easily as my thoughts do, convey myself to you. You may say a hundred things to a person, but it is impossible to put them all upon paper. You can express your thoughts, but not your feelings, which is my present case. What do you think of the "Wardour," by Madame D'Arblais? It has only proved to us that she forgot her English;* and the same sus-

* "Forgot her English!"—what a good joke. The princess pronounce sentence upon Madame d'Arblais' English! that lady who wrote one of the standard works of fiction, which England is proud to claim, and which, in its own classical style

picion has arisen again in my mind, that "Evelina" was written, or at least corrected, by Dr. Johnson. There is nothing out worth recommending in either language. I understand that Madame De Staël has been much offended at the Regent not inviting her the evening Louis XVIII. was at Carlton House. She now laments much that she never came to pay me a visit, and sacrificed me entirely to pay her court to him. She is a very time-serving person. She is going to Paris immediately.* A long letter of congratulation

of English purity, both as to language, and moral, and story, cannot be surpassed. It is unjust and untrue to take from the merits of female authors, by ascribing the best of their works to male pens. This is not so—women are peculiarly tenacious of their own writings, and cannot suffer even the corrections of others. It is said this lady is now, in her old age, bereaved of all she loved, by the death of her only son, and left to mourn not only her heart's loss, but the loss of all the comforts necessary to her time of life. Woe is me! that those who *can*, do *not*, ameliorate her situation; and those who wish to do so, cannot.

* The two circumstances which gave the poor Princess the greatest wounds at that time, were Madame De Stael's contumely and that of Louis XVIII. If the perpetual goads and stings which she received from all quarters, are taken into consideration, much of the blame which might attach to her for having gone abroad, will be lessened. If ever woman was baited like a bear at the stake, it was the unfortunate Princess. And although she might have acted a wiser part, let any mother, any queen, any woman, suffer the same indignities, and then learn to judge with lenient judgment of the faults and follies of this Princess.

was written by her to Louis XVIII., and paying all possible compliments, after having abused them, and done the Bourbons all the mischief in her power. She is a very worldly person, and it is no loss whatever to me never to have made her acquaintance. I shall return to my little nutshell next Saturday, the 30th, and shall feel myself much more comfortable, and not so damp, as in my present habitation, and to live like 'La dame de qualité qui s'est retirè du monde. Adieu, and believe me

"Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) "C. P——."

Extract of another letter from Her Royal Highness to the same.

"I wish you would persuade Lady Augusta Charteries to come and be my lady of the bedchamber for six months; and in case a great change in my situation should take place, which would enable me to go abroad, to take her then with me, she would either take the six months waiting at once, or divide them in three months, just as it would be convenient to her, as I have good reasons to think of preparing myself, one day or another, for my journey abroad. The late great events on the Continent enable now everybody to go over there, and the living there will

be so much less expensive. I can only assure you, that 2,000*l.* of English money would make 12,000*l.* upon the Continent. I had lately occasion to transact some money matters abroad; 300 dollars just make 50*l.* English money, so that I could be very well and very comfortable in a fine warm climate, and liberty into the bargain. I came to the royal menagerie on Tuesday, the 19th, not from idle want of variety, but from duty mixed with very little inclination to be civil to the very uncivilized society of the metropolis. The following day I had a great dinner of twenty people. The chief objects in the picture* were

* It was said of the society at Kensington, that it was the lowest and most impure. At that period the accusation was *wholly* unfounded: this list of persons is but one of many such; equally high in rank, and more distinguished for talent and charm of manner, cannot well be conceived. Lord G——'s high aristocratic bearing is proverbial, and though there is a tincture of inward uneasiness of mind on his countenance, it is a countenance, nevertheless, that is peculiarly fascinating to women. The curious story told in all the public papers of the day, a few years ago, seems to imply that some cause of sorrow or dissatisfaction preys upon him, and probably occasions that delusive state of fancy which conjured up the vision of a terrific head, which was related to have been seen by his lordship more than once. It is well known that there are many persons afflicted with an optical disease which induces them to believe they see all kinds of apparitions, though at the same time they are aware it is a delirium of their senses; but it does not seem in this instance, that the head seen by Lord G—— was owing to this diseased organization, as some of his lordship's daughters have also (if report speaks truth) beheld the spectre's head.

the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia, and the Greys, Lansdownes, Cowpers, &c. In the evening every one who left their names* at Connaught House, though many repented of their civility, and sent shilly shally excuses for not attending the party. Thank God, the dreadful bore was over by twelve o'clock; the curtain dropped, and I retired in the green-room to my solitary den.

"The other three days I saw nobody except the Prince Condé, who was the only gentleman who showed the least urbanity in taking leave of me. I did not hear or see anything of the farce with the white cockades, neither que 'le Saint Esprit' à éte offert au Tyran de Syracuse. I think it is a dreadful epigram upon the Regent, 'comme si on avoit douté que l'esprit et la sainteté lui manquoit.'† Everybody wore white favours for three days following, and any stranger arriving in the metropolis would have supposed that the whole country had been married, and

* It is needless to make any comment on Her Royal Highness's grammar: one letter serves for all as to the proof of her ignorance; but in many of them there is much of feeling, and much of truth.

† This clever piece of mingled impertinence and blasphemy, was less wicked in Her Royal Highness than it would be in many another person, for she was really ignorant of the sin she was committing. Her education, if she could have been said to have had any, was under the influence of an atheist.

I have said que cetoit le marriage du saint et de l'esprit, uni pour la premiere fois en Pall Mall. We have now a right to expect wonders from that quarter, so much about nothing. You may easily imagine I have not seen the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and I have also no curiosity to see a Kalmuck face. I shall have to-day Mr. Canning's party to dinner, which will enable me to get a *franc* for all this random of mine. To-morrow I give a children's ball for my little nephew, whose birthday it is. I have invited all the fathers and mothers who have children for that occasion. I am afraid it will be dreadfully dull for the old folks; and then I have concluded for this year of our Lord 1814 with the great and dull world, and shall only devote my hours and days to my especial friends. The Ossulstons have followed Louis XVIII. Mr. Craven is gone in the same packet, commanded by Sir J. Beresford, in which the King is lodged, to Paris. His mother sends him to the King of Prussia for the pension as Dowager Margravine to be paid, and even the arrears. His stay will be six weeks, but I am afraid unsuccessful with regard to his commission. Heaven bless you, my dear ——.

(Signed) "C. P."

A copy of a letter from Lord Liverpool previously to Her Royal Highness's departure from England; found in the papers of the writer of the Diary, and written in the Princess of Wales's hand.*

"Fife House, July 28th.

"Lord Liverpool has had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness's letter, and of laying it before the Prince R——t. Lord Liverpool is commanded by the Prince to acquaint your Royal Highness, that he can have no objection to your Royal Highness carrying into effect the intention announced by your Royal Highness of going to your native country to pay a visit to your brother the Duke of Brunswick, and that it cannot be the wish of the Prince Regent to interfere in any plan which may be formed by your Royal Highness for your present or future residence; but

* The editor is not aware that this letter has ever been published, and the last part, in which Lord Liverpool, by the *Regent's command*, disclaims any interference on the part of His Royal Highness in preventing the allied sovereigns and other personages of note from paying their respects to the Princess of Wales, renders it a *curious* letter, since it is well authenticated that an especial messenger from Carlton House was sent to prevent the foreign potentates from taking any notice of the Princess. This contradiction makes out either one party or the other a story-teller; and it is to be suspected that the Prince's denial of having laid his commands on the Emperor of Russia not to visit the Princess, was a false statement.

His Royal Highness will be satisfied that you should exercise your own discretion as to residing in this country or abroad, as may be most convenient to you. Lord Liverpool has been directed further to inform your Royal Highness, that the Prince of Wales does not wish to throw any impediment in the way of any arrangements which you may be desirous of making respecting the house of Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Brunswick, or of any other part of your Royal Highness's private property; but various considerations must prevent the Prince R——t from appointing Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte ranger of Greenwich Park at present, or of permitting her to reside in the house at Blackheath.

"Lord Liverpool is commanded by the Prince Regent not to conclude this letter without noticing the two circumstances mentioned in your Royal Highness's letters—of the rupture of the negotiation for the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte with the hereditary Prince of Orange, and of your Royal Highness not having received a visit from the allied sovereigns and other illustrious personages before they left England. With respect to the first of these points, Lord Liverpool is commanded to say, that from the course of the transaction itself, the Prince R——t cannot consider the peculiar circumstances

of your Royal Highness as having formed the obstacle to that marriage. Upon the latter point, Lord Liverpool is commanded to acquaint your Royal Highness that no obstruction was placed by the Prince Regent in the way of the allied sovereigns, or the other illustrious personages, visiting your Royal Highness before they left England."

A short note from the Princess herself accompanies this copy of Lord Liverpool's letter, which Her Royal Highness sent to her friend. She says, "I send you the *best* letter I ever received from that quarter. I can now do what I like, go where I choose; *I have got leave*, and feel quite happy." Poor soul, what a mistaken view of the subject! Her husband was too glad she should leave the country; it was what he most wished for. He well knew there was no peace for him to be expected whilst there were "two Harrys in the field," and a Prince and Princess of Wales, situated as they were with regard to each other, could not fail to be a thorn in each other's side; so that the Regent was delighted to see her depart. At the moment, however, the receipt of Lord Liverpool's letter gave Her Royal Highness pleasure. She looked forward to release from restraint, and rest from bitter words and cruel mockings;

and it is not surprising she contemplated with satisfaction going to a foreign land, which promised her enjoyments she missed in England.

Extract of a Letter from Lady ——.

"I saw the Princess of Wales to-day. Her Royal Highness informed me that the Duke of Kent had just left her, having announced a drawing room, which is to take place on the 16th. This great event was settled the other day at Carlton House. The old Queen did not like it *at first*, or pretended not to do so, but was at last *obliged* to consent. It will be the most curious thing in the world, if it actually does take place; but I have my doubts. The thing is so extraordinary, that an old *Dowager Queen*—for, in fact, she is a dowager as long as the poor King is set aside, from a *living death*—that she, I say, should give a drawing-room and gaieties, when there is a Princess Regent, whose business it is to do so, seems very extraordinary, and likely to excite the rage of John Bull."

Extract of another Letter from the same to the same.

"My dear ——,

"*Chanticleer is fairly routed and terrified off his dunghill*, and *Trou Madame* exists no more.

How this blessed change was brought about, I cannot say; but all wild, common birds have a great abhorrence to some pets of their own kind; and, by all I can devise, it has been successfully managed by them.* One thing certain is, that I have had nothing to do in the matter; but that so it is, and it is most fortunate. Of course, at the Palace, things go on as usual; but that matters not, in comparison.

"I passed a pleasant evening last night at Woodland's, where I found the *Sweet Williams;* but I must, perhaps, give you *the key to that lock* —a written pun, and such a one, demands an apology. Well, there was also there a General Lublibroff, who married a daughter of old Mr. Angerstein's. He and his wife are just imported from Russia, and the former, as an eye witness of the campaign there, was very entertaining. He related horrors that made my flesh creep, and it is quite curious to hear (by his account) how very nearly Bonaparte escaped: but a *miss, you will say, is as good as a mile.*"

* This letter relates to a cottage and its inmates, (often spoken of in the Diary,) which was a most unfitting place and society for the Princess to frequent, and caused her attendants great shame and regret, for her sake as well as their own, when they were obliged to attend Her Royal Highness to the disgraceful haunt.

Another, from the same to the same.

"Here we are, in what I call *trou Madame*, at seven o'clock in the fine August evenings, to be immured, for a *certainty*, till half-past twelve, is a trial of patience. This has been the case three evenings out of five; and I find, from my predecessors, that this was the case for a fortnight together. I own it is very disgusting, and the more so to me, from my feelings constantly oppressed by *goodness* for which I cannot return unmixed gratitude. I know you will enter *into all* my feelings upon all accounts, and it is a relief to express them to you, though at present I beg you not to reply to my communications. As long as I choose to be what I am, I will be it faithfully, and according to my station; but I have really been sadly *goaded* these last four days, and should not be surprised if I could not bear it much longer. However, do not be afraid of my doing anything *suddenly or violently*. Enough of this subject, perhaps too much, on paper.

"Messrs. Gell and Craven dined at the Palace, and made two evenings pass pleasantly; but I can see that they are not what they were to the Princess. Gell is so *de bonne foi*, that I do not think he has discerned how bad things are become; but his friend has, in some degree, and I

see him turn away in pity, but contempt. Alas! alas! for my poor mistress; it distresses me to see her doing all to sink herself.

"The Royal Dukes pay Her Royal Highness great court. The Duke of Kent was here yesterday: he told the Princess that his regiment, which has been engaged in this last affair at St. Sebastian, is cut to pieces; the whole of the grenadiers killed. I feel more than usual horror at this carnage, for many of his men were drafted out of the —— Militia, and several officers whom I knew, poor fellows!

"I suppose you have heard that it is thought the Prince of Orange is to be placed before Princess Charlotte, to see if he can find favour in her sight. This is to be managed by means of a breakfast, given by Lord Liverpool, at which the Queen's *most gracious* Majesty is to be present, and, of course, the young one; but the latter wrote word to her mother that she would not go. This, I believe, is only by way of pleasing the Princess of Wales, who, for some reason or other, does not like the idea of this marriage. Perhaps she does not wish for *any marriage*, for fear of a new and greater influence over her daughter than any that has yet been.

"Princess Charlotte hates her grandmother; and, tell it not in Gath, but I am sure she has no

partiality for her father; so that, to *spite them*,* she takes her mother's part. I wish I could think she had a better motive for so doing. Perhaps I wrong Princess Charlotte; but, as I at present view her character, it seems to me a selfish one; tyranny, and the love of power, the master-passion of her mind. But her mother will not long have any influence over her, if she continues the same frivolous and disgraceful mode of life which she has indulged in lately. But no human power can check her course, be it right or wrong. There is a propelling force in the Princess of Wales's own heart and fancy, that urges her to do whatever she wills, and bids defiance to reason, or to the fear of God or man. This is all I can pick out of my brains to-day; and little and dull is the *all*, my dear; but I trust the assurance that I am yours, affectionately, will be welcome to you.†

* What an unnatural motive is here ascribed to Princess Charlotte, for loving and supporting her mother! but the miserable circumstances in which the parents and child were placed—their being what they were in rank, and station, and situation—form *some* excuse for the child's indifference, if it did exist, towards both her parents.

† The foregoing letter reveals much of the Princess's life, and shows what annoyances her attendants had to submit to, in seeing her degrade herself by associating with such individuals as the S——s; yet, in this letter, which is evidently written in perfect confidence, (and the writer would, therefore, not have hesitated to tell, if there had been more to tell) there is nothing

Extract of another letter from the same to the same.

"Florence.

"Though I know you do not interest yourself about gossip, I must tell you that there is a most curious story afloat (I do not vouch for the truth of it), saying the Duke of —— is not the Duchess' son. The Duchess, it was said, substituted her friend Lady ——'s child for *her own*, the present Duchess's, that is to say: consequently, the child thus imposed on the world as a son and heir to the honour of the —— House, is no son and heir. There were strange doings in that house, if report speaks truth. If this story be true (and that there is some truth in it I do believe), many persons will suffer shame and loss. It seems Croft, the man who attended poor Princess Charlotte in her confinement, was the only person in the secret, and was sent for from London to Paris to attend the Duchess of —— when this Duke, or, rather, no Duke, was born; and this man has lately shot himself; which some persons have attributed to his evil conscience.* Lord —— would then be

which criminates the Princess. In this private communication, as in all others, she is only proved guilty of folly, of a partiality to low company, and of being totally incapable of putting any restraint on the *whims* which came into her head.

* It was said that he was reading one of Shakspeare's plays when he committed the suicide, and that the page was opened at the words—"The Princess, oh, the Princess!"

Duke, were his story proved true. She is coming to Rome, it seems, and, it is supposed, to extract the truth out of the Duchess: *cosa difficile assai*, unless it be true that she is turned catholic out of love for Cardinal G——i, and that fear compels her to make a clear conscience.

"Among other English news, I heard to-day that Lady Louisa E——e, Lord A——'s sister, has run away from her husband. This shocks me, for I knew her intimately. She loved her husband dearly, passionately, when I knew her; and nothing was wanting to their felicity except children. It is horrid to think of crime without any excuse to palliate it, and where is this poor lady's excuse? who forsook the man of her choice, and one who seemed tenderly attached to her, and with whom she had lived for twenty years!*

* Poor Lady E——e had one child, the offspring of her illicit love, which compensated to her for the disgrace she incurred by forsaking her husband. Her whole heart was set upon her little one. It was a very beautiful child; and Sir Thomas Lawrence made a transcript of its early loveliness on canvas. This portrait, "The Child and Flowers," is one of the most celebrated, and justly so, of his productions; but that awful curse (one, because no longer spoken from the Mount with thunderings and smoke, is unheeded,) "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children," was executed in this instance; for the child of her heart, the pledge of Lady E——'s unhallowed love, was taken from her. Very grievous to the bereaved mother was this dispensation; but for the little one so early called, whilst yet an angel in purity of heart, the summons was

"Lord A——n is dead: this is even a still more fearful event, for, from all I have heard, he was little prepared to die. In a letter I received to-day from Lady ——, who was an intimate friend of his, she tells me the following curious particulars relative to his end. 'One morning, when he met Lady A——n at breakfast, he said, you know I am no coward, not afraid of ghosts or such idle fancies, but if I were to live a thousand years, I would not pass such a night over again, or see such sights as I saw last night.' A short time before his death he also said to his wife, 'you think I am quite well; but I tell you I am not—I am dying.' And when his physicians had held a consultation about his health, Lord A. charged them to tell him their exact opinion, and they did so, informing him that his life was certainly in imminent danger. He did not appear at

perhaps ordained in mercy. And to all such innocent ones may be applied the following beautiful lines.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCHYARD AT WISBEACH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies:
To earth her body lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

And when the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

all agitated, but ordered his coach and four, with outriders, and went out driving. Some say, that as Lord A. was lifted out of his carriage on his return home, he died; others, that he lived through the night; but altogether, adds Lady ——, I never heard a more awful account of the close of a life. I hear Dr. H——y* implored Lord A. to see him, and permit him to talk on religious matters, but he obstinately refused the request. No one knows what was the disease of which Lord A. died. Sir T. Lawrence's expression to a friend was, 'I looked for Lord A——n in his arm-chair, and could not see him, he was so shrunk.'

"I regret Lord A——n's decease, for the sake of my Lady ——, to whom he was very kind; and also he was friendly to the unhappy Princess of Wales.

"Now, as you kindly wish me to do so, I will say something about myself, but it shall be as little as possible, for I have nothing to tell you that can be interesting or agreeable to hear. The day is beautiful, and it has done me some good to breathe its genial breath; but do you not know that feeling of contrast, of painful contrast, between the beauty of a first day of spring, and the wintry cold that is in the heart—that sighing of the soul

* Now Archbishop of C—y, formerly tutor in Lord A—'s family.

which says, 'I, too, *might be happy;*' but I am absent and miserable, and can taste none of this gaiety of nature. Heavens! how beautiful the cascines looked, and the clustering domes and towers of Florence, its distant frames of hills, its many-coloured lights. I went to the Santa Croce, and I enjoyed the greatness of its recollections. The tombs of the two Aretins are very beautiful; the marble has acquired that mellow tint at once so brilliant, so transparent, and yet so subdued, which I admire more than when it is very dazzlingly white; and I like the design of those monuments. I am called away by visitors, so must bid you farewell, for to-day, my dear friend. Yours, with every kind wish for your happiness."

From the same to the same.

"Florence.

"I have heard nothing more about the D—— story, except that the mother and son (if such they are) appear to be living on very happy terms, and the black story is said to be hushed up by a promise on the part of the Duke, that he will never *marry*, or *pretend to present an heir*. What an agreeable compact for his Grace! I heard a great deal of the first Duchess from a man of business to whom she was frequently indebted for assistance in pecuniary matters. He gave me a

curious autograph of her's, which I copy and send for your amusement. It makes one marvel to think how a high-born lady could ever lay herself under such disgraceful obligations. The Duke always behaved to her with the greatest kindness and generosity, but then, to be sure, he knew *she* knew his peccadillos; so it was, *Tais toi, je scais; tais toi, je scais*, that made them bear with one another. What a disgraceful bargain! yet it is one very frequently made by great folks. Here is the Duchess' letter.

(Copy.)

"Dated London, 18th Dec. 1779.

"Mr. D——ll having lent me two thousand six hundred and fifty pounds, I do hereby promise to pay him two hundred and fifty pounds every three months, at the usual quarter days, and continue to pay that sum quarterly to him or his heirs (allowing five per cent. interest, and five per cent. for insurance of my life per annum,) until principal, interest, and insurance, shall be fully paid.

(Signed) "G—— D——."

"My agreement is, that in case the Duchess does not pay me two hundred and fifty pounds quarterly, that I shall acquaint the Duke of D—— with this transaction; and her Grace

has promised, in case of her death or other accidents, to leave in writing a request that I may be paid, as I have lent her the money to relieve her from play debts, under a solemn promise that she will not play in future.

(Signed) "J. D——."

This is a very curious letter, and a melancholy record of the folly of this great Lady, who was one of the best-hearted persons in the world. I have often heard it told of her, that if she had money set apart for pleasure, or for the payment of debts, and that some individual came to her in pecuniary distress, she would always relieve him or her, and leave her own difficulties unprovided for. Oftentimes she was wrong in so doing. One must be just before one is generous; but it is impossible not to be charmed by the kindly impulse which made her, without a moment's hesitation, shield another from distress. Alas! it is frequently thus. Those who are amiable, are often not estimable; yet, I fear I lean to the former, with a weak partiality, for which I have repeatedly blamed myself. Of course the D—— family would be much annoyed if they knew such a document was in existence: and what a Jew the lender in this transaction must have been!

"To-day I heard a most romantic story, one

which, if it was narrated in a novel, would be called exaggerated. But there are often romances in real life, which far surpass any fictitious compositions. Madame —— told me that her sister, Mrs. T. B——, persecuted her since the death of her parents; and when she discovered her attachment to her present husband, at Naples, she made it the means of turning her own brother against her. They could not lock her up, as her fortune was very large, and independent of them; but they contrived to imprison her *lover*, and carried her off to Malta. From thence they sent her to England, to an uncle. To tell you all the story, is now impossible; suffice it to say, she escaped from the people who had the charge of her. The very day she arrived at Portsmouth, she dressed herself in boy's clothes, and got, unobserved, to Calais; but when the passengers landed, she had no passport, and they would not suffer her to go on shore. It was night, and she was in despair; but, by the light of a lanthorn, she beheld a man, who appeared like a gentleman, walking on the pier. She threw herself on her knees to him, appealed to his compassion, and told him her story. He took pity on her, and procured her a passport, but only as far as Paris. Madame —— had only seventy pounds with her, for her brother had the power of stopping her

income, under pretence that she was mad, and about to disgrace her family. Obliged, therefore, to husband this sum, lest it should not carry her to Naples, where her lover was imprisoned, she at length, after great difficulties, obtained the necessary passport, and the ninth day reached Rome. There she was told by a Neapolitan that her lover was released, and gone to London in quest of her. She turned her steps back again, and caught him at Milan; but only saw him for two hours, for he said, 'They will tell you that I marry you for your fortune; that I do not love you, and therefore, till every shilling is settled upon yourself, we must not be united. Go, return to England; have that matter arranged, and I will come and claim you in England.' Accordingly she did so; they were married, and after a trial of two years, pronounced themselves happy, in all except the persecution of her friends, and the mode in which they have tied up her fortune, so that she cannot live as she would wish.

"Are you tired of this long story? I have not imparted to it the interest which Madame —— did in relating it to me, with heartfelt energy; and she made me look with *admiration* even at her little, ugly self, as she sat beside me, while I thought on how much she had undergone of trial, and how nobly she had combated against the

mean tyranny of her relatives. To be sure, it seems astonishing that Madame —— should have gone through so much for love of her ugly husband, insignificant in mind, body, and estate, as he appears to others; but love (which like a piece of water in an ugly landscape, reflects a thousand tints of beauty, and redeems a common scene from its monotony) endows the beloved one with fair qualities, which exist only in the reflection of passion's mirror. Blessings on the power which creates this magic charm! In truth, love is the sun of the human heart, without which it is a dark abyss, joyless and arid.

"I am ashamed of this rhapsody; do you forgive it? I said I was disappointed in Florence, when I first arrived. I must make it the *amende honorable*, and tell you that I am now very fond of this place—again I cannot resist a simile—like an ugly person, whose outward appearance repels at first sight, but in whom, after longer acquaintance one discovers innumerable merits of head and heart. So have I learned to know and value the locale of Florence as it deserves.

"You must be weary of reading this long letter. Perhaps you have not had patience to read so far; but let your eye glance over the last words, which are to assure you I am affectionately your friend, and may your heart re-echo the feeling!"

From the same to the same.

"Florence.

"YOUR letter from Brieg has this moment relieved me from some anxiety. I began to be afraid you had lost yourself in regions of 'thick ribbed ice,' or broken your neck over a precipice in your pursuit of glory after the Chamois; so that, on all accounts, your letter was most welcome. If you have ever wished for my friend and myself in the course of your tour, I assure you we have as frequently returned the compliment; and I often say to myself, when I am tempted to walk about into strange-looking shops, in quest of prey, as well as in viewing things of high and sacred fancy, when —— comes, I shall avail myself of his protection and taste, to indulge in the latter. Often, too, at night, when I long to enjoy the moon-light, I think if I had a comfortable, quiet sort of an arm to protect me, I should like to wander about as chance led me; and I have fancied that something of similar taste, perhaps of similar *distaste*, might make *you* not an unwilling companion. Perhaps you think I am going to tell you of the Gallery of the Palais Pitti, the Academia, the Santa Croce, &c.; but not a *bit* of these things shall I pretend to write of. Flowers, feath... silver, tissue, jewels, golden ornaments, pomps,

and ceremonies, and bridal attire, are all I am competent to give you in description. Yesterday I went to the nuptials of the grand Duke's daughter with Prince Carignani. The ceremony took place in the Duomo, at ten in the morning. The church was illuminated, or, rather, I should say, spangled with thousands of waxen tapers; it was hung with crimson and gold; decorated with draperies of various sorts; and all the spectators, those admitted with the court, at least, in the most splendid attire. The women were magnificently and tastefully habited; the men, as fine as finery could make them. The forms of male costume exclude the possibility of beauty. The bride (the victim, or the beatified—who can say which?) was gorgeously arrayed. A long veil covered her whole form, nearly. This was taken off at the foot of the altar, when the ceremony began. She is a young girl, of sixteen; fair and gentle in appearance; her husband not ill-looking, but nothing particular, in his form or face, to attract or repulse. I thought the whole scene imposing; and the Roman Catholic rites (do not despise me for the confession) are *very often* grateful to my feelings. There is something very awful in the reflection that two beings binding themselves, for ever, to the performance of the most sacred duties, the fulfilment

of which, inasmuch as regards the heart alone, does not always depend upon themselves. That word, '*for ever*'—it always thrills through me. I was not gay while I beheld the ceremony I have been describing; but I was interested—interested even to bodily fatigue. At night we went to a great *apartimento;* that means court at the Palais Pitti. The Palace, the arrangement of the attendance, the quantity of servants, guards, &c., far exceed our courts. The women in general are not to be compared with our English beauties; but there were two or three that commanded admiration, and looked like fine works of art, started into life.

"To-night is a night of rest, I am glad to say, for my health is not strong. To-morrow there is a ball given to the court, by Madame Brignole; and there are to be more fêtes given by the Grand Duke. I shall be glad when this racket is over. My friend, however, enjoys foreign gaieties so much, that I have a pleasure in seeing him well amused. One pleasure I myself enjoy exceedingly,—the Opera. The singers are not particularly good; but the orchestra is fine, the choice of the music tasteful, the ballet quite delightful. In general, I care not for dancing; but it is an historical ballet, taken from a story in Macchiavelli, of the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

The enthusiasm of the people was so great on hearing this the first night, that they absolutely roared and shouted, although the presence of the court ought to have silenced all but royal applause, according to etiquette.

"Well! so much for what, perhaps, you care not about; but can my letter be entertaining to you? Are we well enough acquainted, that I should chatter securely, and be certain of not wearying? Our acquaintance is of such a recent date; yet, somehow or other, my fancy has stepped over time, and I imagine myself, at least, a very old acquaintance of yours; in consideration of which, I use the privilege of being tiresome.

"I think I like Florence; I think I shall love Florence; but what I dreaded is now come to pass; the Alps, the Appenines, the Ocean, they rise in all their majesty, and with treble majesty, before the eyes of my imagination, to make a barrier, that seems to shut me out from England; and though I would not displace this barrier, the contradiction of human nature makes it more than fearful to me. In the act of travelling, distance and absence are less felt; once settled, remembrance and fancy are living agents, and the survey they take is exaggerated—most cruelly exaggerated. But this will pass, for does not everything pass? and then I shall love Florence.

"Have you voted me a teazing woman for giving you a commission to bring me artificial flowers? It was a comical commission, certainly; thanks for the real ones. There are beauteous ones here, but I have nobody to choose them for me. Will you sometimes charge yourself with this office in my service, whenever we meet, which, I hope, we shall; if not here, elsewhere. I am reading Macchiavelli's History of Florence. Lorenzo, by Roscoe, has been taken from me by a tiresome Englishman, Mr. ——. What a nice occupation it would be to illustrate the latter work! I do not think Lorenzo's poetry very well, or very literally, translated.

"I had some letters from England to-day, telling me that Lady —— has completely gained the summit of her ambition, and has all the honours paid her of the ———. Did you ever happen to hear that she once openly declared she would arrive at that goal one day or another? She has reached it, and may it prove all she thinks it is worth! But what a false notion of happiness and honour!

I wonder the remembrance of a La Vallière never crosses the mind of a woman, when she seeks for unhallowed and joyless love; nay, Lady —— need only behold Mrs. —— and Lady —, and tremble, lest such should be her own fate.

"I hear unsatisfactory accounts of the poor Princess of Wales. I am afraid she is going to destruction; not an English attendant left, and the vile Italian cormorants are ruining her, both as to finance and reputation. Is there no hand can be outstretched to save her?

"Yours, &c. &c."

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS.

[THE following series were evidently intended for publication: they bear in that respect a distinct character from the foregoing Diary and Letters, which, on the very face of them, carry the conviction of having been decidedly written without any view of their coming before the public; but these Supplementary Letters will be found to throw a light upon the previous pages, and to contain much amusing and novel matter; while the opinions expressed in them may excite matter of consideration for the page of future history.]

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS.

LETTER I.

So, it is determined to proceed against her Majesty the Queen, by a Bill of Pains and Penalties! I am sorry for this. The spirit and intelligence of the age are opposed to such a course; and perhaps her case requires another. I will state briefly why I think so, trusting, that although I hold my own opinions as firmly as a smithy-vice, I am yet very tolerant to those of others. They may be certainly as correct in their notions as I am in mine, when I do not discuss the reasons which influence them.

In the first place, a Bill of Pains and Penalties presupposes guilt to have been ascertained, to which it is proposed to award a definite punishment, if the legislature shall find that the guilt has been demonstrated.

Now this, to speak in vulgar parlance, is not fair. It gives to the injured party submitting the

bill to parliament, the power of determining what the punishment should be. No doubt, parliament may modify the penalty proposed to be inflicted; but still it is in principle contrary to justice, inasmuch as, practically, parliaments are complacent enough to the wishes of kings, and it is not reasonable to expect them greatly to mitigate the dictates of royal wrath and indignation.

In the second place, the character of the alleged crime, in its blackest consideration, is of a personal nature, and if substantiated to have been committed, a Bill of Pains and Penalties is not the way of proceeding to punishment, inasmuch as the party claiming relief is notoriously not in circumstances to entitle himself to claim it. If divorce be sought, it is not a whit better than Napoleon's repudiation of poor Josephine, a transaction which outrages the feelings and convictions of every christian heart in Christendom.

According to what I have heard, and to the opinions I have formed, it is not probable that the imputed delinquency will be proved, but it is almost certain that the derogatory charges as to the demeanour, will be made indisputably obvious. If so, again, a Bill of Pains and Penalties is not just, for it is making that criminal which was not so when the indiscretions were committed.

Then you will say, would I allow that kind of

conduct to pass with impunity in a Queen (one of whose uses is to give an example to society,) which would be unworthy of a married woman who has any rank to uphold in private life? Emphatically *No;* and the law and usages of the nation have provided a remedy adequate to the offence, without obliging the Government to sanction such an odious, tyrannical, and obsolete measure as a Bill of Pains and Penalties. The remedy is this:

The Queen must come to Parliament for an establishment; before granting it, I would submit the charges of improprieties and levities to a Committee, and if substantiated, I would not then give her any such establishment as would enable her to spread the infection of her follies or infirmities.

If it be true that a Bill of Pains and Penalties is in contemplation, there is less philosophy and knowledge of history in the Cabinet than I had supposed; and, I do assure you, I had not imagined there was much. It subjects the king to the suspicion of driving at an object which will be a *stink* in the nostrils of all the civilised world that has any moral sense of what is odious; and it will be a flagrant and glaring demonstration that Liverpool and Co. are but the meanest hucksters in those scenes of politics which affect the principles of society—that they are, to use the most ignominious epithet possible, and advisedly, the

filthiest panders to iniquity that ever lent themselves to a disgraceful purpose, seeing, that without throwing rotten eggs at the indiscreet but ill-used Caroline of Brunswick, they had it in their power to have punished her to the full extent of what will probably be found to have been her guilt, as a Queen, by persuading Parliament not to grant supplies for the maintenance of unbecoming self-indulgences.

I have not bridled the expression of my ideas regarding this ignorant, despicable, and senseless project of proceeding by a Bill of Pains and Penalties. But I will not pour out all the violence of my antipathy just now. I request to be only considered as giving a decided opinion upon the principle of the measure, and that I do most unequivocally object to it. When I hear of the details, I will write again; in the meantime, this stain, which is rumoured to be preparing for the morals, and character, and jurisprudence of *Great* Britain, will obtain—not, I hope, my invidious attention, but my utmost vigilance. I will not mince matters respecting any one whatever, and, to use the old proverb, *If they brew good ale, they will drink the better.*

LETTER II.

I AM growing quite furious, and you must endeavour to bear with me, or forbid me to write on the subject of the Queen. Do you know there is a parcel of Cabinet or Parliamentary ninnies, who have the absolute and inconceivable fatuity of defending the Milan Commission, sent to fish for proof of her Majesty's imputed guilt? and upon this ground. They say, forsooth, that the characters of the Commission are not impeached. The only inflection in this absurdity is, that it has been wondered how men of wise and lofty minds could have engaged in such a *sooty* business.

Contemptible as I do think the dominators in the councils of St. James's are, I never could, *à priori*, have imagined that any one would have been so silly to think they would be guilty of employing bad men to do a bad business. I do not think them idiots, whatever many may do; for I am really of opinion that the majority of the royal panders, Liverpool and Co., have common sense, though, in the case of the Queen, not to an opulent degree. They judge of her as of a lay figure, without life, heart, or feelings; but, assuredly, believing themselves honest in what they do (for only their knowledge of human nature is doubted,)

it is probable they would employ agents like themselves, that is to say, persons not eminently distinguished for discernment, wisdom, or ability. They know well enough, even George IV. knows, that the best argued cause can derive no advantage from sullied agents. They would never trust bad men from principle. They are too good themselves to do so; and the worst generally know, that honesty in subordinates is an essential qualification:—subordinates must act according to their instructions, and they are more likely to do so well, when they are culled with care. The sin of all crimes is in the originators, and to them, and to them alone, the evil of the issue designed must be attributed. A healthy arm may inflict a fatal wound by the prompting of a foul heart.

I wonder how this is not obvious. The integrity of the Milan Commissioners, whatever may have been their purity, is only an assurance that their task or duty, since they did undertake it, would be honestly performed; but it is no assurance that they would reject those witnesses whom moral delicacy might lead to bear condign testimony against the delinquent lady, or whom malice, to asseverate suspicions as facts, might influence to transmute imaginations into truths.

I am grieved to observe that there should be supposed, in the public, men so capable of being

deceived as to the character of any cause, by dwelling upon the virtues and honesty of subordinate agents. The proof of the agents having been imbecile, is in their agreeing to undertake a derogatory mission. Could they have been allowed to judge of their instructions, and had they been invested with discretionary powers, then the case would have been different; but as I understand it, and as many understand it, the Commissioners were sent to *find* evidence against the Queen, a circumstance which must have made them insensibly greedy of all malignant witnesses, and blind to those who were not scrupulous of truth. We shall soon however have the true aspect of the proceedings unveiled, for the Green Bag Lords are nearly ready, I am told, to report.

Believe me, &c.

N.B. I have opened this note to say that a friend has just been with me, who has seen a draft of the proposed Bill of Pains and Penalties. It has all the objections in it that I anticipated, and particularly a clause to *dissolve* the marriage. Now, be one atom of justice in the House of Lords, they will submit to be shovelled into the Thames as an abomination before they make themselves so vile as to pass this clause. R——, (for it was he who has been with me,) says that in other respects, if the facts should be demon-

strated, the Bill for degradation is not objectionable. I have however shown to him that it is a very foolish and unnecessary affair, inasmuch as Parliament has it in its power, by the proceeding being at the beginning of a reign, to punish by refusing an establishment. He, however, is not to be convinced. It is singular that men, really wise enough in the business of common life, do not see that nothing should be held to be a precedent, merely because it may be a similar measure to a previous, unless the circumstances in which the measure proposed are similar to those in which the previous originated. There never was in this country such a dilemma as the present, and therefore no former predicament, in which Bills of Pains and Penalties were enacted, should be referred to.

LETTER III.

Of course you have heard that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced into the House of Lords this evening. As it will be printed, I refer you to itself, and I can only regret that you cannot be present at the public quest which must now ensue,—remarking that it does contain a clause to dissolve the marriage. This iniquity the nation will not endure, or it is made up of different stuff

from that which I have hitherto imagined, believed, and venerated.

One thing I beg particularly to remark, and when you see the debate in the morning papers, look at it sharply. Liverpool said that it was satisfactory to reflect that the country had no precedents of a case similar to the Queen's during a period of two hundred years.

What did the honest man mean? and when was there a similar case even in four hundred years? Could he be so ignorant of history as to imagine anything was like it in the instance of Henry the VIII.'s Blue Beard transactions? Does he, a statesman, not know that there is good reason to doubt if the first Defender of the Faith ought to be so much blamed as he is for condemning Mrs. Anne Boleyn? Is it not notorious to every one who has examined the questionable representations of incidents connected with the Reformation, that the truth of many of them is still at the bottom of a well? Was not the Gipsy's own father requested to be on her trial, and did refuse to be? Was not her uncle the Duke of Norfolk on it, and concurred with the others in finding her guilty? Did not several of her alleged paramours confess their participation in her guilt, and were executed, not because they confessed, but because they were proved on evidence guilty?

Did she herself ever deny her guilt after the inquiry became serious? Is it not true that her famous pathetic letter in Hume is deemed a forgery? I have myself seen many of her original letters, and they are no more like it in style than a turnip is like a pine-apple. I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Liverpool, by directing men's minds to the transactions of Henry the Eighth's time, manifested deplorable ignorance, or a disposition to find Queen Caroline guilty. Now, once for all, I beg to say, that although I do think him a weak man, an excellent composer of red tape papers, and files, I believe he is as incapable of doing voluntarily a bad action, as a pen by itself, though full of ink, of inditing a libel. He ought to have been aware that in two ways the allusion was bad. It either bespoke an opinion of the Queen's guilt, or implied that the King was such another as the unfeeling Henry. In whatever way the thing is considered, it was in bad taste, as affecting both the King and Queen.

Nothing beyond this antiquarian abortion occurred to-night, but it is evident that *too scrimp* justice is meant to be measured out to the Queen. The case is one in which magnanimity would be graceful. Is it forgotten that her Majesty stands near the throne in her own right, that she is a stranger, as Katherine said of old, "in your realm;"

that she had enough, first and last, as Captain M—— said, to drive her to d——n. There never was the case of any poor defenceless woman which called so much for civility, at least.

It would seem that she is not to be furnished with a list of the witnesses against her, and the refusal is justified on parliamentary usage, just as if a proceeding by Bill were not in fact a trial. Posterity and cotemporaries will alike consider it a trial, and you cannot change the nature of the rose by calling it a filthy nettle. There was much fairness in the reply of Grey, I thought; but you will see all that passed in the papers in the morning.

I beg to add, I am as convinced as Earl Grey seems to be, that there will be no difficulty in proving much against the dignity of the Queen's manners; and the very certainty of doing so much, should ensure magnanimity towards her. When delinquency of any sort in any case is clear, the prosecutor can afford to be great and generous; but there is a dirty mean incubus in this affair, that will cause Great Britain hereafter to blush; as if there were reason to apprehend that the Queen would be again declared "pure as the unsunned snow."

Yours, &c.

N.B. Perhaps I have too strongly expressed

myself with respect to the Earl of Liverpool, but I feel strongly, and really at this moment I am not inclined to sheath my sword, even though you may think it somewhat rusty. The national affairs of any nation should always be conducted according to the acknowledged spirit of the people. But I do not think this persecution of Queen Caroline is such as will elevate the pride of our countrymen. However, now that I am in for it, I will give you from time to time my notions of all that passes under my own eyes. I will be a witness, impressed with a belief that much indiscretion will probably be developed, still withal as impartial as my feelings will allow. It is a grand drama, and I will be as attentive as if it were conceived by Shakspeare, written in blank verse, got up in Drury Lane Theatre; yea, and I will be as critical.

LETTER IV.

Before I say more than I have already done about the Queen's business, give me leave to mention a thing which I have just heard. It is said that Grey is of opinion that the Queen has a right to object to the procedure by a Bill of Pains and Penalties. I think so too. She is accused, and I

do not think that a delinquent should be allowed to say in what manner he would be pleased to be treated, in the parliamentary inquiry which may be necessary to ascertain the degree of her alleged delinquency. But I still maintain that the method of proceeding by a Bill was not necessary, and to this opinion I must adhere, until convinced that the practice of the constitution did not allow of another as effective and less operose, ay, and less ostentatious. In public affairs, where the same end can be attained by quiet means that may be reached by ostentatious, I would prefer the least notorious; that, however, may be a matter of mere taste; nevertheless, I do think Lord Grey is right: the Queen has nothing to do with the forms of trial, she has only to vindicate herself. She may, indeed, like the eel, wince at being skinned, but she is in the hands of the cook, who may treat her as being used to it; at all events, she must submit.

I was not present at the discussion which took place on this point, but, I apprehend, neither Brougham nor Denman was very orthodox in maintaining that the Queen had anything to do with the form in which she was arraigned. They had only to take care that nothing was permitted, or attempted, that might impair the demonstration of their client's innocence. It was too much of

the nature of a lawyer's quibble, to object to the form, or, rather, for the Queen to object to the form. Her business and duty is to vindicate herself, in whatever form she is to be tried or to be oppressed. I say oppressed, because the Bill of Pains and Penalties was only to be passed if she was found guilty. If she be not guilty, she will have been grievously oppressed.

I think the discussion must have been a very idle one. It was an endeavour to draw attention to forms; and yet, an escape by any defect of form, would have been more ignominious than the mark of a brand on the forehead. Could it not be thought that it was a Queen who was about to be tried?

I have thought it necessary to send you this brief notice, because I do think that the Queen should not attach any importance to matters of form, and that Earl Grey was right in defending the proceeding by Bill on the ground he does.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

This affair of the Queen's is becoming more and more offensive to the intelligence of the age. They have, in the Lords, been searching for pre-

cedents, with respect to allowing her a list of the witnesses who will testify against her. They have never thought of inquiring whether the thing itself is proper, or is not proper. It is setting up prejudiced antiquity, and the dogmas of comparative despotism, to regulate, by example, what ought to be the conduct of those who do not regard the notions and maxims of times past, as very worshipful.

Nothing is more certain than that all the precedents which can be discovered will be found to be the *fungi* of camparatively dark and unwholesome periods; would it not, therefore, have been better to have inquired what were the circumstances in which measures that were thought precedents were resorted to. Legislatures should palpably not be shackled by precedents. Their functions are prospective, and their faculties prophetical. It may be expedient for the wisest, and the House of Lords is the best-in-formed on the earth, to see how precedents bear; but it is making a court of law of a legislature, to hold it bound by any precedent whatever.

Last night, Lord Shaftesbury presented the result of the search for precedents respecting witnesses, and, in my opinion, (which, however, is but that of an individual, and, perhaps, not a very wise one,) it was a singular demonstration

of the inutility of having recourse to a search of the kind. Only two cases were found—1. That of Sir John Bennet, in 1621, and, 2. of Earl Strafford, in 1640. They were not satisfactory; but would any rational human being, at all acquainted with the spirit of these times, think of saying that the common sense of 1820 should give the slightest heed to what was in those turbulent times suggested?

The mistake or error in the business seems to have been in thinking that, although the Lords were proceeding by a Bill, they are themselves trammelled by the forms of law. This is manifest in the speech of Lord Erskine; for, although he disavows, distinctly enough, the justice of the Queen's claim to have a list of the witnesses by whom the charge against her were to be supported, he speaks too much as a lawyer, as if the course of law should be adhered to in a case that was propped by such as no law could reach. A Bill was under consideration, and yet he treated it as if there had been statute law which already decided the subject.

I doubt not you have seen, this morning, what Eldon said on the subject. One is amazed at the mixture of good sense and ignorance of the world which distinguishes that energetic old man. He seems to have viewed the matter much in the way

that I do. I make the remark not egotistically, but believe I am consciously proud of seeing my opinion approved, in some degree, by so great and so venerable a mind; that is to say, by his holding similar notions. And yet he was against granting the Queen's request. It would almost seem as if the forms of law were deemed of more importance than justice, in the House of Lords.

With Lord Lansdowne, I entirely agree. He was of the same opinion as Erskine, but he spoke more like a lawgiver than a lawyer, and contended that a new precedent should be established to meet the exigencies of what was certainly a new case. But, I say again, what have legislators to do with precedents? There is an air of candour in the mode of expressing his sentiments on every subject, which entitles the opinions of this respectable nobleman to particular deference. I do not know an individual, in either House, who seems to have less of the feeling of faction about him, and yet he is, most decidedly, a party-man.

Upon a careful reconsideration of all that passed, I think the ministers not so heartily bold as they were at one time. Lord Liverpool evidently ate in his words, and, I am sure, thought Lord Holland not too mealy-mouthed. All this proceeds more, perhaps, from an obstinate adhesion to forms, that from any desire to find the

Queen deserving of degradation. But why do they not act greatly? If she be guilty, the more liberality shown will redound to their own alternate advantage; and if she be innocent, still more. Proceedings do not look well, merely because they want the magnanimity which should characterize the aspect of the measure, granting even that it is to establish guilt. This refusal to grant a list of witnesses, will have its effect on John Bull. He will not trouble his head about legal questions, but will at once regard it as a proof of a determination to punish the Queen, for having been made, by God Almighty, so disagreeable to her husband. I abstain from saying what I think; but "all's well that ends well."

Yours.

LETTER VI.

It is better, after what passed between us this morning, to confine my observations to what actually takes place. It is not in the range of probability that the Peers, in the long run, will not do justice, however much, in the mean time, *some* of them may be bamboozled by lawyers' wrangles. I, therefore, prepare to confine myself strictly to what I hear and see.

It is now certain that the Queen herself will appear in the House. This will lend histrionic interest to the spectacle. It is utterly impossible that a party so interested can subdue her feelings, so as not occasionally to vindicate the presence of nature in her heart. I expect scenes of pathos and passion.

One thing is equally certain, viz., that the Duke of Sussex, with great propriety, declines to take any part, or to be present, during the trial. He pleads the ties of consanguinity, and every one must admit the plea. But the Duke of York is seemingly less scrupulous; and some think that his determination to be present augurs no good to the Queen. I really do think, however, that there may be a feeling of kindness and good-nature in the conduct of His Royal Highness, and for this curious reason.

You remember, I dare say, my amusing intercourse with the old *chere amie* of the Duke, Mrs. Clarke, and how I wheedled her to show me all her papers. Now at that time she did inform me that His Royal Highness told her that it had been proposed to him to marry his cousin, the Princess of Brunswick. He was not, however, for some reason or another, quite enamoured of the suggestion; still he went to the Court of Brunswick, that he might himself "spy the nakedness of the land."

Upon seeing the Princess, his courtly love was not inflamed into courtship. In a word, he did not like her; and what he heard of her hoyden manners was not likely to reduce his heart to a cinder.

Now, supposing all tales to be true, this one must be true also; and I infer from it that, although the Duke may not have thought "the lovely young Lavinia" was a *con amore* dulcinea for him, he might have discovered in her, or have learned that she was apt to commit, indiscreet levities, but innocent ones. Instead, therefore, of auguring ill to her from his resolution to attend the trial, my notions, founded on the good nature of his character, are that he will be there, as friendly as a judge can be. Remind me of this opinion hereafter. It is needless to say anything of the proceedings, of which the newspapers will give you a circumstantial account.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

Lords are not literary characters. You are indeed a swain, and Miss Deborah, though of the relief persuasionin, the threescore cycle of acrid maidenhood, is no better than a nymph. What you and she have said respecting my last letter,

oddly reminds me of a song which Lord Byron used to sing. By the way, whatever he may have been as a bard, he was certainly no marvellous shakes as a singing bird, if I can trust my ears.

Piangete Amabile,
Piangete Amore,
Piangete O grazie,
Nymph' e pastore:
La causa funebre
Merita pietà.

Do, for goodness' sake, never mind improbabilities; seek only for facts. Nothing often seems so improbable as the true; but I don't mean startling facts, but facts of a different kind from those which your old neighbour, Mrs. Brodie, laid so much stress on, when her *hempy O* put forth sacrilegious hands, and stole the pot of marmalade in so miraculous a manner, she assures me it was next to an *impossibility*, for she had locked the closet with her own hands. A startling fact. It turned out, however, that Willy, *alias* now the Colonel, on being put to the question, confessed that the door was accidentally left open in her absence, and before she had turned the key. It was the next time, when she opened the closet, that the delinquency was discovered.

I may be wrong in ascribing *randy* manners to the Princess, perhaps *indiscretions* should have been the word; but be warned by the error, and,

as I said before, never assume any opinion, in a case of this kind, theoretically. All I adhere to is this. In the Princess's case, through the medium of my feelings, but crediting general opinion, I think she was deemed too vulgar to be a Queen; if so, you will not be surprised that "Gentleman George" wished her at the devil.*

As to what your aunt said about the "shild" and "Mr. Rogier," it is not so orthodox as something she told me of in my teens, which the Rev. Dr. Doobie set forth in a sermon. "Take away the D, quo' she as said he, and he is *evil;* take away the E, and he is *vil*, and take away the V, and is he not a perfect ill, an ill, vil, evil, devil, in whom the truth is not?" In short, I am not going to *angol*, *bangol* with you, and far less, if it can be avoided, with Miss Deb——. I will tell what I have heard, and I do not avouch for its correctness. In a word, you must not set me to demonstrate; and though Miss Deborah believes her Majesty as dignified as Zenobia, and as blameless as Eve before the fall, theoretically, it will not change my notions. In truth, I cannot

* As private characters, there were so many faults, on both sides, that the friends of neither party could, with reason, be violently bitter against either of them. Least said, was best of each; but when publicity rendered these personages the gaze of the multitude, and the tools of faction, then ill-judged zeal blackened the conduct and character of each. It will be for posterity to judge impartially of both.

see now that the matter is of any consequence; it is a black story, and would only be less interesting, were it not dark in the tint. To me, it is as a tale, and I regard it only in that light. I think the Queen may have provoked much of the ill usage she received, by a kind of left-handed vindictiveness. She incurred what the nation laments, merely because she acted on a principle of defiance. She may have acted as a woman, but not as a lady. She was, however, a peculiar, as well as a particular woman.

But reflections of this kind will be more suitable at the end of her story than here, inasmuch as they are suggested by the hearsay knowledge of things which have busied my mind, but which do not yet appear.

One thing, by-the-by, remember—"the delicate investigation." Until the Princess of Wales went abroad, no circumstance affecting her honour came before the public. The world, however, thinks the gentle sex should be ever gentle.

Yours truly.

LETTER VII.

DEAR ——,

My servant had not returned from postponing my last letter, otherwise putting it into the post-

office, as the laird of Mudoizart used to say, when poor Hector Campbell called with your note. So he is now a cadet. Much too handsome a bird to be as a grouse to the Burmese, that is, to be shot at; but what can the poor leddy, his mother, do with her *small* family in the Highlands, where waterfalls and the echoes monopolize the vocations?

The sight of the really fashionable-looking stripling reminded me of his mother, when, indeed, she was a "delightful vision," as Burke has it, and when my own mother said of her that "She's a great romp; but if she had not been so *bonny*, she would have been a randy." Ha! what a *stoon* of remorse this gives me. Miss Deborah is quite right; I have been myself too coarse in speaking of the Princess, but I only spoke of her, or intended so to do, as a royal randy. In her elevated station, a randy may be very like "a fair ladye" of a lower grade; therefore remember, when I use words that may seem to you derogatory, I always mean the inflection of rank to be considered. It did not occur to me before, that you would ever apply them without that mitigation; that you would ever apply them in the sense of your local vernacular.

Your idea of trying to procure the Journal which you suppose the Princess may have kept of her voyages and travels, is good; but I never

heard that she kept any, nor can I offer to be of the slightest use. It occurs to me, however, that perhaps some one of her attendants may have notes. At all events, it might not be very difficult to gather among them reminiscences, from which a narrative could be compiled. Consider the notion well, because it is deserving of serious attention. What a sale such a work would have had during the trial!

To resume my general strictures on the conduct of Her Royal Highness,—I think, however much we may differ as to the degree of her improprieties, we shall be in concord with herself and her persecutors, at times when we apprehend that it was not by either too much considered that she was only a Queen consort—a King's wife. One of the greatest indiscretions she committed was, in imagining, or in attempting to make herself, a political character. Except with the most illiterate of the vulgar, it could have no effect, at least, no good effect, for herself. Men in this country have too much to lose, to risk a great deal in abetting any one whose claims are not very dear. Much, no doubt, will always be given for the magnanimity of the people in the way of sympathy; but it is estimating their good sense at too low a rate, to suppose they would ever array themselves for action without they had a stake at issue. The

age had indeed departed for ever when swords would have leaped from their scabbards for any princess. The murder of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth of France was too familiar with all minds, and too recent, to affect beyond sorrow, any feeling which the case of poor Caroline disturbed. A friend of mine once heard a shopkeeper in the Strand say, while one of the processions was passing to Brandenburgh House, "All this is very well, and, poor thing! she needs heartening; but there are too many shops in London to allow the keepers of them to be visitors, for who knows what!"

I am, however, constantly putting the cart before the horse; this refers to her treatment after the accession, and I have much yet to say before we come to the trial; besides, my paper will not afford me "ample room and verge enough," at this time, to advert to an anecdote that perhaps at once serves to show her mistaken notion of the importance she thought herself of to the people, and of the kind of popularity she enjoyed. It was not, indeed, popularity as she understood it, but only sympathy, that "heartening" which the Strand shopkeeper alluded to with my friend.

Yours, &c.

N. B. By the way, the *small* family of Hector Campbell's mother reminds me of a pretty story

of the late Duke of Argyle. A poacher from Greenock was brought before him in Roseneith; "Why," said his Grace, "have you been guilty of this?" "I have a small family to maintain." "Ay!" said the benevolent-hearted nobleman, "what may be the number?" "Five daughters, sir, and every one of them has three brothers." "Poor man! that is indeed a heavy handful, and I must let you off for this time, but do not repeat the offence." Scarcely, however, had the delinquent quitted the room, when his Grace recollected that the five daughters with each three brothers, only made a family of eight, and he laughed at the poacher's *pawkiness*.*

LETTER VIII.

[redacted]EAR ——,

[redacted]is a curious law of our nature which obliges [redacted]think more about what we dislike, than of [redacted]things we positively esteem, and to encounter [redacted]which common sense tells us we should shun. [redacted]ne of the occult workings of this law I am [redacted]led to ascribe the Princess of Wales's visit to the theatre, when the allied Sovereigns were present with the Prince Regent. She could have had no possible anticipation of enjoyment, when she

* Pawkiness—i. e. cunning.

formed the mad-cap resolution of going thither; but revenge is, in some bosoms, a stronger passion than love. I presume to think she would not have lessened her dignity with the public, had she retired into the country while the foreign princes were in England. Surely she could not disguise from herself that she had incurred the aversion of her husband. That was, or ought to have been, a subject of grief. Nor was it the effort of an amiable spirit, to break in upon the jubilee of a triumphant people. The Regent was in his public capacity: but she thought only of herself, with the resentment of an injured wife.

The visit to the theatre I have never ceased to regard as an indiscretion, and to condemn, but with a sigh, as belonging to that series of fat[illegible] actions which greatly diminished her own co[illegible] and sharpened the torture with which sh[illegible] afflicted. What could she have hoped wou[illegible] sult from the molestation? She could n[illegible] actuated by curiosity to see the "*mighty vic*[illegible] or, if she were, the occasion was one in whi[illegible] desire would have been wisely suppressed.

Kings and queens are things of posterit[illegible] the individuals of them are regarded by the[illegible] temporaries as men and women. The m[illegible] the Princess was obsolete to the age and in Eng- land. It was all as of the time when rotten bones were deemed holy in Christendom; bones which

Heaven evidently despises, by making them carious. But this fault, or defect, increases, for her, pity or sympathy. Her part, in a word, was meek seclusion, but she obtruded herself in such a manner as to make indignant bravery seem like effrontery.

I had an opportunity of seeing how differently she might have been regarded by all ranks, had she chosen to be more sequestered. I happened to be standing in the saloon of Malmaison, when the Emperor of Russia visited the much-injured and quietly-degraded Josephine. He came in a plain private carriage, quite as one of no account, but, nevertheless, there was something imperially magnificent in this simplicity, this homage to [illegible] greatness. Whether he was expected by [illegible]usehold, I do not know, but she received him [illegible]n her boudoir. A lady, who was with her, [illegible]ut as he entered, and no greater ceremony [illegible]ed the *triste* mansion than if he had been [illegible]st humble visitor, yea, myself; but would [illegible]have been such moral grandeur, filling, as [illegible]eek poet says, "all the temple," had Jose- [illegible]previously provoked more notoriety, and [illegible]d Alexander to come to her with the *avatar* [illegible]nqueror? The incident, I do not affect to [illegible]oved me, I know not wherefore, into tears; [illegible]s probable that the Princess, though in a

different manner, might have felt as keenly as the "crowned queen."

It is a very common thing to regard feeling governing conduct, as if all feeling were alike; but it should be remembered that feeling is in almost every one different; and perhaps those are not wrong who ascribe ostentation to coarse feelings. I think the motive which led the Princess to the theatre when the allied Sovereigns were there, affords not an equivocal comment on the nature of her spirit; but that that spirit was such a one as could have been wished to have been manifested, will not obtain the universal assent of the public.

Perhaps you will think with Miss Deborah, that I make *ridges* mountains, in the conduct of the Princess, and perhaps I do; but I am convinced that much of the mystery of her story has arisen from not sufficiently considering her natural character, and the circumstances in which she was brought up. There is, to be sure, not much difference between the manners of a person of noble rank and the manners of a royal personage, but the natural peculiarity always makes a great difference; and when this natural peculiarity is strong, or an excitement arises which disconcerts the habits of discipline, we seldom can say what the effect will be. To determine what may

been the propriety or impropriety of the course which the Princess of Wales adopted, it is necessary to know not only what provocation she may have received, but how far she was naturally able to constrain her feelings.

Without having any very accurate means of judging, I am sure however that I do her no injustice, when I think that she had very strong feelings; and what I have now to say, or rather to say in my next, will render this palpable. It will also end my strictures on her supposed ill-regulated *fierté;* for the tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick is only now about to be developed, and every thing imputed or suspected previously to her going abroad, shrinks into a very pale melancholy, compared to what ensued. I only wish you to recollect that there may have been something in her ways which provoked what she suffered, and that the very circumstance of mere conscious innocence was likely to exasperate an impassioned character unjustly accused. Like Byron's scorpion, which inflicts death on itself when surrounded with flames, in seeking to avoid one evil, she may have incurred another.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER IX.

August 21, 1820.

I HAVE sustained a great disappointment to-day. An affair which could not be postponed, prevented me from getting to the House of Lords till after one of those *coups de theatre* which I had anticipated. It seems that, on the appearance of Theodore Majocchi, one of the witnesses, the Queen wildly exclaimed "Theodore!" and immediately ran out. This caused an electric sensation among all present, and the newspaper reporter, who described the incident to me, looked as if he had an eye in each nostril, besides the orbs that he did glare with!

I cannot of course refuse faith to the fact: every body believes it, and that is no doubt a proof of its truth; but I gave a theoretical opinion respecting it, which staggered my informant, and yet it was but a very simple modification of the word uttered. I inquired if he was sure it was "Theodore," adding, might it not be "Traditore"—traitor? In fact, I do more and more think so. It was quite natural that a person of the Queen's reputed character, should, at the sight of an old servant as an enemy, clench her fists, stamp with her feet, and indignantly exclaim,

"Traitor." Besides, her sudden evasion is a corroboration of this idea. If sorrow, not anger, had been her feeling, it would not have prompted her to retire as she did. All modifications of grief or sorrow are only modifications of dejection and submission, but there was a violent action, as a symptom of intrepid passion. Whatever the printed evidence may show forth, I will believe in my theory, even although I did not hear the exclamation. In the whole of this absurd inquiry regarding the Queen, for so I think it is and do call it, personal nature is not considered, and yet every thing hinges on that. This trial will hereafter be a monument of the length that folly may go, in the garb of wisdom.

I shall not attempt to criticise the whole evidence of any witness I may happen to hear; but occasionally I will treat their asseverations with common sense.

What Majocchi had said before I was present, you will see in the evidence; but one of the first things which excited my attention, and caused me to doubt his veracity, was a statement respecting the way of removing the light from *the tent* on deck, where the Queen slept. He said that Bergami sometimes handed to him the light from *between* the bottom of the tent and the deck. Now, I do not say this was impossible, but was

it probable? Would Bergami, at the hazard of setting the tent on fire, have done such a thing—a thing so calculated to attract attention and excite speculation;—or did the action, if it took place, show anything of that conscious cowardliness which ever attends guilt? You see, I do not doubt that Bergami slept in the tent with her Majesty; but I contend, if he were there for a guilty purpose, he would not have committed actions to draw attention to his being there.

All the subsequent assertions of the witness did not, in consequence of what he implied by this statement, weigh the worth of two straws with me, for it was of the nature of inference, and deduced by the imagination. Besides, I do think he was a knowing rogue, who forgot to remember many things which perhaps might have changed the hue of his insinuations. I do not say that what he did state was not enough to justify a strong suspicion of guilt itself, in the members of an English society; but this is the very thing complained of. The Queen was in *foreign* society, in peculiar circumstances, and yet our state Solomons judge of her conduct as if she had been among the English. For my part, I can discover nothing very heinous in her being attended in the bath by Bergami. It should be recollected, though that was not observed, that she would be in a bath-

ing dress. I recollect being myself once in the public bath, at Bath, when a young lady, an acquaintance, came into it; we wished each other good morning, nay, she was interested in doing so, by one of those laughable accidents not uncommon. Bubbles of air frequently rise from the springs at the bottom, and the sensation of them, as they ascend against the legs, is very like that of the touch. While we were speaking, she felt one of these bubbles rise, and, giving a scream or a skirl, rushed to another part of the bath. I solemnly declare the affair was only ludicrous.

But a case more in point did happen to myself once in Paris, which shows that the morals on the Continent, or among the southern continentals, are not so strait-laced as with us, and that the imagination has been allowed to swelter in foulness with respect to the Queen.

I had occasion to go abroad early in the morning, and did not know how to get the key of the street-door; while I was asking for it on the stair, the lady of the house, a very *piquante* personage, called to me from her bed-chamber that she had it, and to come in for it. It was under her pillow. It would have been criminal to have imagined she was actuated by any other thought than what respected the key. This sad weighing up trifles among the Lords, is a making of midges moun-

tains. We are unjustly trying a foreigner, for her conduct among foreigners, by an English criterion. However, this is enough on the subject of Majocchi. I would not attach much importance to aught that he says. You will observe that he himself does not appear to be at all shocked or shame-faced at what he says. I shall therefore infer that he has been (may I say?) taught to dwell so particularly on uncomely things, by one who did know how much they would revolt the English.

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

THERE is surely some mystic influence in rank, which makes persons of condition seem to suffer more in similar circumstances, than others of a humbler station; as if the accidents of their troubles, being more widely known from their elevation, affected a wider range of sympathy. The snow on the far-seen mountains apprizes the snug vallies of the winter.

It is a natural feeling, thoughtlessly considered as vulgar, which teaches us to regard the distresses of the great as more affecting than those of lower men; but the tragic poets only obey the dictates of nature when they choose their heroes

and heroines from subjects with blood royal. I cannot tell how this should be, but I feel that it is fitting. The corporal sufferance of the man who "seeks his meat" from door to door, cannot be greater than that of another man; yet how different may be the anguish of the heart which he must endure, if he has been the nursling of affluence and not accustomed to need! How different the case of him who has been dandled into luxury, contrasted with the vocation of the poor mendicant, who has lived all his days on the brink of poverty! "The Lord's anointed" and the gatherer of samphire!

I was ruminating on this topic as I went down through the Park to the Parliament House, in the morning; and I could not but think that the Queen's griefs were sharpened into keener sorrow by the mere circumstance of her being a Queen. If she be innocent, God forgive those who afflict her; and if she be guilty, how much more is she already punished than any culprit in Bridewell! The same penalty does not affect all alike; and this should ever be considered when punishment is awarded.

This train of thought was not lightened by attending to the examination of Gaetano Paturzo.

The first questions put to this witness filled me with indescribable amazement and indigna-

tion, to think there were men in the world, with wigs on their upper ends, who could display such ignorance. Was not the Princess of Wales in a vessel, and was it to be supposed that she could be otherwise accommodated than she was? Why insinuate (for the asking of the questions did insinuate as much) that she was indolently accommodated at her own request, and by an arrangement purposely made to gratify improper desires? "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The lewd imaginations of these lawyers seem not to be aware that guilt is always, yes always, different. They have assumed that it has not its nature with the Queen; and that it was part of its enjoyment with her, to be ostentatious of criminality. Smash the cranium of the Attorney General, with a stone in a stocking, when you please. There are no human brains in it! O Lord! how little intellect is necessary to a lawyer!

In the course of the voyage to the coast of Palestine, to Jaffa, nothing whatever was elicited from the witness that ought to have been construed unfavourably, and yet, I do assert, that there was a sinister attempt to do so. Why was this, if there had not been a desire to blacken the character of the Princess, and to produce a predisposition to find her guilty? The Scottish

peasantry, so celebrated by one of themselves, Burns, in the Cotter's Saturday Night, are acknowledged to be the purest race on the face of the whole earth. Is there one circumstance respecting the situation of beds and berths, in the vessel which carried the Princess to Tunis, and thence to Palestine, that the holy sanctuaries of their cottages can equal for propriety? Is it not the case, that these sanctified dwellings often serve for kitchen, hall, and bed-room, yea, a bed-room with several dormitories? I remember, that when a boy, two years before I was sent to the grammar-school, a housemaid took me into the country, to her father's. The house had but one apartment, and there were three beds in it, with sliding doors. What *ruffians* would have dared to imagine that it was not sacred? I see yet the old white-headed man, with "the big ha' bible" before him, presiding at the evening exercises. Almighty God! does the Scottish peasantry every night insult thee with such imaginations as lawyers dare to utter in the House of Lords!

In sifting *Paturzo* regarding the journey to Jerusalem, the slimy vipers which draw venom, as it were, from household herbs, were more successful. They laid open much to amaze the Peers of England, the most sybaritical inhabitants

of the earth; and, (may I say?) studiously kept out of view the circumstances of a journey in Palestine, leaving the sybarites to think that it may be something very like a journey from London to Doncaster. It is certain, by Paturzo's testimony, that, in travelling to Jerusalem, the Princess slept in a tent, and that Bergami dined with her in it. Remember more particularly, Bergami was then her courier. Not a word was said that he had then been discovered to be a gentleman, as you have heard, of a family of fallen fortunes; and, of course, it must have confounded such of the auditors as had never heard of this, to think that a Lady would be dining with her groom. But I must again, as in the case of the *non mi ricordo* fellow, refer you to the evidence. See if you can find in it one, but one incident mentioned, that even a filthy mind would make the basis of an odious suggestion, unless it is allowed that guilt has lost its nature with the Queen, and courts observation, as folly does when it believes itself virtue.

Yours, &c.

N.B. I should notice how ignorant the peerage must be of the value of freightage, to have started so marvellously as they did, when Paturzo stated what recompense he expected for his ship

and trade. It was liberal, certainly, but not so much as any Mediterranean merchant in the city could have informed them; only at the rate of £2 4*s.* per ton.

LETTER XI.

I AM not sure of having observed in the evidence of Paturzo, his mentioning that the cause of the Princess, in returning from Jaffa, sleeping in a tent on deck, was the heat of the weather, and because seven horses and two asses were below. Probably I did not, for I was really so agitated to see a wish so manifest to represent every thing against Her Royal Highness foully, that I think indignation must have had the same effect as inattention. However, that was the cause; and Gargulio indirectly rebukes me for neglecting so important a fact.

There certainly is no disputing the fact, that the Princess and Bergami did sleep under the same tent, on the deck of the vessel, with the hatchway open to the twixt decks, where the other men slept; and that there were two separate beds in the tent. It remains still to be shown that, notwithstanding the publicity of the situation, and the precaution of the two separate beds, they

did sleep together, in the face of all considerations, and in defiance of the Princess's responsibility as a wife, and as what she politically was.

Now I would not higgle about the fact of the tent; I would admit it at once; but I would deny what is attempted to be made of it, and demand more special proofs of guilt; for I think it is so contrary to probability, such an insult to common sense, to think that, under the circumstances, there was aught which was sought to be concealed!

If nothing was sought to be concealed, how is it so difficult to prove the commission of the crime? If the Princess was so eager to glare out a shameless person, as her enemies attempt to show she was indeed, how is it so difficult to prove her guilt? How is it also that Bergami should not have had some of the common modesty of human nature? That the Princess did and said many things which would have been deemed strange in another lady, I can very well believe; but that she had less shame than a cat or an elephant, I do not believe. I claim for her only to be allowed to have the *common* feelings of her sex, *not* very refined ones, and I say that the circumstances from which guilt is inferred do not warrant—if she had those feelings at the time when it is supposed her mis-

conduct was so flagrant—the inference drawn from the premises.

I am interrupted, and must suspend what I have to say. It is not, however, important; only, were I of a Scotch jury, "deep and dreadful" as the guilt is by some thought, I should feel myself obliged to return a verdict of "not proven." I will resume before I go again to the trial.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

I CANNOT understand why so much importance is attached to the evidence of Majocci. He did not state any one thing that indicated a remembrance of his having put a sense of indecorum on the conduct of the Queen at the time to which he referred; and in this I think the want of tact in those who arranged the case is glaringly obvious. As men, they could not but have often seen that it is the nature of recollected transactions to affect the expression of the physiognomy, and particularly of those kind of transactions which the "*traditore*" knew he was called to prove; yet in no one instance did Majocci show that there was an image in his mind, even while uttering what were thought the most sensual demonstra-

tions. In all the most particular instances that pointed to guilt, he was as abstract as Euclid: a logarithmic transcendent could not have been more bodiless than the memory of his recollections. I do not say that he has been taught by others; but I affirm that he spoke by rote, and I cannot conceive why Brougham, who has a perfect discernment, evidently, of his mind, did not overwhelm and confound him, as indeed an accursed thing. It is almost wanting in due reverence towards justice, to spare this fellow from condign exposure; but perhaps he is only respited. He was recalled yesterday after Gargulio, as you will see, but instead of being withered into a cinder, as he ought to have been, he was only proved to be an equivocating scoundrel. It should be recollected that the majority of the world consist of the foolish, and that the majority of the Lords inherit the infirmity of the division they belong to. Many will think that the deference paid to Majocci is because it is thought that he might, if he would; in short, that he has something in his power; as if he had not told all that he could tell, possibly a great deal more.

Di Rollo, the cook, has sworn to much unseemly demeanour between the Princess and Bergami; but he was also brought to confess circumstances that might have actuated him, by

cherishing a grudge against Bergami, inasmuch as they had quarrels about his accounts, and that he was obliged to leave the service of the Princess. He said he was not discarded, but every one who has been in those regions knows with what importance a character from any one connected with England is regarded, and what is told when it is said that a servant has no testimonial of his fidelity and honesty. It would not be just to say that a poor servant who quits his place abruptly cannot be credited, because he has no testimonial of worth; but it is at least not satisfactory to find those to appear in this case as witnesses for the prosecution, who may have been biassed by private feelings to testify unfavourably.

It is strange, I do think, that none of the witnesses called have yet, at least in my hearing, been sifted as to the history and condition of Bergami. He is still as a courier, and yet the rumour in the public is, that he is come, as we say in Scotland, of gentle blood. It ought to have been the duty of the agents for the prosecution, not to have shown themselves so anxious for conviction. It would not have shaded the hue of their integrity, had they in the outset so arranged matters as to have proved the fallen fortunes of Bergami, if they could do so; for if of gentlemanly birth, it would, without doing anything to prejudice their

object, have greatly lessened the culpability of the Queen's familiarity towards him.

I should also notice that I have heard, in private, much stress laid on the circumstance of the neglect to which Bergami's wife was obliged to submit, while his child Victorine and all his family were admitted to associate with the Princess. But those who have been so impressed do not show much knowledge of the world, nor of individual character.

In the first place, they should previously have known, before making the remark, if the wife was likely to have associated with the Princess even on invitation; because it is a notorious thing that there is a modesty in some females, even of the lowest condition, which makes them shrink from the society of the great; and, in the second place, that the Signora was in fact not such herself as the Princess might, bold as she was, have desired to avoid. Besides, Bergami and his spouse might not have lived on terms that would have induced him to wish to bring her forward at all. Many considerations must be attended to, yea, and circumstances proved, before much heed can be given to iniquitous inferences from her being apparently neglected by the Princess, and by his family too, —for her absence from them makes a part of the mystery.

I really consider it as due to justice to make these observations to you, because it is too obvious that a wish is manifested by the character of the proceedings, that the Princess may be found guilty, not only of the main charge, but of the general conduct that will warrant the proposed degradation. THE TRIAL IS NOT FAIR. I do not think but the Peers will conscientiously decide according to the evidence brought before them; but the *animus* of the measure is not good. Every witness hitherto produced, if not tainted, and with the plague spot red upon him, has the *ré di pesta* very conspicuously. I wish the King may not be too anxious to justify himself to posterity, for his treatment of his friendless cousin and wife. Had there not been a craving for her guilt somewhere, so many problematic stories of pollution and trullism would not have been brought forward. But enough at present. I grow more and more interested in the proceedings, not so much with respect to the delinquency of the accused, as for the inevitable disclosure of the evil spirit which instigated, and presides over, the most singular manifestation of personal antipathy on record. Why is it that many have so innately a desire to see others guilty, that spies and traitors are among the natural professions of men?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

You English are often the most unreasonable of mortals: an ass that eats thistles on a common is not half so foolish with pride. This morning Captain Pechell, of the Clorinde, was examined. I dare say he is a very honourable man, but he was at great pains to prove that a sailor is "all as one as a piece of a ship."

It seems, when the Princess was first on board the Clorinde at Civita Vecchia, Bergami officiated as a lacquey at table, when he, the noble captain, dined with her. But when Captain Pechell was afterwards to receive her again on board at Messina, his stomach turns at the idea of sitting down with Bergami, who had then been advanced from serving behind the chairs to sitting at table.

I do not question the propriety of Captain Pechell's feelings, and had he objected to what he felt would be degradation, on account of any alleged licentiousness between the Princess and Bergami, I would have thought his scruple deserving of every commendation for manliness. But that was not the case. His objection to make himself "joke-fellow" with the promoted courier, was because he had been promoted. I wonder if Captain Pechell never heard of such a country as

England, where, as in the case of the present Lord Chancellor, then before him in all the formality of wig and woolsack, it is very common for boys who have swept offices to overtop their masters, in time. It is very common, I believe, in the British navy for midshipmen to become even admirals, yea, masters of as great men as Captain Pechell's masters. I cannot divine what the gallant captain was called for, if not to insult the whole economy of the social community of England.

The testimony of Captain Briggs, who followed Captain Pechell, was more to my taste, nor did I think the professionality of it too racy of man-of-war discipline; but I could not help asking, why were these two officers called? Pechell was only made to show himself very un-Englishly fastidious, and Briggs, in the style of a frank sailor, to acknowledge that he saw no improper familiarity between the Princess and Bergami. The matters about the arrangement of the cabins were really trivial. Gracious God! to think that captains in the British navy would submit to act as pimps! To imagine that either of these officers would have knowingly lent himself to connive at and facilitate licentiousness, even in the Queen of the realm, is lower than I can grovel. We know that all men, for the gratification of their own passions and of themselves, do often very objectionable

things; but, for the pleasure of others, to become the ministers of guilt, has been ever regarded as the basest and meanest office in which the fallen can serve.

In consequence of your intended absence, I shall not send this letter till I hear of your having returned, and will keep it open to add what may in the meantime transpire.

Worse and worse! one Pietro Puchi, a *pookit* bodie, who keeps an inn at Trieste, was examined to-day. It appears that he remembers the Princess of Wales, with Bergami, coming to the *Grand Albergo* of that town; that the bed-room of Her Royal Highness opened into the drawing-room; that Bergami's opened from beyond the Countess Oldi's, who, it now appears, was his sister; and that her bed-room also opened into the dining-room. Now, in the name of intrigue, was this such an arrangement as the guiltiest healthy imagination could have fancied likely to facilitate *crim. con.?* To suppose it such as was attempted to be insinuated, argues absolute insanity; for there is no saying what mad people will think. It, however, must be allowed, that this witness did swear to circumstances highly presumptive of guilt. I can only say, for myself, that I did not believe him. Why all the ostentation of exterior demeanour, and yet such private intimacy as he

alluded to, flagrant to all the house? In no stage of the Queen's imputed guilt is it even affected to veil the grossness of a lewd and furious passion for Bergami; and yet, in every predicament, the nocturnal arrangements are planned, as in this brothel case, with circumspection. If there had been such guilt between the parties as that they could not be decent among numbers, at noonday, how does it happen that they were never at any time found together *en lit?*

The Black Eagle of Trieste, the bird of prey's evidence, was virgin bashfulness to that of a German female of the name of Krass or Krantz; and she came nearer to what is wanted, namely, the Princess and Bergami in bed together: for she said that she found the Princess sitting on Bergami's bed, and he lying in it, with his arms endearingly about her.

Now mark this.

It was physically untrue; for the Princess could not have been sitting on either side of him so as to afford Krantz a view of his right or left arm being about her, and he recumbent at the same time. That the Princess may have been sitting on his bed, talking to him, may be admitted, but it is attempting to prove too much to allege they were *cardooing*, as the Scots say of pigeons making love. Besides, the door was left open, or how did

Krantz get into the room to see such a sight; and was that a circumstance likely to have been neglected? If this witness has told truth, the case, with its worst designation, is made out to the full satisfaction of all that the law can require; but she has said too much, she has proved only that what she avers cannot be believed.

I request you to attend particularly to what the witnesses Rugazzoni, Miardi, and Oggione say. They do not startle me, but they provoke me, that it should be thought there are men in the world such arrant fools as to credit such stuff. Bad as the whole case is, by making it more gross than in all human probability it could be, the evidence, where it might be trusted, is rendered unworthy of credit. Sometimes improbability is demonstrated by affirming too much; and this sad display of human infirmity as to morals, is rendered doubtful by deducing, from things which might be innocent, criminal predilections. The innate "*randy*" conduct of the Princess I never have doubted, nor doubted that it would be made palpable. But the certainty of her being a "randy," renders her guilt the more difficult of being proved. It even, in my opinion, renders it improbable; for such characters do many uncomely things without thought, that women of more delicacy would never allow themselves to

do but in the fume and intoxication of passion, the infatuation of a moment.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

You mistake; I do not say the Princess may not have given cause, where there was no disposition to put a palliative construction on her actions, to suspect the purity of her conduct, but I do say, and think too, that she was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions that she must have been guilty. This, you will say, is almost as bad as if she had really been a criminal; and certainly I do not attempt to extenuate the impropriety; but we know there are persons in the world who think themselves very rigidly righteous, who do and say things that would have made Cleopatra, the gipsy, blush, or at least look through between her fingers. Nothing, indeed, is less disputable than that there are very worthy people in the world who consider themselves strictly innocent, merely because they have not actually sinned in the eye of human law. I have known, myself, very self-respected *peeous*

characters give even verbal utterance to thoughts and ideas that would have astounded the dissolute as incredible imaginations. When you are better, and mingling again in society, look sharply about you, and you will be convinced of this truth. It is, I am convinced, much more common than you seem to think, for many practically "decent folk" to believe, when they clothe their naked fancies in debonair phraseology, that the characters of their reflections are very delicate. These persons, however, are not only as innocent as ostriches, but as stupid, hiding their heads in the grass while all their huge bulks are seen. The well-behaved would shrink from very many things which the Princess would laugh at.

I think this notion of her character is true, and that it should be borne in mind, during the whole course of the exposure of the boil and ulcer of the State, which the "noodles" of the time are laying open for the benefit of the vile—for raising the corrupted in the scale of moral estimation. It does not seem to be recollected that there is truth in the old aphorism, which asserts that "*evil communications corrupt good manners*," or undoubtedly the details of this filthy business would not have been shown to the sun, would not have been displayed for no other end, as it appears to me, than

to prove the world, bad as it is, is really a great deal worse than it is supposed to be; and, therefore, one who does ill will be less secretly in the bosom condemned, than it may be expedient as yet to manifest.

I am led to make these observations, to shun, if it were possible, to say aught of a witness who inspired me with a supreme disgust; but I will, as I must, speak of her by-and-by. I would rather, however, that I might *skip* her altogether: in the mean time, give me leave to mention a ludicrous anecdote of this solemn affair.

Nature often mixes up the sublime and the ridiculous heedlessly, as it would seem; and I met to-day with a curious instance of her indifference. I forget how it happened; but I was driven accidentally against a curtain, and saw, in consequence, beyond it Lord Castlereagh sitting on a stair by himself, holding his hand to his ear to *keep* the sound and words of the evidence which the witness under examination at the bar was giving. Notwithstanding the moody wrath of my ruminations, I could not help laughing at the discovery; and his lordship looked equally amused, and was quite as much discomposed. He smiled, and I withdrew. I met him afterwards in the lobby of the House of Commons, when he again

smiled, as if we had, as Lord Byron says, "met in another state of being."

I must, however, conclude this letter at once, for I am not in a humour to-night to say what I feel should be said respecting the witness; so excuse my sermonising, and believe me to be

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER XV.

I AM perplexed, and my perplexity was the cause of my not writing last night; I cannot make up my mind to believe Louisa Dumont, or not. Much that she stated has an air of truth and sincerity; but she has a habit of considering things in two ways, and this *actress* habit proceeds from innate peculiarity. She reminds me of what has been said of Garrick and of many other players, natural while *acting*, and artificial while in her own character. No doubt, the truth respecting her is, that sometimes she states facts, and it is no less certain that she is a great liar. I say so advisedly and deliberately, because she seems at all times aware of what will be the effect of what she says; but the cast of malice is not always to be discerned in her countenance. If the cause

seemed as if she thought at the moment it might be made much of.

Another thing which marked the left-handed character of her mind—she spoke of the Countess Dole as a vulgar Italian woman in her language, and yet she did not appear to be an adequate judge: however, Brougham noticed her flippancy on this point, and I should think will not forget it.

But I will not say what I am inclined to think of Dumont's evidence. It evidently contains much which may be true, but it has so much of system in it, that I shall not be astonished to find that her imagination has supplied inventions to give it a consistent form and purpose. I am sorry she has ever been called as a witness. Why? you will say. I cannot tell. She has given me much to ponder upon, filled me with distrust, and, as Shakspeare says, "filed my mind." There are a kind of persons who, from the very construction of their minds, should never be put in a witness-box, and Dumont is of this species.

You will wonder why I make so much ado about this hussy, but a great deal more stress has been laid on what she has avouched than I think ought to have been. Why was she so long under examination if importance be not attached to what she says?—and, if she be a liar, as indeed she has not affected to disguise she is, why insult justice

by producing a witness unworthy of belief? I thought, at first, the whole of this affair quite a disgrace to the supposed wisdom of the state, because there was another and a better way of proceeding. But the moral shamelessness of considering Dumont so important, fills me with dismal ideas. What will posterity think of us if it should turn out that the whole British ministry have lent themselves to an ignominious purpose of a King that cannot be much esteemed?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

I HAVE resolved to suspend my strictures on this curious royal trial, and resume my observations on the witnesses. My feelings are constantly reminding me of the ill usage the Queen has sustained, ever since she had the misfortune to be connected with us, and I feel that I would acquit her merely on that account. But I shall not be *bird-mouthed* in the end, if some much blacker evidence be not disclosed than has been. Why could the charges not have been supported by less doubtful characters? but "anon, anon, Sir."

After the immaculate virgin Dumont, Luizi

Galdini was examined; a mason, that made or mended a cornice in the villa d'Este, where the Princess some time resided. You will see this man's evidence in the printed account of it, and, therefore, I will say no more than that it was of a kind which made many a Thane and Baron bold blush redder than the copper of a lawyer's countenance.

The next brought forward was an ornamental painter, one Finetti, occasionally employed at the villa, who swore to seeing Bergami and the Princess several times kiss and slaver each other. Is this credible? A tradesman, hired to do jobs! How was this witness thought of?

The next witness, another mason, was still more improbable in what he states. He was called Buezo. He saw, forsooth, the Princess and Bergami, across two rooms, pawing the cheeks of one another, and doing other namby pamby lovingnesses.

To him succeeded one Bianchi, who saw the Princess and Bergami bathing together in a canal; but he was ready to acknowledge that the Princess was dressed at the time. Who ever imagined that being in cold water and dressed, was a more unchaste predicament than in being in the open air? Mind, I am not speaking of the impropriety of the thing, but of the filthy ima-

ginations that could conjure sin out of such a circumstance! Why was this goat-headed witness brought at all? If, to prove impropriety, *that* was already as palpable as that the Lord Chancellor wears on the woolsack a very unbecoming wig.

Then came Lucine, a white-washer, *alias* a stainer; and he saw the parties in a *padu venella*, the Princess sitting, because she could not do otherwise in that kind of vehicle, on the knees of Bergami. One Carlo Carotti followed the stainer, and made out, if he spoke truth, much of the same sort of unseemliness that others had done,—but nothing more. Gafrino, another mason, came next, and proved nothing but that he had had a job to do at the villa d'Este. The effect of this individual's evidence was very vile, for it was so turned as to fill the minds of the Peers with uncleanness, by natural inference, while it was as decorous as a lawn sleeve. To him succeeded one Rastelli, a stable yard delicate, who had been suspected of stealing corn, and had been dismissed the service of Her Royal Highness, by his own confession, for what was in his place deemed a misdemeanour. Of Rastelli, it is only necessary to remark that the counsel on both sides seemed to be aware that this fellow was, in sterling English, a rascal. I only wonder why

the printed account of his examination for the words he uttered. My friend says, however, that his manner did not seem to inspire confidence, and it is only for the impression of the manners of the witnesses that you trust to me. He also said that more seemed to be known of him than was shown; that several peers seemed to know something of him; and that Lord Grey, in particular, asked if he had not been known in Paris by the name of Milari?

Majocci, the famous *non mi ricordo* gentleman, was re-examined by Mr. Brougham, and the effect was rather to shake confidence in his testimony, than to elicit new facts. After this, the evidence for the prosecution closed.

In the course of the trial, Lord Liverpool has intimated, I understand, that the divorce clause in the Bill would not be persisted in, or that it might be abandoned; not, however, because there was any doubt of the guilt, but because to ask for it under the circumstances, would seem as if the King was differently to be dealt with in justice than a poor man. Why, then, was it ever sought for? and why, as I have often said, were the other penalties in the Bill introduced at all—or, indeed, the Bill itself? In voting an establishment for the Queen, an opportunity could have been taken equivalent to all the Bill could do. If the divorce

clause is not to be inserted, I cannot penetrate the mystery of the whole proceeding; but, if the ministers had felt the dignity of themselves properly, they would not have submitted to lower themselves to what I do in my conscience believe was a measure instigated by the personal bad passions of the King.

It is very lucky perhaps for me, that what I think of this *coomy* affair will not offend the King, because he will not know of it; and you know me too well to conceive that I think the ministers have acted worse in the business than weakly, and unlike men of the world. I believe them to be one and all very honest men, but, assuredly, I do not consider them "the noblest works of God." They never seem to have thought that the nation has no more to do with the domestic squabbles of Mr. and Mrs. Guelph of the Crown, than with the fisty-cuff proceedings of Philpot and his wife of the *Red Lion*. Now, this was a case that affected the King and Queen; and, as King and Queen, the public was interested in it. It was a mean conception to imagine that it could be treated as having reference only to a man and his wife; and, after all, but this only is made of it—the King is not in a condition to ask for the relief he claims, and the guilt of the Princess is not so unequivocal that the nation will submit to see her

divorced. I grant you that there may be enough *proven* to place her habitual indecorum beyond question, to warrant, if you please, degradation; but a Bill of Pains and Penalties, objectionable as it is, constitutionally, though not without precedents in bad times, is not the way to do justice in the case. However, let us see what the defence will be. One thing is clear, that the evidence against her does not equal in fragrance the heavenly amaranth, and, I am sure, would make an ordinary jury reluctant to return a verdict of guilty, even though they might not have any doubt of her guilt. The punishment proposed is so disproportioned to the offence, considered with reference to the provocation—we shall be enabled to judge all by her defence; but, *à priori*, it seems remarkable that she should have been so ostentatious of her fondness before so many tarnished servants, and yet so stoutly assert her innocence here. It is not within the range and scope of ordinary human nature that she should maintain such bravery. I can imagine her to act in defiance of imputations, because it is not difficult to conceive how provocation might act on such an impassioned temperament. But two things harassed my powers of supposition; 1st. That she should have played the part she is represented to have done by all the witnesses, except

the English officers, who said nothing of her very bad; and, 2d. That with a knowledge of the allegations which might be made, and with a consciousness of guilt, if true, she should still brave the whole world, and set the discernment of the British peerage at defiance. If not both mad and bad, she is much indeed to be pitied.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

THERE is certainly some mysterious pleasure in thinking of the innocence vindicated of accused persons. I was very sensible of this prospective delight in going across the park this morning to the House of Lords, to hear the defence of Her Majesty opened. The case, as I have often said to you, was either too bad or too black to be exposed, and, in consequence, as I thought it, overcharged, was my anticipation of the gratification I should receive from finding it less odious. I frankly own to you, I wished with all my heart that she should be found guiltless; not because she is a Queen, but because I have enjoyment in the bleaching of imputed error or

crime. I do, however, relish, as you know, the detection of hypocrisy in its sins, and of the exposure of those sort of plated characters who look so precious in the side they present to the world, but which are generally, at last, found out to be of very little intrinsic value. Caroline of Brunswick is not one of this kind; her fault is to be too ostentatious of her indiscretions, and too brave in her defiance of opinion. But a truce with reflections,—I will now proceed with my comments.

The first witness called was a Mr. Lemann, a clerk in the service of the Queen's solicitor. He had been sent to Baden to solicit the attendance of Baron Dante, the Grand Duke's chamberlain. His testimony, I dare say,—I mean Mr. Lemann's, was not thought important; but to *me* it seemed very. It appeared that the Baron had kept notes of certain transactions, which notes he consulted before he deposed as to what he could state. Now, was not this curious? How did he happen to keep such memoranda; and why was it so arranged between him and the Grand Duke afterwards, that he should not come to England? Moreover, if these notes had been such as would have been agreeable to George IV., why should he have expressed any anxiety concerning his estate in Hanover? Make of it what the Peers

may, the testimony of Mr. Lemann, without directly proving much, really implies a great deal; and, for Her Majesty,—intimating at the same time, that the Baron had been requested to observe her behaviour—I don't say he was a spy—he would not submit to be that; but his having kept notes, as the Scotch lawyers say, *anent* her conduct, proves the existence of the espionage system, with which she was surrounded.

Colonel St. Leger was next called; but he proved nothing, unless it can be accounted something that he resigned his appointment in the Queen's household after her return. The cause of his resignation, as he swore, was ill health.

The Earl of Guildford followed, and he deposed to his observation of the general propriety of the Queen's conduct. I must here mention that this, though in her favour, does not weigh much with me. Every one who knows anything of Lord Guildford personally, must have observed that he is naturally disposed to take indulgent views of all mankind. He is, I think, even singularly unlikely to give way to suspicion of any kind. Either Bergami acted very adroitly towards his Lordship, or was a person of innate modesty, not at all like the impudent libertine which the witnesses for the prosecution described; for Lord Guildford spoke of him as having little to say,

and being probably not much changed in his manners, as a baron, from what he had been in his humble capacity as a courier.

Permit me to remark that this observation deserves special attention. Bergami does not appear to have been in any respect different from the other menials in the character of his abilities; and, therefore, was the more likely to cause their envy to be awakened by his advancement. When a man evidently possesses any degree of that which is called genius, his comrades are proud to see him advanced; but, when he is only like themselves, or thought to be so, they look askance at his promotion. This is universally the case; a man or woman always offends families, contemporaries, when they step, by reason of the promptings of talent, into a circle which the others may not enter, and for some superiority which it has not been thought they possessed. But I am interrupted by a stranger, and must conclude,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

I WAS going to state that Lord Glenbervie succeeded the Earl of Guildford. His testimony only went to show that Bergami, in his capacity as a

courier, behaved as a respectful servant when attending at table. I do not, however, see the use of bringing forward occasional guests as witnesses in a case of this kind. It is not to such that the flagrancies of passion are disclosed; all that such witnesses may prove can only be that cunning was dextrously employed to conceal; they cannot prove innocence, and it is *that* which is wanted to be proved. One thing, however, Lord Glenbervie made decidedly clear, namely, that the odour of the Princess's reputation could not then have been very bad, for he consented that his lady should act as the lady in waiting till another arrived. I will not believe that any English gentleman would have allowed his wife to do so, had the character of the Princess been tainted, and tainted so foully as we are taught to believe it then was.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay succeeded Lord Glenbervie, but her evidence is not finished. It was a painful spectacle, on her own account, to see the disclosures which her ladyship was obliged to make of her domestic circumstances. I cannot discern any necessity for putting her so TO THE QUESTION, nor was aught obtained from her, but that she had much private distress, and an affectionate and considerate mother. Reports undoubtedly respecting misconduct on the part of the

Princess of Wales had reached both her and him, but she could only testify to the circulation of such reports; she had not herself seen anything to justify—to confirm them.

I did not send my letter off yesterday. I thought it best that all which Lady Charlotte Lindsay had to say should be completed; but nothing further than what I have already stated was elicited at her second appearance. Look, however, carefully hereafter at the printed evidence, for my attention was much molested, by several Scottish friends, to whom I am obliged to do cicerone. They go with me to the House, and, like all our countrymen, they have hungry eyes for great characters, and I was often obliged to gratify them by pointing out several of whose titles they had heard, and that, too, in the most interesting junctures of the evidence. I am myself very national, but my nationality is pink compared with the crimson of these. They affected to be as much interested as I am in the object of the trial, but curse take me if I do think they care a *black bawbee* about the matter. One of them, Campbell, was of course more anxious to have the Duke of Argyle shown to him than any other fact, I say fact, for he spoke as if *per se* the Peers could discriminate facts better than other men; and what they admitted must, of course, therefore, be only facts.

Of William Carrington's evidence I was unable to attend to a single word. It was not, however, of any consequence. All I could learn was that he showed that Majocci was at one time full of wrath against Ompteda, and that he himself knew something of Italian. One Siccard, a cook, came next, who caused me to prick up my ears. He must be a devilish clever fellow naturally. He delivered himself so wisely well in manner, that what he said I did think such as I could have wished to hear from all the Queen's witnesses. It did not go far, but it was probable and sensible. I own that he interested me by the manliness of his manner. I may be mistaken, but I think what he said must have made a favourable impression for himself, and a very favourable one for his royal mistress—all this because he seemed to have seen matters with the eyes of common sense.

It struck me, however, and also others, that the witnesses called for the Queen were not hitherto judiciously selected. Of their character no doubt could be entertained. Compared with the witnesses for the Bill, they were as precious stones to mud and gravel; but they were not, unless acute and shrewd observers, exactly the sort of persons which should have been summoned. This was particularly the case when Dr. Holland was placed at the bar to deliver what he had to say.

His grave aspect, as many observed, was of the very kind to awe naughty children suddenly into pretty behaved delinquents, when surprised at their romps. Besides, his looks indicated study and reflection, not that kind of roving glancing which sees further into a millstone than a Lord Chancellor can do into a cask when the bunghole is closed; yet, Dr. Holland's testimony was even more favourable to Her Royal Highness than that of any one who has yet been examined. His answers were exact and decisive, indicating, at least, cogitation.

The evidence of Mr. Charles Mills was, in one respect, better than that of Dr. Holland; but then he spoke of the conduct of the Princess and Bergami towards each other in public, at least before company. I do not think that such witnesses can do much good. It is menials we want, and those for the prosecution were of that description, they only told more than could be credited; and, by-the-by, they laid much stress on the circumstance of the Princess often seeing strangers in her bed-room, as if it were something extraordinary to them. I am sure this must have proceeded from what they had observed it produces on the minds of Englishmen; for it is a common custom with French and Italian ladies to receive company in their bed-rooms.

Many of the peers were probably struck with horror at the indelicacy of Her Royal Highness receiving company in her bed-room; but, assuredly, those who have been in France or Italy, would not. The only thing to cause wonder about it was, that the servants, used to the custom, should have noticed it at all. I do think that their noticing it, God forgive me, was very like the effect of prompting, yet the character of the Commissioners sent to hunt for facts by which certain charges might be supported, precludes this idea. They were "all honourable men;" were they, however, also wise ones?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XX.

I AM *fashed;* these Scotch blockheads are as helpless in London as the babes in the wood; and you must, for their sakes, pardon my irregularities. You will, indeed, be charitable if you overlook my seeming negligences, for I am so pitiful hearted for their ignorance, that I give up to them much of my spare time. They go with me to the trial, but they count on my going with them "all about the town," when I am not there.

The evidence of Col. Theoline, yesterday, was, I thought, impressive. It was all about Bergami, and produced a very different effect, I am sure, from that of the witnesses against the Queen. This, I think, must be your opinion, too: considering him (Bergami) as a person in a humble station, it was much to his credit.

The Earl of Llandaff followed him. He had been abroad with his lady and family; but what I have chiefly to remark is, that his evidence tended to confirm what I said last night respecting the custom of the Italian ladies receiving gentlemen in their bed-chambers. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I am glad this circumstance was so clearly explained, for many "decent folk" have remarked, with heavenward eyes, on the supposed indecorum of a Princess holding a levee.

The Hon. Mr. Keppel Craven was still more decidedly in favour of Bergami. It was by him that he had been originally engaged for the service of the Princess, and a Marquis with an odd sort of a name, recommended him very particularly.

This was to the point; hitherto, the character of Bergami in the Princess's household, was unaccountable; now it appears that he was more than ordinarily well introduced, and that the Marquis respected his family. It is not to be

supposed that the Marquis would have known much about them, had they not been at least better than common. I wish you would compare Craven's evidence with that of the flippant damsel Dumont, and also Sicard's with that of the same female individual, in what regards the dresses of the Princess at the masquerades. Not so great a discrepancy results as I did expect would be discovered from Dumont's confusion, but enough to show she had not so perfect a recollection as by her manner she *tried* to make appear.—There was a firmness of tone in all Mr. Craven said, that seemed to make it like very pure truth. I would rest much on his testimony, unless it could be proved that he is as habituated to *double entendres* as the Swiss maiden; or, rather, to use the definition which a reverend friend of mine once gave in the pulpit, of a maid—"the young unmarried woman."

One thing I had almost forgotten: mark well what Mr. Craven says about spies, and his admonition to the Princess about being seen with Bergami in attendance as a servant. It speaks, as an old judge said to myself, "most volumously."

Sir William Gell was summoned after Craven; and what he related confirmed the other's averments respecting the former respectability of Bergami's family, and his personal condition. In some

particulars, the testimony of Sir William Gell greatly agitated me. It suggested to me, that in the general opinion of the world, a man of fallen fortunes is morally tainted: as if the disasters which Heaven occasionally showers upon the earth, were not impartially distributed. In fine,

IF SIR WILLIAM GELL SPOKE TRUTH, THE PRINCESS IS AN INNOCENT WOMAN. Her circumspection may not, as the Yankees say, have been first quality, but the very consciousness of having nothing to conceal would betray such a character into many levities that could not be applauded. But I must repress the inclination which I feel at this moment to declaim, "O Heavens! in thy sight guilt may not be sin!"

I shall say nothing of Whitcomb's evidence; read it. He was valet to Mr. Craven, and verily, verily, proves, of his own knowledge, that he knew the maiden Dumont was "a young unmarried woman."

To me the trial becomes interesting; and I could wish these Scotch cousins "far enough." They not only molest me in the court, but prevent me from writing my notes, when the matter is distinctly recollected, after I return home, for they dog my heels. I wonder how it is that so few of the world have eyes in their understandings, and yet have big enough "balls of sight,"

as Collins, the poet, calls them, in their heads. It is not fitting, as you know, that I should tell Tom, Dick, and Harry, of my being so special in noticing the demeanour of the witnesses, but they might see, without a nod and a wink, that I have more to do than meets the ear in this affair. I hate to be always obliged to say why and wherefore I do this or that; it is enough that I write down every day when I come from Westminster something or another, to make the cuifs see, were they possessed of any right *gumption*, that I must have occasion for some time to think. I know you will not approve of my assumed civility towards these country cousins, and possibly think I should tell them at once, as a waiter in Palermo advised me to do to a talkative cicerone, to go to h—ll; but really I have not courage, for if it were not for the trial, I would think them pleasant old acquaintances. "What a strange thing is circumstance!" says Horace Walpole, and so say I.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

I SAID in my last letter, that the trial was becoming interesting to me. I should not have said

exactly so. It is only to see the result I am interested, for my mind is made up. I am conscious that the Queen is innocent according to the evidence, as I consider it; but I do not think she will be acquitted of indiscretion, and I am only anxious to see how she will be treated. All the Bill of Pains and Penalties cannot and will not now be abandoned, but what the hue of her degradation may be, is perplexing. For the character of the country I wish the whole matter was shovelled into the kennel; and I am decidedly of opinion that the prolongation of the question is detrimental to the monarchy. I do not blink the matter, as crime in all cases should be proved where it is accused, or where it cannot be proved, it should not be endeavoured to be so. Acquittal or doubt gives opportunity for repentance, and repentance is the next best thing to innocence, as far as society is concerned. Besides, were the Queen found guilty, her guilt to the nation would in one sense be but a negative crime. I do not think this peculiarity is half considered either by the King or his ministers.

It is quite obvious that the rule of man and wife cannot be applied in justice to a King and Queen. Their marriages are made up for their nation, and the consideration of mutual affection, which is so essential an ingredient in domestic

life, does not enter into the composition of the happiness which is expected to result from their union. Nature in this case is, perhaps, opposed to justice, and nature should be deferred to. It is assuming too much for man to say what is justice, but he can always consult nature, and I suspect that where nature is justice cannot be far off.

Allow me, before proceeding farther, to explain an apparent inadvertency, as you may perhaps think it.

I said that if Sir William Gell spoke truth, the Queen was innocent, and I say so still. No doubt you may say, also, that if the other witnesses did the same there can be no doubt of her guilt. Granted. But, in the first place, they told improbable stories; and, in the second, none of them had the look of speaking from recollection; not one of them; and I lay much stress on that circumstance, for, although I am no lawyer, nor can tell what my notion may be good for, I am yet metaphysician enough to know that there is a visible difference between the expression of the countenance in telling a recollection and an imagination, especially in such stories as they told. They could not, in the pretended remembrances of their ribaldry, have seemed more impassioned if they had been contemplating a mathematical point. Sir Isaac Newton, developing

his theory of attraction, must have been a Priapus compared to the most voluptuous of them all; even "the young unmarried woman," Dumont, felt less in her blushes than the rose among the thorns.

But I will go on with my remarks on the different witnesses; you may judge of what they say as you think right, but I can tell you, that there is a wide difference between the evidence of a printed paper, and the *viva voce* testimony of the vision of a human being.

One thing I was greatly struck with; a witness examined to-day had been a cabinet courier to the Viceroy of Italy; his name was Forte: all he said must have told in the Queen's favour, and he gave an explanation of French and Italian servants kissing their ladies' hands, that could not but amaze some of the Peers, who perhaps, thought that only the paws of lions and unicorns were ever kissed. But that which merited most attention, was a shake of his head, more emphatic than Lord Burleigh's in the Critic, or the "no, no," of the most eloquent orator. He was asked, if he ever saw Bergami kiss the (well stricken in years) Princess: and his negative was just like that of an honest man. He acknowledged, however, that, according to the custom of the Italians, he has seen Bergami kiss her hand on taking

leave; saying that he himself had done so, both to the Vice-Queen and the Empress Josephine. By-the-by, it is curious, and but little known among us, that the court and nursery practice of kissing hands is an outlandish way of *parley vooing* imported, as some think, at the restoration of Charles II., with full bottomed wigs and the unities of the drama.

I was afflicted by the examination of Lieutenant Flynn. It was evident that a dead set was made to bamboozle the poor fellow. He could tell nothing confirmatory of the *non mi ricordo* crew, and was made unable to tell anything. The Solicitor-General threw him into a quandary about an Italian or a Sicilian, just as if the difference could be very nicely discriminated by an English sailor. How would even the Chief-Justice of England have made it appear; for I'll venture to say, that John Bull knows as little of the difference between a Sicilian and an Italian, as he does of that between a negro and a blackamoor—a celt or a savage. I was very indignant at the great self-sufficiency with which poor Lieutenant Flynn was treated; and it would not have surprised me, if, sailor like, he had given the Solicitor-General, a d——d good snubbing for his jaw. What between natural bashfulness and indistinctness of mind, Flynn could not be a good

witness either pro or con; perhaps this was seen, and was the cause of so much ado about nothing in his case. Make of it what they will, the plain endeavour to paint black with soot, was in the case of this officer's perturbation too visible. "Faugh," as Hamlet says.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

The exhibition of Lieutenant Hownam was not much better than that of Flynn; I could discover nothing, however, in what he said, that in the slightest degree indicated prevarication; but he was much embarrassed occasionally, not always. One of his answers was capital, and must have been felt as a just reproof by the big-wigged devil who tormented him. The devil very knowingly asked about the Princess walking arm in arm with Bergami, *pawkilie*, implying it was very naughty so to do; but the sailor said, she did not until after he had been promoted to the rank of chamberlain, or to dine with her; thereby showing, that after he had dined at her table, there could be no impropriety in her walking with him. Sometimes, really, a sailor may be too many for a devil of a lawyer.

Hownam was examined at great length, and as

to many points, but it does not seem to me, that much of importance was elicited; nothing certainly capable of a guilty construction, except by a very foul imagination. He did, however, prove that there were indiscretions, as to demeanour, frequently committed by the Princess; and these, I I suspect, are not difficult of being sufficiently proved. Altogether, the evidence of Hownam was longer and more agreeable than that of the greatest number of witnesses; what I mean by agreeable is, that it was of a more exoterick character. It is of a kind that you can very well understand from the printed papers without a comment. At times Hownam was firm and self-collected: keep this in mind, I say, at *times*.

Granville Sharp, who was next called, only proved that an alleged indecent Moorish dance, was not so. It should, however, be recollected, that he spoke of dances he has seen in India. Now, there are many kinds of Moorish dances, and some of them, which I have myself seen to the east of Italy, that are not so comely as the attitude in which penitents say their prayers. Mr. Sharp's testimony goes for nothing, with me.

The evidence of Guzziare, who succeeded, was very impressive. He proves that Ragazzoni could not have seen, from where he said he stood, the sight which he pretends to have witnessed.

During the examination of Guzziare a remarkable disclosure took place. It appeared that Rastelli, or Rascelli, whose appearance at the house was not worshipful, had left the country, I do not say, sent out of it, no, not I—how indeed could I know this fact? There was, for a reason, consternation in the House.

Rastelli had been examined, as I formerly stated; but, in consequence of something which the witness Guzziare said, it was resolved to sift him further. When, however, he was required, it appeared that he had quitted the kingdom on the pretence of being wanted in Milan, by some *greenan* relations; at least, I could not conjure a more satisfactory reason for his *flight*.

Every non-professional mind must, I think, have then expected that her Majesty's Attorney General would have hurled his brief at the wig of the Lord Chancellor, and abandoned the Government to the condemnation of posterity. I freely confess, that for a time I partook of this feeling, when the counsel for the Queen retired to consult about what they ought to do.

More temperate reflections, during their absence, allayed my terrors. I reflected that when an accused person submits to a judicial process, it implies decidedly something unfavourable, to change, in any stage of the investigation, the

severity of the pre-determined course, whatever the incident may be that may occasion a change. It would, no doubt, have been a fine *jeu de theatre*, had Brougham dashed the *stoor* o' flour out of the lion-visaged, mane-like upper work of Eldon; but he judged more wisely in not doing it. He evinced thereby his confidence in the Queen's innocence. I refer you, however, to the printed account of the affair, and to the results of the examination of Mr. Powell; for I may not have thought well or wisely of the apparent transaction, because some imp fastened his claws in my mind, and whispered, in the hearing of my understanding, something like evasion or connivance.

I frankly confess that I would be, I am certain, a most unsafe witness in any case in which the judgment might be affected by the feelings; especially if the imagination arranged the unborn of posterity, in tier behind tier, to the limit and circumference of time, as spectators around me. When Brougham came back from his consultation with Denman, and announced that they had resolved to persevere in the process, the tears rushed into my eyes, I know not wherefore, and my heart swelled in my bosom to the size of thrice three hearts.

I think, nevertheless, that the counsel did

right; for if Rastelli was spirited away, the reputation of the Queen would, in the end, be served by it. Nothing could prevent the surmises which the public would make on so extraordinary a transaction,—as that one who was instrumental in beating up for the most improbable of the witnesses, should have been allowed to leave the kingdom during the trial. It is true that Lord Liverpool denied the spiriting, and even acceded to relax somewhat in the rules of examination. But this thing should not have happened; for, as men are sometimes guilty of offences, there was nothing in the absence of Rastelli to prevent suspicion from arising. No; men will say that, being out of the way, advantage was taken of that circumstance; probably an advantage contemplated.

This was one, and a great one, of those scenes which I anticipated to behold, when I resolved to be as often as possible present at the trial. It will not be easy to find persons who will entirely believe that Rastelli was not spirited away, though not by Lord Liverpool; and a mystery will, in consequence, for ever hang upon the proceedings. This, however, is as it should be, perhaps. State machinations would lose all their interest, if they were ever transacted with day-light. Who would indeed read history, but for the crimes of cabinets?

The plate of earth and salt on the bosom of a corpse, in a Scottish cottage, is not a more emphatic monitor of death than mystery is of regal iniquity.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

After the consternation had subsided about the *scampavia* Rastelli, the examination of other witnesses was resumed, but with no very decisive effect; making, however, still for the Queen.

One Pomi deposed that Rastelli had offered him some money; but not in so distinct a manner as some others, as you will see, have swore to the same fact. It would appear that Rastelli had intimated, in a way plain enough, that it was persons who would give evidence against Bergami and the Queen, that he was in search of. Pomi said nothing against the Queen; but he showed that it was really expedient Rastelli should not then be forthcoming in London.

The examination of Pomarti, the confidential clerk to the advocate Codazzio, respecting his nefarious intercourse with Vilmarcati, deserves particular attention; not merely on account of the light it throws on the disreputable spirit of

the proceedings against the Queen, but as a scene from a drama—a drama of life. It could not be in human nature, that a man would have made such contrite confessions as Pomarti did make, had he not felt in his bosom the gnawings of the worm that never dies. I have seldom heard anything more touchingly affecting than the tones of penitence with which he acknowledged his sense of error, and the pathetic indignation with which memory reminded him of Col. Brown. I thought not at all of the Queen's case, but only of his consciousness of having acted an unworthy part in giving up, for money, papers with which he was confidentially trusted. The result of what he said produced on me a most unfavourable impression, both as to Col. Brown and Vilmarcati.

I may remark in passing, that Pomi was, after the penitent, re-examined, and brought out an account of a tobacconist, one Rezenti, who had often annoyed him about the Princess and Bergami; but I cannot see why he was examined, for all that passes between him and the tobacconist, was concerning hearsays, which that person jibed him with.

A Signor Maoni next swore to going to Vilmarcati with one Zangla, and that Zangla showed him a handful of napoleons, which he then received from Vilmarcati. But why was

Maoni called? for it did not appear that Zangla had received the money for any purpose whatever. Such evidence can do no good. It is neither bane nor antidote.

Ditto may be said of what a Colonel O'Brien stated.

Ditto, also of what a boatman on the Lake of Como stated.

The evidence of the Chevalier Vassalli, which came next, indicated that there could not be many more witnesses to be examined. It was of that kind which would have been deemed important, had the evidence for the prosecution not been of such a description that truth had not the power to refute or contradict it; I thought it gentlemanly, however.

To the chevalier succeeded a milliner of the name of Martini, a clever managing sort of a person, who could tell nothing but that she once grievously offended my *chère amie* Dumont, by chatting to her of the reports which she had heard respecting the conduct of the Princess of Wales and Bergami.

Just as she left the bar, I was obliged to leave the House, feeling myself much indisposed, and in need of fresh air. A return of the same causes compels me to conclude abruptly.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

I HAVE been so unwell since my last, that every other consideration was obliged to be given up for self. Truly sickness makes us all egotists.

It was late in the debate before I felt myself in a condition to resume my *felt* obligations to attend the close of the Queen's odious persecution. I will ever apply that epithet to it, and even a stronger, if it were fitter, for it was, in my opinion, as unnecessary as it was impolitic, and as offensive to every public sentiment, as it was absolutely useless. Did the King and Liverpool and Co. forget that the people have sympathies, and that they could not but feel that *their* honour, the national honour, was tarnished by making the highest tribunal in the empire a tool to gratify individual malignity, and an aversion inspired by conscious neglect and ill usage?

But, although I could only attend at intervals to this shame to England of the nineteenth century, I was in at the death,—no: rather at the close of the catastrophe.

No occurrence, where I was only a spectator, ever affected me so much: even the finest displays of Mrs. Siddons in all the pomp and prodi-

gality of her Lady Macbeth, was as vulgar bacon to this acidulous ambrosia, convincing me that there is ever a superiority in Nature which art cannot attain; however like to the aroma of genius, but transcendantly finer.

I shall never forget what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the House, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not indeed proceed. for she had a '*daized*' look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great stair-case, she began to descend, and I followed, instinctively, two or three steps behind her.

She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible

manifestation of unspeakable grief, an echoing of the voice of the soul.

Four or five persons came in from below, before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them; but I was in indescribable confusion. The great globe itself was shaking under me. I rushed past, and out into the hastily assembling crowd. The pressure was as in the valley of Jehoshaphat that shall be. I knew not where I was, but in a moment a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the House were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer, but at first there was a kind of stupor: but the sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street; every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.

The generous exultation and hurry of the people were beyond all description. It was as a conflagration of hearts; but before I had struggled to St. Margaret's, I was seized with hoarseness and rage.

The Queen of the greatest of all the nations was allowed to escape from jeopardy, with as little

public deference, save the voluntary huzzahs of the people, as the vilest delinquent trull from a police office. Verily, verily, how little wisdom must, in truth, suffice for statesmen! She was virtually exonerated, and the ministers had no right to show that they were disappointed in their endeavours to pander to the antihuman passions of the King. It was, indeed, an occasion for them to be humble, and they would have acted becomingly, had they come forth with staves in their hands, and meal forks hanging from their necks, singing, in chorus, "the o'ercome" of the old Scottish ditty,—

"Och hone, Och hone, weel may we moan,
For we are but puir bodies."

Yours, &c.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS.

PART II.

LETTER I.

DEAR ——,

I RECEIVED your letter by Mr. Erskine yesterday, and was not long in resolving to answer it.

I do most thoroughly agree with you, that nothing could be more despicable than the spirit which the Government manifested on the occasion of poor Queen Caroline's funeral: it was not even so respectable as to be pitiful. Were it for no other cause than the indignation I cherish, I would lend all the aid I can to your design; but the nation has been insulted, and it becomes absolutely a patriotic duty to show, in every instance where it can be shown, that the *vile* conduct of the *State* was regarded as it should have been by the people; that is, as an abomination to their habitual magnanimity. But while I do, even with alacrity, undertake to tell you all that I have heard, known, and seen, of Queen Caroline, the whole is not much; and the utmost you may be able to make of it is, that along with the reports of your other friends, something consistent may be combined which will serve to illustrate some historical statement. Be assured it is a

story that will be revived: though, for a time, perhaps an age, men may be disposed to wish it could be forgotten, merely because it is "*a filthy bargain.*" It is a more mysterious affair than even that of Mrs. Anne Bullen, as she is called, and will excite hereafter a corresponding degree of interest. Mankind are naturally, in the case of that gipsy, not very desirous of hearing a great deal; she is canonized as a protestant martyr, and the *merits* of her guilt are seldom investigated, the subject is so odious; but the history of the unhappy Caroline is not so black in the accusation, and therefore will, to a certainty, be more freely scrutinized.

If I rightly understand you, you propose to collect among your different friends some account of what each may happen to know, or to have heard from authentic sources, of the character and story of the *king's* late wife. If you persevere in this notion, you will undoubtedly in time do something for the serious consideration of posterity, for whom all authors, you know, write; but I fear you will not find many correspondents who will do what you desire. However that may be, I will do my best, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

But let me give you a caution. Do not assume either her guilt or innocence. If you do, you will

insensibly tinge facts with your own opinion, and this is the very thing you should anxiously avoid. Guilt, as our own cautious countrymen say, was not *proven;* nor does it appear that she was, as *Perceval* said, "as pure as unsunned snow." You can therefore only expect to show that she subjected herself to suspicion, and was obliged to endure its malice, suffering in consequence a degree of persecution, arising from that bias of human nature which renders suspicion greedy of evidence of guilt. But if you do not allow that she justified suspicion, either by levity or from resentment, you will find yourself in perplexity.

In the "delicate Investigation" she was exonerated from guilt by affixing on her the charge of "innocent levity;" but there seems to have been no Solomon in authority who thought of natural feeling at any period of her distressing case. *She may have exposed herself to suspicion merely from a sense of wrong, and yet have legally been innocent.* No one, of all who were arrayed to judge her, seems to have thought that she could be actuated by revenge; and yet what provocation as a woman, as a lady, and as a queen, had she not, to set machinations at defiance, and to torment those who thirsted for her ruin?

I do seriously and sincerely think that her natural character was such, that she may have so conducted herself as to draw down on her the disgrace

which weak inconsiderate men tried to ascribe to another sort of vice. I think of poor human nature, and do say, she had great provocation.

From this you will understand in what manner I am likely to offer you my remembrances; and, besides, you must allow me to ramble as I recollect, bearing in mind that I am decidedly of opinion that she acted as she is *proven* to have done, merely from resentment, to retaliate on exasperating suspicion.* This view of her conduct has not, that I am aware of, been taken before. If it will serve you, I shall proceed with my recollections. Let me know soon, and believe me

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR ——,

I RECEIVED yours of the 4th instant last Friday, but being at the time on the point of leaving town for a few days, I did not then particularly attend to it, in fact could not.

I am glad you have explained your design, as it enables me to steer a clear course. I had ima-

* This view of her conduct (in many instances of it at least) was known by those about her person to have been perfectly true:—she had a childishly wicked pleasure in making people think worse of her than she deserved.

gined you intended the letters to illustrate some historical statement, but since you propose to make only a collection of letters, I see what ought to be my bearing more distinctly. It is, however, necessary to explain more fully what I meant by implying that the Queen exposed herself to suspicions purposely, in allowing her resentment to master her delicacy. I think it was quite natural to her sort of character to do so, but it has not my approbation, though I can understand how her injuries and wrongs might influence her. I judge of her disposition by many incidental circumstances, which will be gradually adverted to, perhaps developed, as I proceed.

It is a curious trait of our age, that natural character is disregarded, and individuals estimated by the acknowledged general qualities of the species. The Queen was too uniformly considered as a mere woman; she ought from the first, to have been regarded as a princess born, habituated, in consequence, to the most deferential treatment, and, above all, as endowed with personal peculiarities of spirit and temper not common: much of the derogatory treatment she sustained arose, I conceive, from this omission.

I shall therefore place in view my persuasion of what I conceive to have been her natural character, rather than what appears to have been

her treatment, and how it may have generated the resentment with which I think she was actuated. Of course, all that may have affected my notion of the woman, has been derived from hearsay; much also of what she may have experienced as a princess is inference; but I ought to mention that I did attend her trial two-and-twenty days, and that, as far as I can depend on myself, what I saw of her at that time, justifies me in thinking, poor creature! that she was much misunderstood. There may have been a spicing of revenge in her conduct, but assuredly, that is, in my opinion, there was much of prank and jocularity in her indiscretion.

Now what I am going to tell, is not for the scrupulous ears of your immaculate, worthy, strait-laced aunt Miss Deborah. It respects the Queen's conduct prior to her marriage, and my informant is the once noted Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, whose informant, as she said, was the Duke of York. You are aware how I *wheedled* her to show me the notes she had prepared for her own memoirs. In consenting to do so, she happened to mention that the old King George III. had ordered a set of jewels for the Princess, and that the Duke, when they were ready being to take them to Windsor, brought the casket on the Saturday before, to Mrs. Clarke. Nothing less, in conse-

quence, would serve the *chére amie*, than to go to the Opera, decked in the borrowed plumes, and she actually did wear the diamonds there that night. This led her to speak of many other things which His Royal Highness told her of the Princess, and how it was at one time proposed he should marry her; and for that purpose he went previously to see how the land lay at the court of Brunswick; the result of which was that he did not like the Princess, in many things he heard of her, deeming her ways not likely to take in England. I will not say that I believed all to have been true which Mrs. Clarke told me, for I did not; but, had there not been something *coarsish* in the impression made on the Duke, and which may have led him to speak of the Princess disparagingly, Mrs. Clarke would not have said to me what she did, for her opinion of the Princess of Wales was on the whole kindly; indeed she was not deficient in that quality, and generally expressed herself respecting even the Duchess of York—with much more consideration than might *à priori* have been expected. However, what I mean to deduce from what she said is, that the Princess of Wales, before her marriage, was hoydenish and addicted to practical jokes, and not at all "*adorable*" in the eyes of the Duke, whom by the way she always spoke of, (that is, Mrs. C. said) as naturally subject to *mauvaise honte*.

My next will give you more reason to suspect that Queen Caroline was not naturally very discreet.

Believe me truly, &c.

N. B. This story of Mrs. Clarke reminds me of one of her sarcasms on the same occasion. I inquired what had become of Colonel Wardle—"Oh, the wretch," cried she, "he has taken to selling milk about Tunbridge!"—He farmed some property in that neighbourhood.

LETTER III.

DEAR ——,

IT is to the conduct of Queen Caroline subsequent to her arrival in this country, that your attention should be directed, and I can state some early circumstances worthy of being recorded. A friend of mine, who described the incident to me himself, was standing in Parliament-street when the carriage with her turned in from Bridge-street. It was an ill-omened affair: not the slightest indication of welcome was manifested, and he was himself the very first individual who uncovered to her, and, with emotion at the indifference of the crowd, began the huzza.

What took place at the palace before and after "the wedding rite," I never heard; but the

Princess herself told a lady, who told a gentleman, who told me, what passed between St. James's and Carlton House, and I must say it did make a favourable impression upon me. There was some shouting from the mob when the carriage came out of the palace, and the first words which the Prince said to his bride, referring to that circumstance, were well enough—to the effect that "many were interested in their happiness," and he took her hand. Something had disappointed her in the reception, and she, being resolved to maintain her dignity, pettishly withdrew her hand, at which the Prince took the *pet*, and the remainder of the passage to his residence was sullenly performed.

The comment I would make on this incident is, that it tends to verify the Duke of York's character of the Princess to Mrs. Clarke; and the conduct of the Prince of Wales was in unison with his known peculiarity through life. He was ever too important to himself, saying finer things than his feelings prompted. Supposing the conduct of the Princess was as represented, he ought not as a man, nor as a public character, to have allowed "*his heart to grow cold*" at such a trifle. There is no doubt, however, that he was disappointed, and many stories are in circulation, or rather were, all tending to show that there was a general

belief, from the very wedding, that the marriage was unblest.

What I have now to tell confirms this: a gentleman, who has since been a member of the present King's government (William's), told me that a friend of his, whose bedroom overlooked Carlton Gardens, on retiring to bed at a late hour, saw the Prince in the garden, walking in the moonlight, in the greatest agitation—he even said "tearing his hair;" and this alleged fact certainly is in unison with the . . . . that tainted the mind of the public.

The inference from it no doubt is to awaken commiseration for the Prince; but when his general character is considered, I am not sure but it may tend to diminish sympathy; at all events, it does not say much for the tact of the Princess, especially when taken in connexion with her notions of preserving dignity, as evinced in the carriage scene.

It is clear that a mutual distrust early arose between the parties—a proof that there may have been an egotistical fastidiousness on the one side, and a want of that sentiment which is the basis, not of happiness but of propriety, on the other. Neither man nor woman seem to have considered enough that they were called to act as Prince and Princess.

Of the thousand and one rumours which preceded the retirement of the Princess of Wales to Blackheath, some of your other correspondents will give you a better account than I can, but I have one personal incident to relate, which is curious.

An old lady from the country, of a truly Shakspearian discernment of character, and who was famed for her perspicuity among all her circle, requested me to go with her to see the Princess, in the church of Greenwich. We were, however, rather late, the service having commenced; but as our errand was to see Her Royal Highness, we filled up the time by strolling in the Park, and were back to see the Princess pass to her carriage. I was anxious to hear what my companion thought of her, knowing the singular talent of the old lady; and I remember very distinctly her saying to me, with an inflection of sadness, "*Poor woman! she's endeavouring to be a lady.*" Many years after, when Mrs. Clarke told me of the Princess's *hoydenishness*, I recollected this opinion; and I remembered it with sorrow, convinced of its justness, even to the day I followed her down the great stairs of the House of Lords, when the impolitic Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned; and yet, surely, there is no moral crime in the manifestation of

natural character, if that can be said not to be an offence, which is apt to be felt as disagreeable.

Believe me truly yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

DEAR ——,

I HOPE you are sufficiently aware that I have not undertaken to give you a connected *seriatim* narrative of Queen Caroline's intromissions, as some of your acquaintance in Edinburgh would say, *avant* her domicile and status within this realm, and, therefore, I intend to proceed with my random recollections, in the same *sciolto* manner as I have begun. This preface is, perhaps, necessary, because I find myself obliged to allude to a circumstance, which at one time caused "*much ado*," but it turned out to be "*about nothing*." It must, however, be mentioned, and the sooner I have done with it, the better. I mean that cock-and-a-bull story about Billy Austin, which, during the "*delicate Investigation*," occasioned much head shaking, and the loss of so much hair-powder to many a big wig.

The incident is, however, in one point of view, exceedingly affecting and pathetic. Deprived of the society of her own daughter, before any cri-

minality had been imputed, and being of a maternal disposition, the Princess found some alleviation to her loneliness, in the care and superintendance of another's child. "This is the very head and front of her offending, in that matter, and no more." But this child was absolutely, with many nods and winks of the "*Burleighs*" of the time, suspected to be, I shall not say what; you understand. No mother, however, could be seemingly fonder of her own son, than the Princess was of this poor orphan. She was, indeed, truly a kind-hearted creature, to be so like a real mother to Billy Austin; and it was with sore hearts that men, whose shoulders were deemed Atlantean enough to bear the weight of an empire, should have been obliged to lift aside the cloak of charity, in expectation of seeing that it covered a multitude of sins! Moreover, she herself used to say, caressing him, (keep in mind my notion of her natural character) that the darling Billy would one day make a name in Westminster Hall; whether, however, as a Barrister, or as an Heir *Presumptive*, was not intimated; but no one thought she could mean the former, while every sagacious person could not but discern that her mind was clearly running on the latter!

Could it be conceived, *à priori*, that such

biped asses were in existence upon the earth, as, to regard this simple affair as a state mystery, full of "Queen's stratagems and spirits?" Yet there were. But the fact is as I have stated it. Billy Austin was well known to be the son of a housekeeper to a lady that lived in the Paragon, in the Kent Road. The lady was nearly related to a friend of mine, with whom I happened to be dining, on the Sunday after Billy returned from abroad, then a lad; and it was mentioned as a good trait in his affections, that very soon after his arrival, he had gone to see his true mother. This gave rise to a general conversation about the circumstances of "*the delicate Investigation.*" There never had been any mystery about him as a child, except in the conglomerated intellects of statesmen, and in the "*filthy*" imaginations of the detractors to whom they gave heed. The truth, at any time, might have been ascertained by a footman. My friend lived immediately as prior inhabitant in the house at Sydenham Common, which Lady Charlotte Campbell at one time possessed.

I was obliged to notice this "mare's nest," because it could not but be noticed; it merits, however, special consideration in two points of view. Could it have been imagined, by any person sound and sober, that such air as our country-folks call "*Bonny wee naething with a whistle a*

the en' o't," could have been deemed a fit subject of inquiry, or that it would ever have been made a topic of grave report? It may have been required of the investigators, to ascertain the fact of the child's birth; but it ought not to have made "each particular hair" on their wigs to uncurl itself, and "to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The conduct of the Princess in the affair was quite natural and amiable. But there are persons, both in high and low life, who have a prone delight to let their fancies riot with thoughts that reason would strangle. The Princess may have been not very fastidious, but all agree that she was a parental-hearted woman; that she had particular enjoyment in nursing children, and was denied the gratification of embracing her own. To be sure, tickling an innocent little one may not be so dignified as holding conclave with tailors about the cut of coats; but it is quite as important a duty in a Prince. In fact, the story about Billy Austin is of a piece with the whole of this wretched case, which may be reduced to a syllogism, viz.

All women may err.
The Princess of Wales was a woman;
Therefore
The Princess of Wales may have erred.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER V.

DEAR ——,

YOU mistake me: I do not say the Princess may not have given cause, where there was no disposition to put a favourable construction on her demeanour, to suspect the purity of her life; but I do think and say too, she was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt, by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions of her having been guilty. This, to your Presbyterian notions, will seem almost as bad as if she had been really a criminal, nor do I extenuate the impropriety; but there are many persons, who think themselves very rigidly righteous, who do and say things that would have made Cleopatra the gipsy blush, or, at least, feign to be shamefaced, and look through between her fingers. Nothing, indeed, can be less disputable than that many good sort of people think themselves innocent, because they have not sinned in the eye of the law. I have known many such simple characters allow themselves to give verbal utterance to imaginations that would be incredible among the dissolute; and when you go *to others*, *alias* ould Reekie, for the winter, observe and be amazed. Decent folk often believe, that when

they clothe their bare, naked bones, in debonair phraseology, they are themselves as innocent as Adam and Eve before the fall. If innocent, they are as stupid as ostriches; and I don't doubt the Princess said many a strange thing in joke; for example, one day when she had a party dining with her, at Kensington Palace, she noticed the eyes of some of her guests attracted to a bilious-looking picture of a child, and said, "*If Rodjair, de poet, were to make a shild, it would be like dat shild.*" Now, would anybody have said such a thing in a mixed company, and while the servants were present? and yet there was no immorality in it.

Excuse this short note, but Erskine returns to Scotland to-morrow, and I could not let him go without saying something of what I apprehend was the delinquency of the Princess. Always bear in mind, that, except what I heard during the trial, all I have to tell is second-handed. The truth is, that the accusations not having been *proven*, she ought to have been considered by the nation innocent, as a Queen, though, as Mrs. Guelph, she may not have been the purest of all married women. Yours, &c.

THE END.

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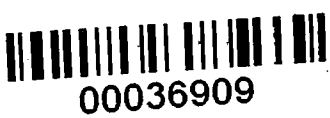

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